

THE HOME-MAKERS' NUMBER

The Quiver

March 1925

1/-
net



Furnishing & Decorating the Small Home



The woman who uses Lux need never worry about her hands. Lux is as mild as the finest toilet soap; it leaves the hands white and soft.



Lux for everything you wash yourself

It is the softness and loose texture of wool that makes it warm. To keep the warmth in woolens wash them only with Lux — scarves, jumpers, woolly coats, woven underwear— even rugs and blankets. And use Lux, of course, for all silks, crêpes and other fine materials.

In fact, use Lux for everything you wash yourself. It is just as

easy as washing your hands. The filmy Lux diamonds are made to melt instantly into a rich foam of almost magic cleansing power, which yet is gentle to the frailest fabrics.

Be sure you get LUX—in the familiar carton. So-called substitutes, sold loose, are thick shreds of ordinary soap. Lux is unique: make sure you get Lux.

LUX



A breeder of prize poultry tells us that he washes his prize pullets with Lux before showing. Write and tell us if you know of a new use for Lux. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.



Lx. 318-23

You simply toss the filmy Lux diamonds into hot water.

Baby's Food Must Build for the Future



YOU stand at the cross roads when you decide on Baby's Food. Yours the responsibility. Given the right start Baby will tread the healthy paths of steady normal progress—happy in himself—a constant pride to you.

Choose the road to sturdy strength and alert contentment. Of all the roads available the 'Allenbrys' Way is best for both of you. Doctors advise it. Many many thousands of parents who have gone before add their recommendation. It is the safe way! The sure way! The progressive way! As Baby develops so the 'Allenbrys' System of Infant

Feeding is adjusted to his needs. Thus: Milk Food No. 1 from birth to three months—No. 2 from three to six months—Malted Food No. 3 from six months onwards.

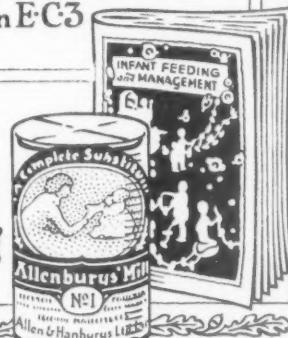
The 'Allenbrys' Way provides a food ideal to the digestive powers of Baby for each step of the journey. Even the most delicate can assimilate it easily.

Write for Booklet & Free Sample tin

If you have to make this vital decision for Baby's future write for the 'Allenbrys' Book 'Infant Feeding and Management.' You will find its 120 pages a regular compendium of useful and practical information as well as a straightforward explanation of the 'Allenbrys' System of Feeding. With the book we will also forward a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. tin of Food if you mention Baby's age and this paper.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd
37 Lombard Street
London E.C.3

Allenbrys'
Progressive System of Infant Feeding



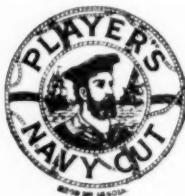


'ENGAGED'

In Quality, in Finish, in Delicacy of Aroma
Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes have no equal.

For nearly fifty years the taste of Cigarette
Smokers has been 'matched,' their favour
'held,' their sense of appreciation 'charmed'
and 'engaged' by Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes.

It must be Player's



P1140

PHOSFERINE keeps Children Fit and Healthy

Mrs. Champion,

of 15, Glenwood Road,
Catford, S.E., writes:—

"I THINK all parents should know of the value of Phosferine for school children. I have made it a practice to give Phosferine to my two little daughters, and I am convinced that their freedom from prevailing maladies is due to your excellent tonic remedy. When children have to meet in large numbers in schoolrooms there is very real danger of infection. I have found that keeping the children fit and healthy is the best safeguard, and I have proved that a course of Phosferine two or three times a year is invaluable. My husband and myself have used Phosferine as a family tonic when any of us feel run down, and also as a safeguard against the risks of Influenza, and it was because of the benefit we received that we decided to give it to the children and so it always finds a place in our household."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.



PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza
Debility
Indigestion
Sleeplessness

Exhaustion
Neuralgia
Maternity
Weakness
Weak Digestion

Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite
Lassitude
Neuritis

Faintness
Brain Fag
Anæmia
Nerve Shock

Malaria
Rheumatism
Headache
Sciatica

From Chemists. Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size



Hercules

SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

are as good as the overalls of the same name.
Sound fabric, careful make, special finish
and soft texture ensure both lasting wear
and permanent satisfaction.

*Ask for Hercules Sheets and Pillow Cases
—obtainable through the leading drapers.*

Management

Joshua Hoyle & Sons, Ltd., 50 Piccadilly, Manchester.
Wholesale and Shipping only supplied.

Wholesale and Shipping only supplied.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE

THE BEST REMEDY KNOWN FOR
COUGHS, COLDS,
INFLUENZA
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS

A true Palliative in NEURALGIA, GOUT, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM

**Cuts short attacks of
SPASMS
HYSTERIA
PALPITATION**

Acts like a charm in
**DIARRHŒA,
COLIC,**
and other bowel
complaints



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE
Always ask for a "Dr. COLLIS BROWNE"

Of all Chemists. 1/3 and 3/-

Chivers' Olde English Marmalade
"The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table."

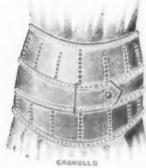
Prepared by a special process preserving the valuable tonic properties & full natural flavour of the Seville Orange.

Chivers & Sons Ltd. The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge, Eng. Purveyors by Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

ABDOMINAL BELTS

In the Latest Designs for all Purposes. Special Belts made to Order in a few days. Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

The Combined Maternity & Abdominal Belt



The great feature of this belt is that being so woven it fits perfectly under the abdomen and so gives the necessary support. There are no facings, bones, or buckles. It is easily adjusted to every figure as necessity arises, and can be washed. Weight only 4 oz. An ideal belt for use after abdominal operations, and during pregnancy.

Price 7/6
 Postage 3d.

E. & R. GARROULD,
Hospital Contractors,
 150 to 162 Edgware Road, London, W.2.

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HOBBY?

Then write to us
 for particulars of

"NOVLART"

Post free

HARBUIT'S PLASTICINE LTD.,
 27 Bathampton, Bath.

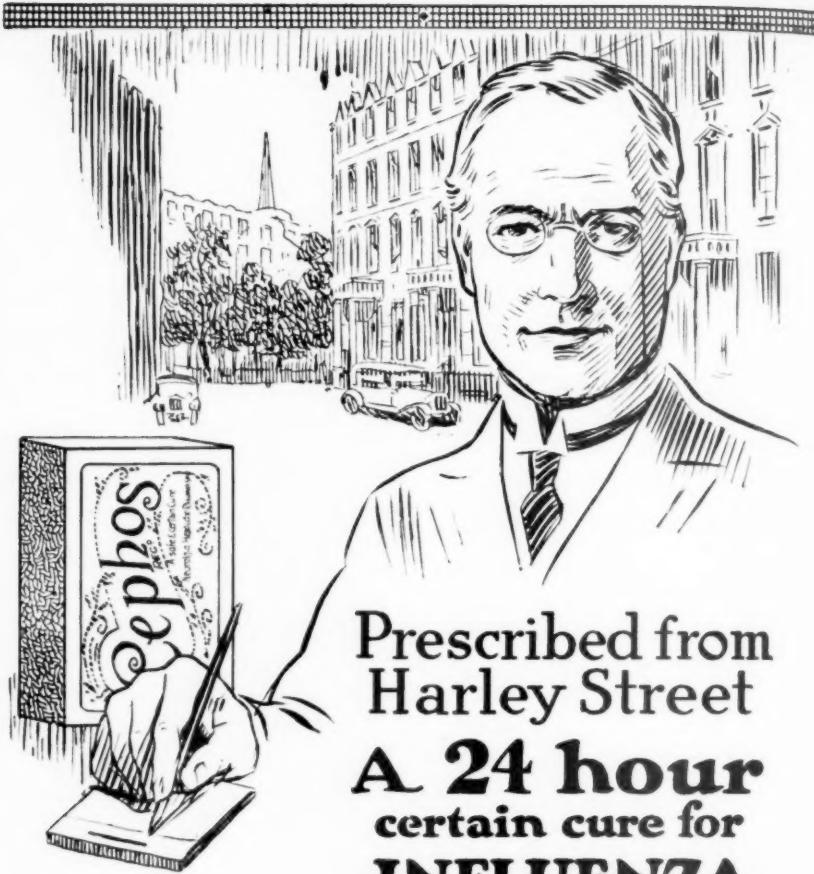


TRY THIS SALTRATED FOOT-BATH TO-NIGHT, and then forget all your aches, pains, strains, corns, callouses, or other foot troubles.

You have only to dissolve a small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a hot foot-bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

Phyllis Monkman says "saltrated" water is wonderful. The refreshing foot-bath prepared by adding Reudel Bath Saltrates is not only highly medicated, but it also contains oxygen, an element which is Nature's own refreshing and healing agent. There is no other way in which these wonderful properties can be imparted to the water. The "saltrated" bath has a truly marvellous curative action upon all kinds of foot troubles, immediately relieving them, even in their worst forms. Every sensation of burning, chafing and bruising; all swelling, stiffness and inflammation: any sort of corn, callous, or other foot torture, will soon be only an unpleasant memory of the past. Merely cutting the top off a corn with a razor, or burning it off with caustic liquids, plasters, etc., is about as logical as cutting the top off an aching tooth, and is simply a waste of time. Also it hurts, and is dangerous.

Millions of packets of Reudel Bath Saltrates have been sold, every one containing a signed guarantee to return money in full if any user is dissatisfied. No question, no delay, and no red tape. Yet the sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, as you will understand when you see for yourself the wonderful effect it produces. In packets of convenient sizes and at very low prices, from all chemists.



Prescribed from
Harley Street
**A 24 hour
certain cure for
INFLUENZA**

Made in powder and tablet form from the prescription of a well-known Harley Street specialist, "Cephos" is the physician's standard cure for Influenza and colds. It cannot fail to give immediate relief from pain, and if taken as prescribed invigorates the whole nervous system.

Prescription : Take two "Cephos" powders or tablets immediately the symptoms of a cold or Influenza appear, and one every four hours for 24 hours—result, a positive cure.

Cephos
The ^{Regd} Physicians Remedy

"Cephos" can be obtained in convenient tablet or powder form from Boots, Taylors' and all chemists everywhere at 1/3 and 3/- per box, or post free per return post from CEPHOS LTD., BLACKBURN.

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation, or Loss of Time.

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks Offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page is *your own fault*.

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary, and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you, entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial*. If you really want to be rid of your rupture fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet-soft* Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And, above all else, it **HOLDS** always.

Over 253,000 People have accepted this Offer. Why not you?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women, and children there must be *hundreds* whose condition was *identical with yours*. Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you*?

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-Risk Trial Offer**.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 80 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept This Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe appliance to wear.

10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon **to-day**.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.,
(1553 K), 80 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Please write plainly.

“SWAN” FOUNTPENS

An extra pen is always handy, especially for use with coloured ink. The size 1 Self-filling “Swan,” price 15/-, supplied in red and black mottled vulcanite, can be singled out instantly.

The prices for “Swan” Self-Fillers in chased black or plain mottled vulcanite are the same.

**Self-Filling Type from 15/-
Other “Swans” from 10/6**

OF STATIONERS & JEWELLERS

Catalogue post free.

MARIE, TOND & CO., LTD., SWAN HOUSE, 133 & 135, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1. Branches: 79, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1; 97, CLEPSIDE, E.C.2; and at 3, EXCHANGE STREET, MANCHESTER; PARIS, BRUSSELS, ZURICH, BARCELONA, SYDNEY and CAPE TOWN.



WONDER-WORKER

(Patented) for PILES, HEMORRHoids, and all RECTAL TROUBLE. A minimum unbroken cure. Instant relief, satisfying and comforting. NO DOCTORS. NO MEDICINES. Lasts a life-time. Price 7/6.

To be inserted in the Rectum during sleep. No discomfort or unpleasantness. To enjoy good health, sleep and rest no man or woman should be without it. From all chemists throughout the world, or from J. PEPPER & CO., LTD., 12, BEDFORD LABORATORIES, SOUTH PLACE, LONDON, E.C.2, with complete instructions in plain language, post free on receipt of Post Office Order for 7/6. Money returned if dissatisfied. Booklet free.

DON'T LOOK OLD!

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER

Its quality of deepening greyness, to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position.

2/- Sold Everywhere. 2/-

Lockyer's gives health to the hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. PEPPER & CO., LTD., 12, Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and can be obtained direct from them by post or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disfiguring blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 42 years it has been the remedy for

**Eruptions
Pimples
Redness**

**Purification
Roughness
Blisters**

**Eczema
Scurf
Acne**

**Blotches
Spots
Rash**

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. PEPPER & CO., LTD., 12, Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and is sold in bottles at 1/3 and 3/-. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

GRE-SOLVENT

MILES AHEAD OF SOAP



4/-
8/-
19/-

10/-
15/-

STORES
CHEMISTS
& IRONMONGERS

*Can you play
from memory?*

IT'S EASIER THAN YOU THINK!

If you can play at all from the music, I guarantee to teach you, in a short correspondence course, to play from memory with ease and certainty. Separate and distinct courses for Piano—Violin—Cello—Organ.

No Knowledge of Harmony Required

Send p.c. (stating instrument) to Mr. Reginald K. Fountain, F.R.C.O., 19, Beauvale House, Hemstall Road, London, N.W.6, for free interesting Booklet:

The Master-Method of Memory-Playing

Norwells v. the rest—

Shoes something like these Norwell shoes could be bought in the best town shops. Like, but with a difference. For in the first place, Norwells of Perth know how to fashion the best materials into shoes that are as comfortable at the first moment of wearing as they are at the last, and yet combine modishness and beauty of line with their comfort. And in the second place, though Norwell's shoes are the better, you pay at least 25% less than for those you buy in the shops. For Norwells sell at factory prices.

Norwell's 'Perth' Footwear

Direct from Scotland.



22/6

POST FREE.

A single shoe or boot is gladly sent on approval to any address in Gt. Britain on receipt of 9d. to cover postage.

When ordering, send pencil outline of stocking foot obtained by running pencil around foot resting lightly on paper—perfect fit assured

GUARANTEE—
Money refunded should there be the least dissatisfaction.



21/-

POST FREE.

Lady's "Dunalastair."

Style G. 14. A most attractive shoe, fully brogued in a new design of punching. Supplied in Black Box Calf, Brown Willow Calf, Grey and Nigger Suede. Sizes and half sizes.

Foreign orders receive special attention; postage abroad extra.

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NORWELL'S 'PERTH' FOOTWEAR, LTD.
27, St. John's Building, Perth, Scotland.



THE R. & W. WALES CO., 168 Gt. Portland St., LONDON, W.I.

The New Patent SOUND DISCS

completely overcome DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES, no matter of how long standing. Are the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable. Worn months without removal. Explanatory Pamphlet Free.



Already
Sweetened
with
pure cane
sugar.

Green's

Chocolate Mould

(CHOCOLATE BLANCMANGE)

Write for
Recipe Booklet.

4 $\frac{1}{2}$ D.
PER PACKET.

Of all
High-Class
Grocers
and Stores.

Why not do it yourself?

If a grate in your house has cracked like this one—mend it with **Purimachos Plastic Fire Cement**, a putty-like substance anyone can use to fill up holes and cracks in a broken grate. With heat it sets as hard as flint.

Supplied by Ironmongers, or sample 7 lb. tin for 3s. od.
from PURIMACHOS LTD., 70 St. Philip's, Bristol.

Illustrated
Boeket Free



Baby Jackson of Wembly



"Always happy and contented"

A short trial of Mellin's Food affords convincing proof that it is the right food for babies deprived of mother's milk.

Send for Sample and Handbook which tells how to feed babies who cannot be breast-fed. Enclose 6d. stamps for postage.

Mellin's Food

Put your confidence in the food with a record.

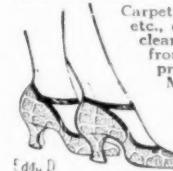
Mellin's Food, Ltd., London, S.E.15.

President: H.R.H. The DUKE OF YORK
THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN
HACKNEY ROAD, BETHNAL GREEN, E.2,
which deals with larger numbers of children than any other
Hospital of its kind, is almost overwhelmed with applications
for admission and
URGENTLY NEEDS HELP AT ONCE

Chairman: COL. LORD WM. CECIL, C.V.O., T. GLENSTON KERR, Secy.

CLEANED or DYED

Carters' "better process" cleaning will serve you well. Dyed or cleaned clothes returned fresh and without smell.



Carpets, curtains, gloves, hose, etc., dyed or cleaned. Costumes cleaned from 11/6. Hats cleaned and prettily re-blocked from 3/6. Make up a parcel of everything you want freshened for spring, and send today.

CARTERS', 15, Dye Works, Southampton.

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SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

The "Sussex" Edition
Cloth, Gold Design on Back, Gilt Top,
Author's fascimile signature on side,
with Book Mark and special Map End
Papers.

4/6 net

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For Washing
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SUTTON'S

Cloudy Ammonia.

Sole Makers: G. F. Sutton Sons & Co., King's Cross, London, N.7

For
Removing Stains



D^R MACKENZIE'S SMELLING BOTTLE

For Colds, Influenza,
Catarrh, Headaches, etc.

Of all Chemists and
Stores, 2/-,
or post free, 2/3.

Dr. Mackenzie's Laboratories, Ltd., Reading, England.



Trusty old lamp,
Jolly old light,
Worn in a hole—
Where's the FLUXITE?

Soldering's easy,
Says the sprite with a grin,
Thanks to the flux
In the little green tin.

YES—it's the stuff in the little round green tin that makes soldering so easy these days. Fluxite spells success to any soldering job, no matter how small or how large.

ALL MECHANICS WILL HAVE

FLUXITE

BECAUSE IT

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

All Hardware and Ironmongery Stores sell Fluxite in tins, price 8d., 1/4 and 2/8. BUY A TIN TO-DAY.

Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the neat little

FLUXITE SOLDERING SET

It is perfectly simple to use, and will last for years in constant use. It contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron with non-heating metal handle, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and full instructions. Price 7/6. Write to us should you be unable to obtain it.

FLUXITE LTD., 226 Bevington St., London, S.E.16

PRICE

7/6



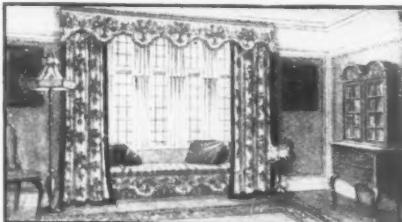
ANOTHER USE FOR FLUXITE—
HARDENING TOOLS AND CASE HARDENING
ASK FOR LEAFLET ON IMPROVED METHODS

The Home Beautiful.

Resist
Tropical
sun

"Sunpuf"
Unfadeable Fabrics

Sea Air
and
Washing



THE "EALAN" WINDOW TREATMENT
For coloured effect see "THE HOME BEAUTIFUL,"
post free upon application.

Curtains, Valance and well-sprung upholstered Window Seat, covered Unfadeable Satin Stripe, complete for 9ft. window, 110. Other sizes pro rata. The cheapest and most effective treatment produced.

OUR "SUNPUF" Fabrics have a world-wide reputation. Testimonials state—"The Colours are equal to new after years of exposure."

"SUN-LEAD" CASEMENT CLOTH (SPECIAL). A good some Cloth at bargain prices. 30 ins wide, 1 3/4 per yd., 48 ins wide, 1 1/4 per yd., 18 Colours. WONDERFUL VALUE. "SUN-CASSIA." A Cloth with 20 years' reputation. Good pure Cotton of the highest value, 31 and 35 ins wide, from 1 1/1 to 3 1/1 per yd. Large range of colours.

"SUN-SYRIAN." A very fine Cotton, the effect of silk, really hard wearing. For Dresses and Casmements. 3 1/1 per yd., 50 ins wide. Creams, 2 1/1.

"SUN-VARRA" BOLTON SHEETING. Finest range of colours in the United Kingdom. Good quality, 3 1/4 per yd., 50 ins wide. Creams, 2 1/1. "SUNPUF" CRETTONNES from 2 9 per yd. Large designs, wonderful colourings. A great improvement upon anything yet produced.

"SUNPUF" DAMASKS, STRIPES, ETC., from 3 1/1 per yd. SATIN CLOTHS AND REPS, 8 1/1. VELVETS, 7 6. REVERSIBLE VELOUR, 8 1/1.

Fabrics prefixed with the word "SUN" are guaranteed. Any fading within three years will be replaced.

CRETTONNES
ORIGINAL
DESIGNS AND
COLOURS

Hundreds to select from, 10 1/2 d. to 25— per yd. to 20,000 yds. at Clearing Prices

NEW ERA IN UPHOLSTERY:
MARVELLOUS VALUE

THE "KENMORE" CHAIR

WELL constructed, strong frame, with double sprung seat, sprung back and arms. Stuffed ALL HAIR. £5 19 6.

HOW TO GET THERE

CITY Tube Railway connected with all London Tubes. Elevated Railway seven minutes from Victoria. BOOK TO CLAPHAM ROAD

Williamson & Cole
HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM S.W.4
LTD.



Take the Baker's advice—

EAT plenty of good, nourishing bread. But let it be HOVIS because HOVIS contains full nourishment for the body.

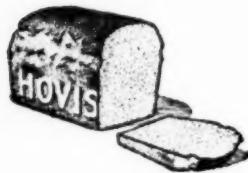
Hōvis

(Trade Mark)

is made only from wheat, like white bread, but with this important difference: it contains added quantities of the vital 'germ' which constitutes its most nourishing and vitalising part.

Your Baker Bakes it.

HOVIS LTD., MACCLESFIELD.



Courage . . . A prayer

"LORD, make us brave," I heard her say, and, looking up, I caught her eye. "Yes, brave," cried she, "to tread the way with cheerfulness until we die." "It's not much use," said she to me, "to live, unless we can be brave. For else we might go bitterly all our vexed hours, right to the grave."

It's only courage makes worth while this curious muddle we call life; to hearten others with a smile and lessen somewhat pain and strife.

"Lord, make us brave!" Oh! lovely phrase—I hear it ringing in my ears; a re-occurring song of praise that strengthens, uplifts, cheers. I think when troubles gather fast, or when my sun begins to set, "Lord, make me brave unto the last!" will be the words I'll ne'er forget.

WILHELMINA STITCH.

*

A Fragrant Minute Every Morning!

Here is one of those wholly charming prose-poems by Wilhelmina Stitch. Every day you will find one of these delicate, helpful writings on page 5 of the

DAILY GRAPHIC

1 D. ONE PENNY 1 D.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being
much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.



'Kleenoff' CLEANS YOUR GAS STOVE.

10d. per large tin

KLEENOFF COOKER CLEANING JELLY will remove with ease grease from your cooker. It is recommended by the principal Gas Companies and leading Stores.

Ask your Ironmonger, Grocer, or Gas Company for us. If they do not stock, send &l. for TRIAL SAMPLE, post free, from

The KLEENOFF CO. (Dept. 8),
33 St. Mary-at-Hill, London,
E.C.3.

DIABETES

Sufferers from Diabetes searching for a palatable, well-varied diet will find it in Cheltenham Foods. They are highly nutritious and graded. No. 1 (for mild cases), No. 2 (more serious cases), and "strict diet" (for extreme cases). Particulars post free, or with samples to cover postage, etc., 1/- from the Cheltenham Foods Co., 13 Cheltenham Works, Cheltenham.

Popular Gardening

2D.

Every
Monday

Invaluable to Every Garden Lover.

WOOD BROS. MATERNITY WEAR.

(See supplied to Royalty and Society.)

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The Quiver

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The Editor's Announcement Page

THE SPELL OF SARNIA

By Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds is well established as one of the most popular of our QUIVER authors. It is, therefore, very pleasing for me to announce that she is the author of the new serial commencing next month.

Mrs. Reynolds takes as the scene of her story the sunny isle of Guernsey ("Sarnia" to the old Romans), and in her tale she manages not only to convey the spell of that lovely place, but a good deal of its mystery.

"The Spell of Sarnia," although a present-day story, takes us back to a primitive people to whom witches and spells are not unknown, and the psychic a real force in their passionate, intense lives. There is a mystery about the story which will puzzle the ingenious reader—but, then, there is a mystery about lovely "Sarnia," and Mrs. Reynolds is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the isle and its people. A story worth reading.

The Editor



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POPE'S "ESSAY ON MAN"

—and might you not very reasonably reduce the three words to one—Health? For Health is your great maker of peace. And, most certainly, the power of work that leads to competence (or more) depends fundamentally on Health.

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The QUIVER

Home-Makers' Number

For Home-Makers

Our special Home-Makers' Numbers have been so successful in past years that I have made bold once again to devote an issue more or less entirely to home topics.

After all, the Home is our dearest possession, and no time spent in ennobling it is lost.

THE EDITOR.



HOME—DEAR FAMILIAR PLACE
One of the Cottage Homes of Old England.

NEED CHEAP HOUSES BE UGLY?

by Laurence Pritchard

LIKE many other people I found myself after the Great War looking round for a house in which to live. Doubtless like a good many other people, too, I discovered that the house I should have liked to have had was far too expensive for the amount of money I was prepared to spend. Cheap houses—or, rather, a not-too-dear house, for there are no cheap houses nowadays—were either so ugly that I couldn't live in them with any degree of comfort, or they were in such a state of bad repair that they would have been dear houses before they became really habitable.

For three years after the war I spent a considerable amount of my spare time looking at advertised houses, which appeared cheap on the face of the advertisement, and also wandering about the country in the hope of finding a house I wanted that had not been advertised. The final conclusion of my three-years' search was that inexpensive modern houses were ugly ones set in ugly surroundings. Here and there in a bungalow and similar constructions an effort had been made to break away from the common rut of bright red bricks and bright red tiles, but they were very isolated efforts.

A Useful Introduction

Then one day I was introduced by a friend of mine to one of those individuals who, I was told, "might prove useful" in my house-hunting.

"He has a knowledge of building and knows a number of builders, and there is always a chance he might tell you of something," he remarked.

That chance of being told of something I had heard not once but a score of times in the course of my three-years' search, and I did not take much interest. But the chance turned out to be a wonderful certainty. I had only been talking a few minutes to him when he said, "Why not build your own house?"

"Because it would cost too much," I replied promptly. "I want a house that is old-world in style and costs no more than a Government house."

"There's no reason why you shouldn't have your wants fulfilled," he answered. "Come and spend the week-end with me, and we'll go into costs when you have told me exactly what you want."

That week-end saw the planning of New Gate, exterior and interior views of which are shown in the photographs. The house is situated in the heart of the delightful Dorking country, and from every window is to be seen the rolling, well-wooded country of Surrey and Sussex. The field chosen for the site was a sloping one, and the house was built at the top end, facing due north and south, with windows on both sides of the principal rooms, so that they are flooded with sunlight practically all day.

Wishes Come True

During that fateful week-end I asked for many things in my house I never expected to get.

"I want timbered ceilings; I want cosy-corner fireside seats; I want an old-fashioned down fire with a basket grate to burn logs; I want all my fireplaces to burn logs; I want a bathroom and hot and cold water day and night; I want a half-timbered house. Oh, I want a lot of things I shan't get," I said, never expecting to secure them unless I became really rich.

"You can have all those things for the price of a Government house," replied my friend. "A house needn't look ugly because it is cheap."

The photographs of the house show, I think, that it is not inartistic, and the state of my banking account when it was finished proves it was not expensive.

The first thing was the planning of the house itself. The plans were actually drawn out by my new-found friend and

THE QUIVER

myself, neither of whom had ever built a house before, nor drawn out plans for building one! However, a study of a few books on house plans and house construction showed the task to be nothing like so difficult as the average architect would have us believe. Moreover, the local council passed the plans at once, though the surveyor said the house contained more novel features than usual for its size and proposed cost.

The next thing was the choice of the



A Corner of New Gate

Showing the big Chimney which is a feature of the building.

bricks. I wanted my house to look old as soon as possible, and a timely tip to the man in charge of the local brickyard ensured a supply of very dark bluish-red bricks, which looked as though they had weathered a hundred years of storms. The roof tiles, incidentally, are also a very dark red, toning with the old-world effect it was intended to convey when the house was finished.

Local labour was employed throughout, and an experienced builder's foreman put in charge of the actual work. This was a wise step, for his experience proved invaluable on many small points and saved a considerable sum of money on the cost price of materials. The actual laying of the foundations was begun in November, 1922, and the house was completed by the end of March, 1923. It was the worst time of the year to carry out the building actually, but against the disadvantages of the weather during that period was the advantage of the house having the summer

to dry out and settle down before the next winter came round. Many houses started in spring and not finished till late summer do not have a proper chance to dry out until the following year.

On the score of economy an L-shaped plan was chosen for the house, not only enabling all the rooms to be rectangular and well proportioned, but providing for additions to the house in future. The accommodation consists of three bedrooms, dining-room, drawing-room, kitchen, bathroom and lavatory, and a coal-house, wash-house and garage. The grounds in which the house is situated cover an acre. How many Government houses have this accommodation?

It was decided that all ceilings should be panelled with three-ply, painted white, with floor joists showing through and stained a dark oak colour. In between and at right angles to the floor joists were placed oak strips, also stained a dark colour. The effect of this

panelled ceiling, which is carried out in all the rooms except the kitchen, is well seen in the photographs. In actual fact the ceilings alone give an antique appearance to the house, which would be difficult to obtain in any other way. Moreover, the white painted three-ply has kept clean, and will give far less trouble than an ordinary plaster ceiling. It has the great advantage that bits of it will not fall down and require constant repair.

All the woolwork throughout the house is stained a dark oak colour and polished, after being impregnated with boiled linseed oil. This gives an extraordinary effect of old age. Indeed, within a month of being in the house it had the effect of having been built a hundred years.

The walls of all the rooms are plaster, and distempered a light cream colour. An oak picture-rail runs round each room at a height of seven feet, and all the casement windows are steel. These are a little dearer in initial cost than wooden windows, but

NEED CHEAP HOUSES BE UGLY?

they are cheaper to fix in position, and are unaffected by the weather. The floorboards of each room are all stained and polished a dark oak colour to harmonize with the rest of the woodwork.

In the dining-room the wall over the down fire was panelled in line with the ceiling panelling, and to harmonize with the built-in fireside seats. The size of this room is 15 feet 6 inches by 12 feet 6 inches, excluding the down fire, the special stack for which was built on the east end of the house. Over the down fire a heavy old oak beam has been placed. The outside chimney-stack forms a very decorative feature of the design of the house as a whole.

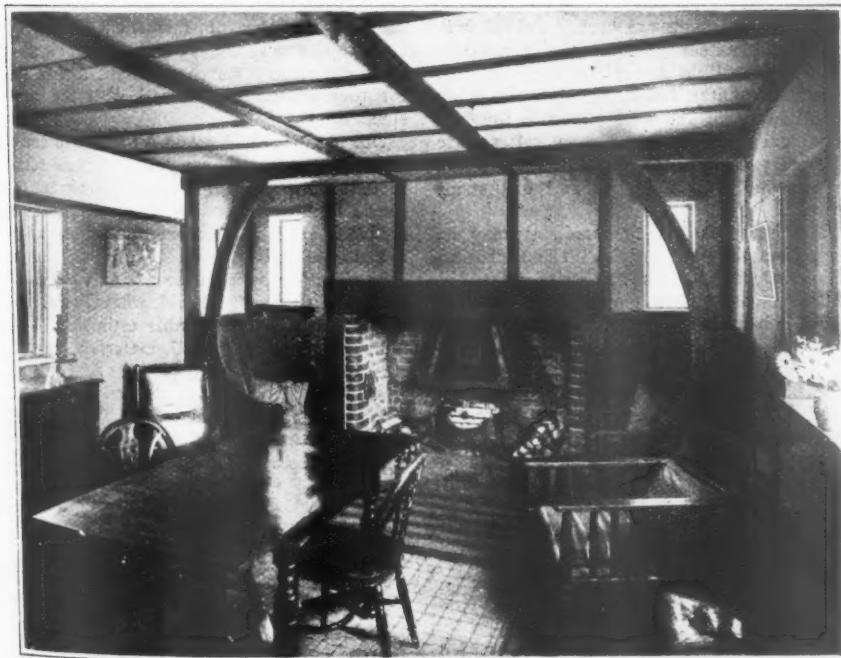
Over the fireside seats, the woodwork of which is carved in old-world style, are small windows, which look out over Sussex fields. The down fire itself is fitted with a genuine antique basket fire picked up cheaply second-hand in a Sussex village.

The drawing-room is built in very much the same style as the dining-room. The fireplace is more deeply recessed than usual and fitted with a basket fire. It is set across one corner of the room, and provides a most

cosy corner in winter evenings when the logs are blazing. The mantelpiece is made of oak, and oak strips run down each side of the dark red bricks, which form such a pleasant contrast to the cream-coloured walls.

For economy's sake the kitchen had to be compact. The kitchen, bathroom and staircase are always three of the chief difficulties to be faced when building a small house. The kitchen is fitted with an anthracite stove, which burns also coal, wood or rubbish, and can be kept in day and night at small expense. Over it is a hot-water tank, the main cold-water supply tank being fitted in the garage and filled by a semi-rotary pump fitted near the kitchen sink. The water supply is from a well dug about thirty feet from the house, but the use of the semi-rotary pump ensures the whole water supply being controlled from the house itself. A few minutes' pumping each morning ensures a sufficient supply for the bathroom and hot-water system.

One great step in economy and an unusual feature was the construction of the bathroom and a wash-basin downstairs. It



The Dining-room

An old-fashioned fireplace cleverly copied, with comfortable inglenooks.

THE QUIVER

lessened considerably the cost of plumbing and made use of the space, which would otherwise be partly wasted, under the staircase and landing. The bathroom door opens directly on to the foot of the short staircase. By fitting it here extra space is allowed for the bedrooms. A bathroom downstairs seems to be so uncommon that it is always being commented upon, yet in actual practice in a house of this size it is the best possible position for it.

Special Fittings

The kitchen is fitted with a specially built food store cupboard. It has a large front, which can swing down and form a table for the making of pastry and the carrying out of other cooking preparations, thus saving space. The copper is situated outside the kitchen door under a large covered way joining the house and the garage. On the roof of this covered way is a rainwater tank, which is tapped close to the copper, giving a quickly available water supply.

The chief bedroom is supplied with two built-in cupboards, fitted on either side of the large, deep fireplace. The latter is provided with old-fashioned dogs for burning logs, as are all the bedroom fireplaces. The two main bedrooms are each provided with large double steel windows, giving not only an excellent light and views over the surrounding country, but letting the sunlight in at all hours of the day. As with the dining- and drawing-rooms, the rafters are allowed to show through the ceiling, which is panelled with three-ply and oak strips stained.

The house is half-timbered, as may be seen from the photographs. The timbering has been carried out in oak strips embedded in rough-cast. The garage added to the house is built in the same general style.

All doors throughout the house are made of tongued-and-grooved board and fitted with panelling strips. The fittings, such as handles, bolts and latches, are all old-fashioned metal fittings, which can be obtained as cheaply as the more modern

latches and locks, and are more in keeping with the antique effect aimed at throughout the house.

Artistic and Old-world

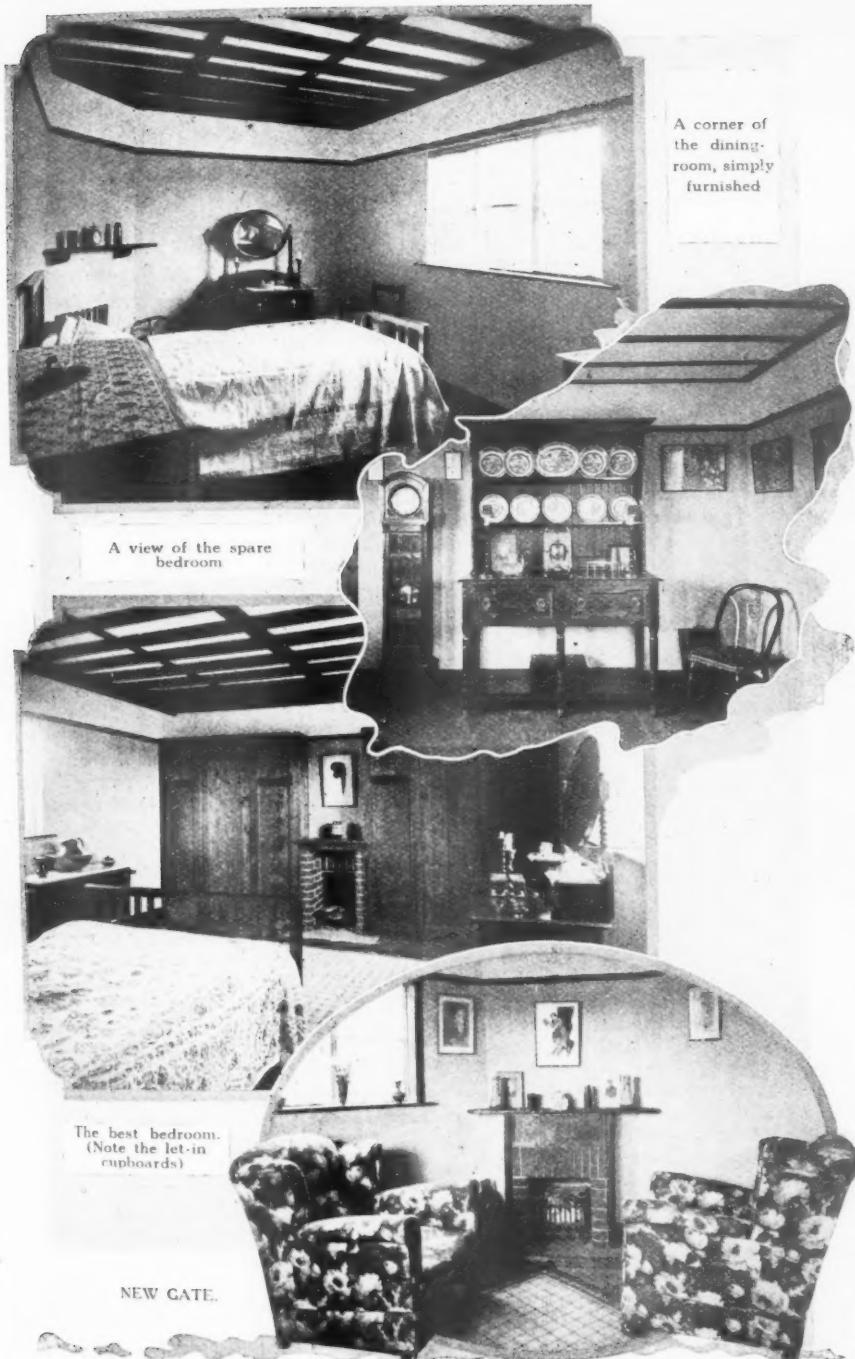
Everything has been arranged from an artistic point of view and an old-world point of view. It meant, sometimes, considerable trouble and writing round for many catalogues to obtain the exact kind of thing wanted; but the actual cost is no more than the standard and on the whole ugly fittings which are provided in so many present-day modern houses. Oak strips and three-ply panelling, as used so largely in the decoration of the ceilings and walls, actually came out as cheap as plaster work and paper-hanging, and are much more effective. Moreover, the house is thoroughly practical, for it has all the modern labour-saving devices, hot and cold water, indoor sanitation and modern drainage, and is extremely compact and easy to keep clean.

The whole appearance of the house was such a delight when built, in fact, and it was so cheap, that I allowed myself the extravagance of scrapping all the unsuitable furniture I had got, and substituting oak furniture throughout. An old oak dresser, with blue china plates, old-fashioned oak dining chairs and dining table, a grandfather clock—all these make a house a delight to live in, for they harmonize so well with the construction.

Out of curiosity I asked a builder to come and look at the house when it was completed and furnished. I asked him what he would build another one like it for, and he named a price almost exactly double what it had cost me!

"I didn't know a house like this could be built at the price," he said, when I told him how far out he was in his estimate. The total cost, including land, materials, wages, etc., came to less than £800! And in the garden, as I write looking on to it, are blooming honeysuckle, roses, canterbury bells, cornflowers, and a hundred and one other sweet-smelling old English flowers.





A corner of
the dining-
room, simply
furnished

A view of the spare
bedroom

The best bedroom.
(Note the let-in
cupboards)

NEW GATE.

A cosy corner in the drawing-room

When the Skylarks Call

by KATHARINE REYNOLDS

"Sweet is the high road
When the skylarks call."

—GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

THEY found each other one spring day in the dusty sunshine of a shabby city street. And for them both the whole wide world was flushed with beauty, stars shone and music filled the air. So wondrous was the miracle, so sure were they of love and luck, of heaven and earth and God Himself, that they were married at once in a great sweet wave of tenderness and faith and awe at the high majesty, the startling beauty and sweet mystery of life. There could be no mistake. Theirs was a perfect marriage. This they said in the innocence and ignorance of their youth and with the sublime faith of utter happiness.

Five years later they faced each other—cold, motionless, bitter of heart, sick of soul—failures. Gone was the love, the faith, the old delight, even hope itself. And neither could tell how or when or why. They had found beauty, magic beauty, golden joy, that spring day in the dusty, shabby city street. They had held it in their hands, had filled their hearts with it, had meant to fill their days, the long sweet years, the very earth with it. Yet—it was gone. The gold had sifted through their careless fingers, joy vanished, beauty's colours dimmed, faded to a cold, dull grey. They stood now with empty hands, empty hearts, an empty future.

The sunshine of happy understanding and comradeship was gone from their eyes, from their lips all tenderness. Without meaning to they had lost the key to happiness. In the bitterness of broken dreams they told themselves that they had never had it, and would never find it now; that for them life and the world would be for ever desolate. With such torture must youth pay for its joys, must expiate its blunders.

They thought they had nothing left. And the pity of it was that there was no one by, wise with the self-made sorrows of sad-

sweet, stumbling years, to show them that they still had much, so much with which to begin anew—youth and health, the fine habits of honesty and industry—and now—the ashen taste of failure with which to measure and properly value the true and the real things of life and love. If wisely used, their bitter failure could yet be made to serve their happiness. But there was no one to tell them that so long as they did not hate they could, and would, love again, could win back happiness that would be all the greater, and more lasting because it had been won with tears. Like thousands before them they were overwhelmed by the daily arithmetic of marriage, stunned by their first sight of Love's broken tools in their hands. They were unthinkably tired of the grinding machinery of marriage, not tired of love or each other. But this they did not know.

The boy thought he was more weary than his wife. He told her so—quietly, almost kindly, but with an unmistakable finality.

"Here is your receipt for the last payment on your furniture."

"My furniture?" Her voice was dull—too weary for wonder or debate.

"Yes. Your furniture. You wanted it—three hundred pounds' worth of it—on time. I only paid for it with the five best years of my life. That last receipt ends my years of hard labour. I thought I'd never live to get it. I had the man make out a duplicate for you. The original I'm going to keep and frame. It's my expensive and hard-won diploma—of marriage."

"You wanted it as much as I when we got it—or I thought you did. You let me get it," she reminded him listlessly.

"Did I? Maybe I did. The horror of these prison payments and your costly extras has hung over me so long that I can't remember the time when I wasn't in debt. I feel as though I had been married a thousand years. I can't remember that I was ever free, can't believe now that I'm free again."

"I earned and paid for all the extras.

WHEN THE SKYLARKS CALL

You seem to think you were the only one who worked and worried. I worked before I was married, and afterwards I held down my old office job by day and my new job of housekeeper by night. I think I got tired of things long before you did. But I didn't complain. I just went on working."

"Yes," he agreed with a weary smile, "you worked double shift, I admit. I didn't want you to, but you wouldn't listen. And you didn't complain. When you got discouraged you just bought a new floor lamp, a new rug or a new wing-chair—on the instalment plan. And then I did a little double-shifting."

"Well, everything is paid for now," she reminded him drearily.

"Yes, thank heaven, everything is paid for. But you're not satisfied. You don't like your things now. You want something new. You want to sell all this for next to nothing, and mortgage the next five years of my life. Never—never again! That new little idea of yours was, I think, the last straw. Now I know I'm through."

"I didn't want to sell everything; just some of the older things. I'd keep the best pieces—my floor lamps—"

"Floor lamps!" He blazed into bitter anger. "Floor lamps! Great grief! The happiest time I ever had in my life was in my mother's cottage kitchen reading 'Tom Sawyer' by the light of a cheap paraffin lamp. Floor lamps! I've never had time to use the wretched things, dared to use them, much less enjoy them, because I've been worried crazy about the light bills and the horror of each coming instalment."

"I've turned my earnings in on the extras and bought my clothes and made my own lampshades—and I've done the work—"

"Yes, you've done all that. That's why I say it's yours—the furniture—everything. You've paid for it, too, with five years of slavery. It's yours."

"I can't help liking pretty things. And I've loved and taken good care of all this stuff until lately, when I've been so tired and everything seemed so useless now that we're breaking up. Everything's as good as new. It doesn't seem so wrong to want a pretty home." She said this with the old wistfulness that had so often won his consent to some new purchase. Now he only laughed while she talked on with weary, futile patience.

"I can't help it. I can't be any different. I'll always love colour and loveliness. What is there to life, what are we all work-

ing for if we can't get a few pretty home things out of it all?"

"Well," he laughed, "there used to be a good deal of jolly fun and some mighty pretty things in my life before I met with you and your furniture craze."

For a second a spark glowed in her tired eyes. A slow red stain spread across her cheeks, then faded out in queer, blue-white patches about her nice mouth and pretty nose. Her fingers began to fold and refold the bit of paper he had given her.

"I used to have good times, too, in those days, and I always managed to pay my way," she answered with a gentleness that hid the cruel hurt.

"Oh, I admit you always manage just to win your way back to shore and safety by a hair. But the strain has been too much for me."

"It's not my fault that housekeeping costs so much now. Things used to be cheaper."

"Yes. And girls used to have some sense. They didn't mortgage a man's life without his knowledge, and consent to every tin pedlar who hit the back door. My mother was a girl once, but nobody could coax her into buying every gimcrack she happened to see. She bought only the necessities."

"Yes," said the girl softly, pitifully, "and your mother is dead. So is mine. They died pretty young."

"Maybe they died young, but they didn't die in debt. And no more will I."

"Debt is wrong. I know it now. But I didn't know it then. I just wanted—"

"Yes. You just wanted the earth—the minute you were married—to show it off to a lot of senseless, debt-ridden idiots like yourself. That's all any of you city girls ever want—the earth—with everything in it and on it and a little red fence around it."

"Well, I may have wanted it once. I'm wiser now. All I want now is rest—just rest and forgetfulness—and peace."

But he wasn't listening. He was back in the dusty sunshine of a shabby suburban street searching for love's lost dream, the dream that was now only a memory.

"And all I wanted," he marvelled now, and laughed at the innocent simplicity of that boy who had married so eagerly five long years before, "all I ever wanted was just you and a little place somewhere warm and dry and snug and maybe lamp-lighted, waiting for me on cold, rainy nights and lonesome, grey, windy Sundays; a place full of just home-made, everyday comfort and peace; with a clock ticking somewhere

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and a fire snapping. And after awhile a little white house of my own out in some place where things were green, a little house with a nice-sized, sunny, sociable kitchen and a back porch safely hidden from the street, a nice yard, chickens, some flowers and fruit trees, and maybe, after awhile, little kiddies tumbling around and hanging on the gate around supper time to see if I was coming up the street."

It stirred no warmth in her—that picture—only a tired wonder.

"You never told me you wanted a home in the country. I thought you liked the suburbs. You didn't say—"

"What was the use of saying anything—even then?"

"About the little ones"—again the red stain spread over cheek and throat and faded out in blue-white patches—"you know I wouldn't have minded after the first two years. But surely a woman has a right to get her breath back from plunging into one sea before jumping into another. The first year or two is hard enough without that. Mothers have a right to want their babies, and little children have a right to wait for their welcome."

"Oh, well," he waved the matter off indifferently, "it's lucky things like that didn't happen. Then we would have been up against it with no hope of escape. As it is, we're both free to go our way and get what little is left in life."

He was announcing his intention of leaving her, but beyond a soft, quick breath and a faint, nervous flutter of her lashes she gave no sign. She had seen it coming weeks ago. It was so common a thing in these days. Several of the girls in the office were divorced or deserted wives. Some were stunned, went around with that queer, dazed look in the eyes that a child might wear, who, in the midst of careless, happy play is suddenly struck down by some ruthless speeding monster that looms up momentarily out of life and vanishes as instantly into space. Like the bruised child they could not believe or understand, did not know what it was that had crushed them. Some were bitterly silent, worked grimly hard and lived alone. The others laughed loudly and often with cheap, false mirth, grew more and more careless as the days slipped on, and by and by— The tired girl shuddered, caught back her thoughts and heard her husband saying—

"Great days! Once when I was a shaver I owned the whole green earth, and didn't

know it. Nobody had the sense to tell me. Every purple-pink peach tree that bloomed in a spring garden was mine—just for the looking. The blue-birds in the cedars, the blue jays in the oaks, the pussy willows in the swamp, and larks—larks singing everywhere. Think of it—all the larks I could listen to! Mine—all mine. Great Caesar, how I love the little things! During the war in France I heard them—the skylarks. They'd go soaring right up to heaven's gate, singing all the way. You could hear them above the cannon's roar. Larks—larks everywhere. And I gave them up—gave them up without a thought or a pang—for a city—for a city full of factory whistles. Larks—"

He was a boy terribly, cruelly hungry for the soil, for the earth in springtime; a boy starving for the gay garden of his youth, a man crying in the wilderness of a huge city for his heritage of Eden.

His hunger, his pitiful need and longing, pierced her weariness, her indifference, awakened in her again that wistful wonder.

"I don't know much about larks, Roy. Of course, I know about that picture they call 'The Song of the Lark.' And I remember that little brown-speckled bird we saw in a cage once in some shop window, and how you—"

He laughed out in bitterness at that.

"Yes, I remember that one in a cage. Think of it! One lark in a cage for a whole city full of people. And I had a world full of them."

She said nothing more. There was nothing that she could say. Only into her eyes now there crept that dazed look of a hopelessly puzzled, hurt child as he mourned on.

"I had so much I couldn't appreciate my luck. I had a pet, a big fat toad, that hung out mostly under the back doorstep. I had a dog with a face half white and four white feet. I had a swing this town couldn't accommodate, and pals this town couldn't duplicate, and fun this town couldn't furnish for all the love and money in the world. A city isn't built right for real living. Everything in it is a high-priced imitation of the real thing—even love and home and marriage—an imitation with all the fun and joy left out. Nothing's real in a town like this but the price tags."

She thought he was done, but:

"I threw a world away when I came to the city—your great and glorious city. I starved. I almost died of homesickness

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Some of me died for ever. Then I found a crack in the pavement—and stuck—and took root—was torn up to go to war—came back—found another crack in the concrete to root in—met you—and here I am—a broken beggar—sick of everything—through—nothing to look forward to."

Nothing to look forward to—that was it, she told herself dully. Once everything seemed worth doing, worth trying, worth having; but the glow was gone from life. What was the use now of talking even? She didn't. She just listened quietly, patiently. It was all she could do.

"The thought of a stepmother and the crazy idea of 'seeing the world' drove me to the city. You and your costly city ways of living are driving me out of it. Your furniture is paid for. It's spring-time. You've nothing to worry about but yourself. You have all this and your job. That ought to see you through if you don't let every tin-pan salesman, every sign-on-the-dotted-line shark get you. As for me, I'm through. I'm tired. I fought the war for peace, and I'll have a little of that peace now. It's spring-time. I'm going out to see it, taste it, after these years of prison life. I'm going back to the world I used to own, to the dusty summer roads, a green hill somewhere—clover—and grey summer rain—and larks—meadow larks—"

Oh, the bitterness of youth, the scalding scorn, the lash with which it flags itself, the narrow hardness that will not yield, compromise, forgive! He could so easily have forgiven her, forgiven himself. But he would not. Perhaps if she had begged—but she was tired. So she let him go. There was nothing else to do.

On his way out he stopped.

"Oh, here, I almost forgot. A letter to the G.P.O. will find me somewhere if you need anything. And here's some money. I drew my salary right up to the minute. There, I haven't another thing in the world to give you."

He was about to lay the money on the table beside her, but she caught his arm and held it.

"No. I'm free, too. And I need no man's money to keep me now, thank you. I'll manage."

Into his eyes now crept that dazed look of disbelief and the empty stare of one who walks in a nightmare sleep. How could all this have happened? his sick soul cried. Was he to blame—could he have prevented this disaster? His tired brain rebelled at

further thought. Salvation now was beyond his reach.

At the door he turned.

"Good-bye, Janey. Take care of yourself."

"Good-bye, Roy. Yes, I will."



"Well, everything is paid for now,"
she reminded him drearily"—p. 425

Just that, and everything was over. It was unbelievable. She couldn't seem to remember hearing his footsteps on the stairs as he went down or seeing him swing up on the back platform of the car at the corner, although she had turned automatically to the window to watch.

It was an early spring afternoon and sunny. She knew that. Yet she was cold, and it seemed late and the day grey. Noiselessly she began to undress, slipped on a kimono, carefully folded her clothes, and curling up on the living-room couch drew up a warm coverlet. The apartment grew still. She had not lowered the shade. So little by little the afternoon sun crept in—softly, kindly, and stretched warm, tender fingers across her feet, her arms and breast, her tired, sleeping face.

He took the first train out. He couldn't remember what he asked for at the ticket

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window, what he paid, how he got into the train, what he thought about during these first miles. He only began to take notice when the last city sign vanished and the world began gradually to widen out to a great blue horizon; when solitary trees sprang up out of great bare fields and ditches slipped by, willow-fringed, and the first crows circled over young cornfields.

With every turn of the wheels the air grew cleaner, sweeter, the sunshine warmer. Familiar things, long forgotten, began to greet him, to smile at him, to tug at his heart and memory. His body, mind and soul began to tingle, his heart to lift. His eyes lost that empty stare and began to fill, to shine with life. When the train flashed by a shimmering pool, where sleek boy heads bobbed and white, childish bodies gleamed and splashed, he laughed aloud. The next time that happened he tossed off his hat, stuck his head out of the window and shouted, "Hi, there, buddies!" Instantly heads and arms lifted in recognition of a brother, and the password and shrill voices volleyed back the countersign.

"Dear Lord," he breathed in deep joy and gratitude, "but it's good to be alive again, with solid earth underfoot and the blue sky overhead. How did I ever come to forget that?"

Once again he was alive, with heart a-thrill with life, a laugh on his lips. Back there somewhere lay the city, the girl who at the very altar had bound herself and him over to bargain sales. But that was all over now, an evil dream—the dusty, shabby city streets, the girl so hard to satisfy, the war, everything. He would remember nothing—only the skylarks in dewy meadows, skylarks pouring their soaring little hearts out in showers of golden song above roaring French battlefields. That one sweet war memory he would treasure always. The city, the girl—no, nothing there to remember. He closed a door in his mind, another in his heart, and turned the key. Only the skylarks.

With the new flood of life and laughter came the memory of details. He knew now that he had said to the ticket agent, "Here, give me a pound's worth of real country—far enough out so I can hear the meadow larks sing."

And the ticket agent had laughed and said, "Here you are, son. Willow Grove is where the world begins."

So he got off at Willow Grove an hour before sunset, and knew that the ticket

agent was right. He stood on the deserted little station platform and watched the train melt to a noiseless blur in the distance.

He listened, he waited breathless. And like an answer to aching prayer it came—the high, sweet call from the meadows, the ringing answer from the soft green hillsides, and then a rain of poignant, quivering melody billowing over the quiet sunset fields, over his tired heart and bitter hurts.

"The larks—my larks——" The hoarse words rasped his throat, tears stung and filled his eyes, yet through them he saw "the clover—red and white clover——" A prayer welled to his lips, and peace touched him like a benediction. Life was sweet again and good. How could he have ever doubted it?

He ate his supper in a farmhouse, and slept in a barn in a bed of fragrant hay. Within a few days the resourcefulness, the thrift and country confidence of his childhood asserted itself. He bought overalls to save his clothes, counted his money carefully, made a budget and held to it. Again he owned the whole green earth, the heaven's blue, the thrushes in the thickets, the oriole in the maple, the lark in the glory of the morning and the twilight hush.

He lived like a monarch, worked when, where and how he pleased. Never too long to weary of one place, yet always long enough to earn the rustling banknote that made possible his kingly independence.

And so for weeks he strayed through his kingdom, ate, slept, turned his cheek to every soft wind's sweet caress; the velvet, healing coolness of a summer rain; strayed and rested at will until every nerve and muscle sang again and rippled with the joy of life.

So sure was he of safety that in an idle, careless, wondering moment he let himself remember that closed door in his memory, the closed door in his heart. There was no harm in remembering now, he told himself, and toyed idly with the key in the lock. He had nothing to fear. That part of his life was over. The world was once again all his. He could afford to be generous, to remember with kindness now, to forgive and—after this one last look—forget for ever.

So he slowly turned the key. And for a while nothing happened. The larks sang as joyously as ever in the early summer meadows, the sun shone, the sky arched in blue beauty. It was the wind that first

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warned him that something was wrong. It whispered at his ear a plaintive little song all threaded with memories of a ticking little clock, a wisp curl of hair on a girl's flushed cheek, a tiny breakfast table on a Sunday morning with a pitiful make-believe rose in a slender little vase.

Then the twilight began to bring him aching little pictures—of dusty sunbeams in a shabby city street, of a tired girl at night tenderly wiping two blue cups and saucers, lovingly folding a white tablecloth. He still waited to hear the meadow larks call in the oncoming dusk, but oftener and oftener now and close at hand he heard the wistful little song of the vesper sparrow, the saddening notes of the mourning doves and the call of the whip-poor-will from the darkening woodlands.

Without realizing when or why he stopped straying aimlessly on, faced about and began to drift back over the summer roads and hillsides. He no longer idled along, but set a pace for his feet and kept it. And as he walked he frowned, asked himself puzzling, tormenting questions, and searched desperately for answers.

Then the day came when he knew that he was grieving—grieving for Janey. Not for his own loss of Janey, but for Janey herself, her narrow pavement-locked, beauty-starved city childhood, her ignorance of the earth's wide blue highways, its wild-rose mornings, the primrose evening perfumed with clover and sweet with the sunset call of meadow larks. Janey—poor, little, home-loving Janey—mortgaging her own youth and his for beauty, such beauty as she knew, for the costly artificial city substitutes. Janey, a tired, toiling child starving for song and colour and joy, reaching womanhood with no knowledge of a flower-filled garden, the scent of clover blooms, the song of thrush and meadow lark. For the first time he understood fully, pitied and forgave.

In the shock of his comprehension, without weighing the dangers or consequences, he wrote back for his mail. He had told her to write if she needed anything. If she needed anything! The brutality of that struck him now like a blow. She needed everything, the beauty, peace and rest that had been his through all these golden spring days. How tired she had been those last weeks, too tired to care, to talk, to wipe gladly her treasured cups and saucers, to set the table with the old dainty care. How tired! And he had left her there in the dust and the heat and with no knowledge of any

other way of life and any door of escape. She was city born and bred, and terrified of the unknown.

He waited for the letter, and when it came he was a little sick at sight of it and afraid to open it. It had lain so long unclaimed. So much could have happened to Janey since she wrote and mailed it. But when opened it proved to be a simple statement of finance.

"DEAR ROY,—I sold all the things you paid for. It didn't seem enough, so I sold the diamond ring you gave me, too. The



"Then the twilight began to bring him aching little pictures"

money is banked for you, and I'll post you the bank-book as soon as you write to say you've got this. I'm managing nicely now that I have nothing to worry about and everything's all right."

That was all—and just like Janey. No complaining, no mention of the heat of the city. He had seen stray newspapers, and knew just how hot it had been. Of course, she was used to the city, took everything about it as a matter of course. Still, the

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heat always did her up so. It curled her hair in damp little ringlets about her neck and ears, but it took all the colour out of her cheeks.

And through all those terrible heat spells he had lain under cool blue skies, in beds of sweet clover and listened to the meadow larks filling the world with melody, while Janey sold furniture by night and worked in an oven-like office all day—poor Janey, with no knowledge of cool meadows, and her one glimpse of a lone, listless, silent lark in a cheap cage.

He read the letter again, and began to wonder what Janey meant by selling everything, even the ring he had given her before they were married. And why was she banking the money for him? He had given it all to her gladly as the price of his freedom. Was she giving it back to him now, as the price of hers? Was she happier now without him, without the home worries? He had gone back to his boyhood world and loves. Had she, too, gone back—found old joys, old friends? Strange thoughts began to trouble him, doubts, memories to torture him. He was hurrying without realizing it—towards the city and Janey.

When he did realize it he stopped, stood still in sudden anger. What—what in heaven's name was he thinking of? Of going back to that horrible existence? He couldn't go back—he wouldn't go back to those dusty, shabby, dreary city streets, that prison life, those prison whistles, the clang and roar and eternal poverty of body and soul. Here was his world, his home, his work. Even tramping lazily along he had earned and saved money. The country needed young, strong men. He loved the soil, needed it.

He wouldn't, he couldn't go back. He would keep silent, refuse to answer that letter, and let Janey wonder, forget, find what comfort she could. She didn't need him. And there was the money. She'd have that to use if anything happened and she was in need. And yet he knew she wouldn't. Soft, gentle, easily persuaded in some things, she was yet strangely, foolishly set about other things, stubbornly honest and independent. She would suffer and say nothing, make no move.

Oh, he knew Janey! Hadn't he lived with her five years; loved her, held her in his arms, while he scolded, argued, kissed and forgave her? And through everything, his bitter anger even, she had clung to him, always ready to start over, to try again.

It had been his fault. Why had he not asserted himself in the beginning, taken the lead in home management? She would have followed happily.

Weary and desperate with his thoughts, he decided to stop and once for all make up his mind. Before he went any nearer towards that old city life, with all its misery, he would think the thing out to the bitter end, and then plan life anew somehow with or without Janey.

He looked about him, for the first time in hours conscious again of his surroundings, the beauties of the roadside. In some cool nook he would rest and decide. But there was no such nook close by. He glanced on ahead. In the near distance lay a hill, a hill so peaceful, so greenly cool and inviting that his heart was strangely eased and comforted. There in that little white village that clustered at its foot he would eat his noonday meal. Then on that green, comforting hillside he would rest and think and find some way out for himself and Janey.

As he entered the first cottage street with its rows of twinkling poplars, its white picket fences and old-fashioned flower beds—something, a feeling of peace, descended upon him and enveloped him. It was as if his mother had stepped out of the past and stood smiling and waiting at the open door to welcome him home. It was curious, this feeling of home. The very sunshine seemed to be different, more golden, sweetly familiar.

From gardens like those he had known in boyhood came the perfumes of old-fashioned flowers; from the little home yards the soft hum and stir, the music of daily living. The few people he met smiled and spoke to him as if he belonged. It was warm noon in the little white town, and from the open cottage windows the odours of savoury foods drifted out into the sunny streets—and little sounds, the tinkle of glass and china, the low laughter of contented people at table.

At one gate he asked his way to an hotel, and was first directed up a lane to a weather-worn house around the curve of the hill, and then, because he looked tired, invited in. He refused the kind invitation regrettfully and gratefully, and went in search of the weather-worn house in a lane.

It was cool in that lane, and the old grey house weathered to a silvery sheen was a heaven of peace. The talkative soul of comfortable proportions who presided over

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it heaped his plate again and again with the cheerful advice, "Now, then, eat hearty, for there's plenty more truck in the garden."

He ate until he could eat no more, and he sat on after the other boarders had left and listened to that cheerful soul talk of everything from salvation to angle-worms and rain. He wished he could talk as freely, as trustfully. And before he knew it he was talking, telling her the truth, all the truth and the trouble and his whole sorry problem. She listened, wordless, motionless, and then with one grand deep breath offered him a solution.

"Well, land of living! You go right back to that hot and wicked city and bring that girl to me."

He looked at her wide-eyed. Good heavens—Janey in the country? Why—why not? Why hadn't he thought of that? Was that the way out?

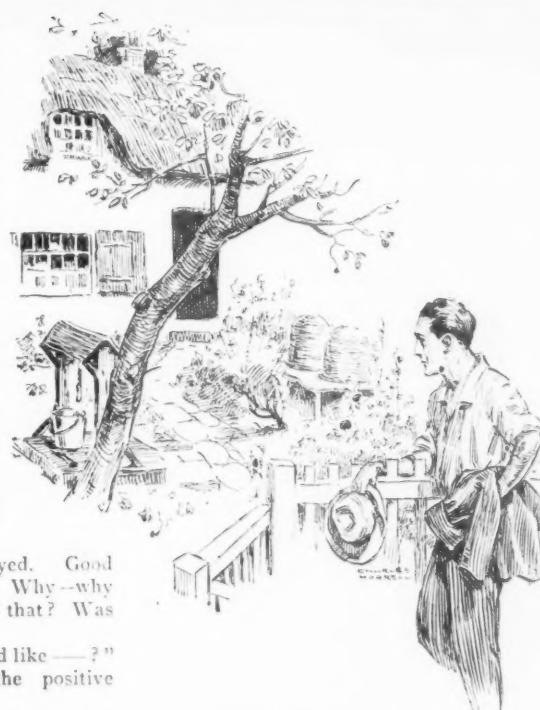
"Do you think a city girl would like —?"

"That girl would," was the positive reply.

"I'll tell you what you do. Go right out now and look this town over. It won't take you more than an hour or two—thank God—and may it never grow so very much larger. Then go up the hill and see Patty's garden. Just sit in Patty's garden, and see just how pretty a bit of the country can be. It's so pretty you won't believe it. Ask Patty if she'll let you bring your tired city wife to see that house and garden on the hill. She will. Hundreds come up. Patty coaxes 'em up with her flowers. Did you notice coming by? There's wild flowers at the bottom like there always were, and then a sprinkling of prettier and prettier ones, and the higher you go the thicker the poppies and moss roses and new kinds get, until you're clean up to the top up among the larkspur and lilies in a regular flower heaven.

"Just you do that, and while I'm packing up and washing these dishes and starting supper I'll telephone around, and see if I can't find you a little house with no rent to speak of and a good garden. I guess we'll find growing room for a boy like you. Now just you do as I say, and see what happens."

He laughed and went out, and told him-



"From gardens like those he had known in boyhood came the perfumes of old-fashioned flowers."

self that he was crazy and asleep, dreaming in some roadside meadow. Could such things happen? Was it real, this green hill, the white town and wise old woman in the lane—this simple end and solution of his woes?

He found it real, utterly, simply real, real as God, as the sunrise, as his very larks were real. There were such places in the world where life ran as deeply, simply and sweetly as that. There were people like that in the world, so natural, so true, that existence for them was just this easy, beautiful living of each quiet day.

Long before he appeared at the hill-top Patty had had his whole story over the telephone. She had an easy-chair all ready for him in the garden and a cool drink in a thin tall glass—just lemonade with some mint in it. And she stood smiling and waiting, as if she had known him always. She took him all over the garden, invited him to supper to meet her three-year-old son and her husband, who had been a city man.

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"I used to live down there in that little white house with the green blinds. It's empty. People moved out of it only last week. Why don't you rent that right away, and bring your wife to Aunt Laurie's to board for the few days you'll need to get settled?"

He kept telling himself that he was crazy, that it was all a delicious but foolish dream, that such things just couldn't happen anywhere, and yet he did all that was suggested, and that same afternoon he found himself on a train riding into the city for Janey. And the wheels couldn't turn fast enough to suit him.

It took him some time to locate Janey's new boarding place, on a street so mean that he looked up and down it with horror, and so hot that he dared not think of how Janey would look, and so crowded with noisy humanity that he wondered how Janey could endure it.

Janey's landlady was surprised by his sudden appearance.

"We thought she was a widda, what with her always wearing black and never going out and being so saving, and always speaking of her husband as if he'd passed on."

Janey, who loved colours, in black! And Janey saving! He didn't go up to her room, but waited on the front steps. Fortunately it began to rain, and the street grew quiet; the front doorsteps were deserted. He stood in the doorway, waiting for her as she came up the street.

He knew by the way her head tilted to one side and the faint little stagger in her walk that she had one of her terrible blinding headaches. She would have staggered past him without noticing if he hadn't held out his arms.

"Janey!"

She was shocked into stiff, wild-eyed fright.

"Not Roy," she whispered, "it can't be Roy?"

He carried her up the stairs, as he had

so many other times, and laid her on the cheap, lumpy bed in her room. He wanted to go and get a doctor, get medicine at the drug store, get her something to eat, to drink. But she wouldn't let him, wouldn't let go of his hand.

"Don't go. I'll be better as soon as I'm rested, and I want to give you that bank-book. Roy, I've got your three hundred—saved up. With this week's pay and the extra money I've earned making lampshades I've just got it ready to give back to you. You came to town for the bank-book, didn't you?"

It shook him, that terrible, pitiful question. Was that all she remembered of him—just his everlasting worry about money? Had he been that cruel? He looked about the cheap, bleak room. Not a bit of colour, not an ornament. He sank down beside the bed and brushed back the soft hair edged with little damp ringlets.

"Janey, girl, I've come to take you home, home to a green hill, a little white house with blinds and a garden with a low picket fence out in front and a little gate set in the middle. We're going right now-tonight. I have everything ready there. You'll come, Janey; you'll come away with me and start all over?"

"Yes," she whispered back with lips that quivered, and she struggled to rise. "I'll go with you if you'll take the bank-book and this."

He tried to hold her down, but she reached a dresser drawer and pulled out of it the bank-book and a little frame.

He stared at it. She had framed the receipt for that final payment on the furniture.

"We'll keep it for luck and a warning for ever and ever," she promised.

But he had no fear of that now.

"Janey, we won't need it. Beautiful things are free in the country. Wait till you see the flowers and hear my meadow larks."



Keeping out of a Rut

by LADY DOROTHY MILLS

THE condition that is known as "living in a rut" is one of the most devastating misfortunes that can happen to a man or woman. It is the tacit admission of failure, the grave of hope, and ambition, and romance, and nearly all the beauty of life.

And the tragedy of it is that once in the rut it is so hard to climb out of it. I am convinced that in every walk of life, in every town or village, in every street, maybe, there are men and women dragging weary feet who might well find a place among the stars; that potential fame, and works of art, and wonderful unwritten books, and breath-taking romances often lie buried under the grey caked mud of the rut.

What Civilization has Brought

The rut is a thing of civilization that has grown little by little as the small complexities and restriction of modern life have starved the human soul and human initiative. In primitive days it was unknown; man fought his way through life, hewing a path by the might of his arm and cunning, and when he could no longer fight he was killed. He made his own circumstances. Now those miserable things, "circumstances," have set his feet in narrow paths; they have doled out to him a certain career, a certain restricted area to make his home in, to work and play in, to love and marry in. Financial and social obligations, inherited or acquired tendencies, family influences all combine to bind him. Between him and the great wonderful world is a great gulf fixed.

But the gulf can be bridged if anyone, man or woman, has the courage, the quick vision, the conviction, sometimes even the ruthlessness. For it often takes all of these qualities to break away. It is so easy to take the line of least resistance, to stifle inner longings, to doubt the deep-down conviction that one was born to better things, that one has power, to believe the people who tell one to "jog along," to half con-

vince oneself that it is a sense of duty or caution, and not just laziness, that keeps one from spreading one's wings.

Caution and Duty

Often, indeed, it is a sense of duty that cautions a man with family cares or responsibilities not to speculate with the future, not to take risks or embark on a course of which the end cannot be seen. In such cases the rut looms very high indeed, and can only be surmounted little by little, feeling the way, testing each step. But think of the many hours in the twenty-four, outside the necessary routine hours of life, that to every human being in the rut are so much waste of real living, and of the opportunities they give to think out fresh schemes or improve on old ones, to perfect and polish, not only the mind and body, but the uses to which the latter might be put. Such hours of self-education and development are the first step out of the jostling crowd at the bottom of the ladder towards the higher rungs where there is increasing room to climb. Self-analysis, unsparing and lynx-eyed, the study of others in all spheres and circumstances with a view to determining wherein and how lay their failures and successes, an outlook kept for opportunities, with the question, "How can I make it serve me?"—all these are food for the person who wants to make a success of life. A disregard of meaningless conventions, a fearlessness of mind, a receptiveness to new ideas and impressions will keep him from sinking into the already overcrowded rut.

Instinct, too, is no mean asset; instinct, the last remaining legacy handed down from our vital primitive ancestry, that still survives the artificial, stereotyped atmosphere we live in. I am a tremendous believer in instinct, and the conviction of instinct that comes to us sometimes in our quiet moments, and I think many would do well to follow it and the dreams that come with it. Great things come sometimes from day-dreams—not the vagrant dreams of an idle hour, but the deep-down instinctive dreams

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of which most men—especially the apparent mediocrities—have at least one in their lives. But we poor victims of inhibition are afraid of instinct. A man condemned to be a plumber might be a born musician, yet stifle his longing because his wife or neighbours told him that his fiddling got on their nerves, and fame and fortune might be lost to him and much fine music to the world.

If, however, a person is keen enough, he or she can find or make opportunities for following his or her conviction. It is just a question of how keen one is and how hard one tries. As some philosopher has said, "It isn't the game that matters in life; it's playing a bad hand well." And sometimes we can insist on a fresh shuffle and get a new hand altogether.

Day-dreams

It is interesting to observe and test the truth of people's day-dreams. Mine, I will confess, came to fulfilment by chance, and with no credit to myself, and I was undeservedly lucky in that they proved, to my small thinking at any rate, successful.

My dream had always been of travelling—not of stereotyped globe-trotting in Pullman cars and steamers *de luxe*, but of the wild places of the world, the fringes of the map with their strange peoples. The call of the road—the nomad's road—had always tugged at my heart, sometimes even at the sight of an unknown ship leaving for an unknown port, or of a map, or at the sound of strange names read in books. But I did not deliberately follow the call, and was placidly resigned to the rôle of "Society novelist" till chance—in the shape of a bad cough—sent me to a warm climate, to Africa, where I found the road, and at intervals have followed it ever since. And on it I have found, not merely passing entertainment, but the most vital interest of my life, an interest that will out-live my youth, the easing of a long-felt subconscious dissatisfaction, that has besides given me illimitable material and food for writing, and also, I hope, a wider knowledge and understanding of my fellow humans, and infinitely deeper admiration of and sympathy with them. In such countries and under such conditions one seems to stand apart from the civilized world and to review it in a true perspective

which assuredly stands one in good stead as a writer as well as a human being.

Another writer that I know, a man of comparatively humble origin, literally jumped out of his rut at a very early age; "jumped" a ship that was leaving a port under cover of darkness, and starved and worked and fought his way round all the ports of the world. Now, while still young, he has soared far above most of us in the world of paper and ink, and to give the story its due moral, is providing his parents with an affluent old age.

A "Medicine Man's" History

I know an old negro witch doctor, 'way down in the Sahara, who is famous as a medicine man all along the Niger and very rich. Knowing he had achieved his greatness instead of inheriting it (as do most medicine men), I asked him his history.

"I was forced by my father to become *forgeron*" (blacksmith, and the most despised and least lucrative of Nigerian trades), "though I was very loath, for I wanted to go to the coast and make my fortune; and ever I grew more weary. My mother before her death had given me an ointment she had composed from many berries that would cure pains in the head, and I gave it to the other men. But I found that more often the men suffered from pains in the stomach than in the head" (colic, dysentery, etc., are the most prevalent African complaints), "so I thought long. I worked as *forgeron* for half a day, which enabled me to support one wife—I could not afford more—and from midday till moonrise I collected and sampled berries. Sometimes I poisoned myself, but at last I found a cure for stomach pains. Now I am rich and have many wives, all young and fat and beautiful, and all men seek my aid. Please take my medicine with you to England that your friends who have stomach pains will learn of me."

He had risen from his rut pretty successfully, for in his simple way he had solved the great problem of success, which is to find out what is wanted, and by hook or by crook supply it. It is a truism that Nature abhors a vacuum. By hard looking you can nearly always find a vacuum; then go and fill it, and high above the rut you will find your niche in the world.





A SUSSEX HOME

by Edward W. Hobbs, A.I.N.A.

This article tells how a dilapidated old Sussex cottage was converted by its owner into a pleasing and convenient residence, while retaining and enhancing the beauty of the old-world character for which the Sussex homes are famous.

HERE is a distinct charm and fascination in actually constructing one's home. No other building is quite the same as that which comes from personal effort, especially when it is the united efforts of husband and wife. The house is so essentially the woman's sphere, that when she takes a practical part in its building and planning, happy indeed are they who are able to look upon a little property such as The Howells and name it home.

In our case this was possible when we acquired, after long search, the freehold of a dilapidated Sussex cottage standing in some five acres of rough but partially wooded land. Originally built about 1550 A.D., The Howells is largely constructed of genuine half-timber work, massive oak

beams with wattle and daub plaster panels, and the lower parts of the walls in brick-work of the Tudor period. Its exterior was by no means prepossessing. Its interior still less so.

Two only of the rooms were in any measure habitable. The others were chiefly notable for gaps in the floor and the absence of plaster-work on the ceilings. Moreover, two of the lower rooms had been used as cart sheds and fruit stores, that on the upper floor as a granary, being reached by an external staircase.

The walls and roof, being intact and sound, were considered as providing the ideal basis of our homestead. The interior exhibited a large amount of delightful oak beams and braces, mostly buried beneath a

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mass of whitewash and horrible chocolate-brown paint.

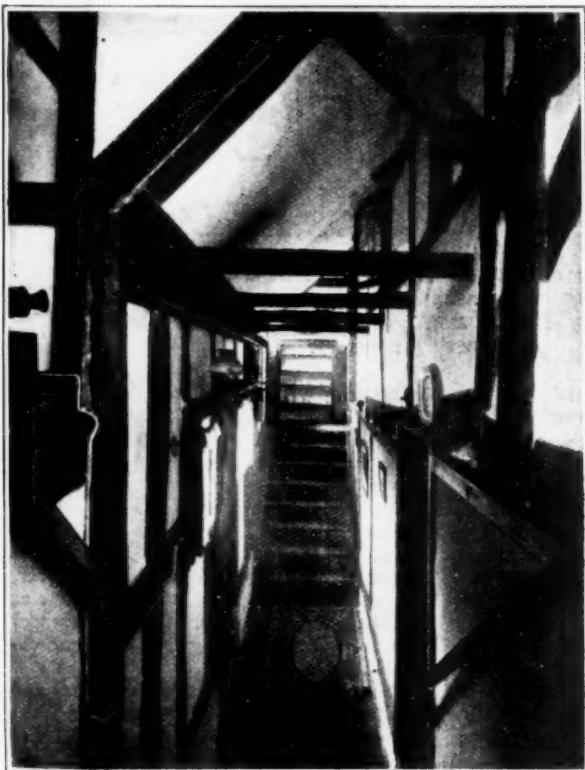
The surroundings are particularly pleasant, the ground sloping generally to the south and being bisected by a wandering brook flanked with willows and other trees. Beyond this the land rises somewhat steeply, the boundary of the property being marked with a good, stout hedge. To the west of the building was an old timber and tiled open cowshed and a variety of other small buildings, constructed throughout of oak and tiled with old tiles. On the opposite side of the house was an open meadow bisected by a hedge. The presence of a number of old willow, yew and oak trees gave the necessary touch of colour, and opened up immense possibilities for future developments.

It was, however, apparent that a good deal of rebuilding and alteration would be necessary to make the house comfortably habitable. The first consideration was the

means of access to the upper rooms. These at the outset were reached by dangerous and precipitous winding stairs, of such steepness that anyone treading over the top stair might proceed directly to the floor beneath in one tremendous step! Having reached the first floor by a process more akin to crawling than climbing, it was found that two of the rooms were reasonably accessible, but the other two could only be reached by passing through the principal bedroom.

An examination of the heavy timbers speedily showed it would be impracticable to cut them and form a passage-way directly communicating with all the rooms. Consequently some more drastic plan had to be followed. The knowledge that the house had been used in the past by smugglers suggested the existence of a more or less secret room used for the temporary storage of the casks of spirit. Consequently, to ascertain if this were so, an accurate plan, carefully dimensioned and drawn to scale, was prepared. This showed the shape and contour of the outside face of the walls, and the dimensions of the various rooms on the ground floor. On this plan a space of about 4 ft. square could not be accounted for, and was located to one side of the very delightful old down fireplace, which incidentally had probably been untouched from the time it had been first built, nearly 400 years previously.

After some searching on the floor above a movable portion of the floor of a cupboard was discovered, and when this was raised it gave access to the secret room. Much to our regret it proved empty, except for the cask hooks and some fragments of an old lantern at the bottom of the chamber. It, however, provided the necessary space for an entrance, as by cutting through the walls a new entrance door could be fitted to open directly into what had been the secret chamber.



The Entrance Hall



A corner of the Nursery

Unfortunately there was not sufficient room to put in a staircase whereby to gain access to the first floor, therefore it was decided to build a complete curtain wall on the north side of the existing building. This was to serve merely as a passage-way and permit the construction of two separate staircases, one giving access to a landing and the two bedrooms on the west side of the building, and the other to the rooms on the east end.

To provide the material for this structure and to carry out the work in such a way that it would look as old as the rest of the building was a problem which was solved by demolishing an old lean-to constructed of heavy oak timber. It was decided to build an oversailing gable on the west end and an oriel window on the east end, this being necessary owing to the unequal levels of the roof, which at some early period had been roofed partly with ordinary flat tiles and partly with pantiles.

Good concrete foundations were then laid, and a low red brick wall built whereon to erect the wall itself, which was constructed from the old timbers. The main portion of the weight was carried on new timbers properly framed together, but the oversailing gable and all visible timbering was of old oak obtained from the demolished sheds. Considerable thought was given to the best means of retaining the true old-world char-

acter, and it was finally decided purposely to build the walls somewhat out of truth, plumbing up the doorposts, so that they were straight and true, but allowing the wall to twist and bulge slightly, to simulate its condition after the passage of several hundred years, when the walls become anything but flat.

The work was done in the regulation old-world style, with substantial mortise and tenons secured with stout oak pegs. To secure the effect of plaster panelling, the whole of the spaces between the uprights were lathed and plastered with neat Sirapite. This was a little difficult to work, but has successfully withstood several severe winters without the least signs of trouble. Where necessary, facing timbers of old oak were screwed to the studding and embedded in the plaster-work to maintain the normal and correct arrangement of the timbers—at least, from the exterior point of view. The interior of the walls was then lined with ordinary beaver board distempered a cream colour, and completed with old oak slabs fixed at exactly the same spacings as the exterior timbers.

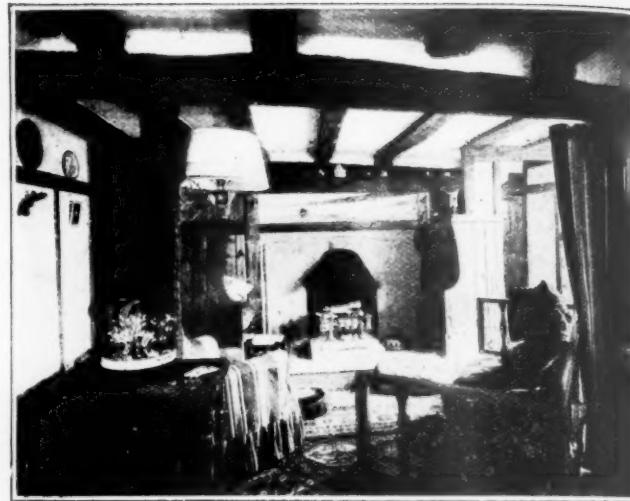
The roof rafters were made of modern timber, and the tiles obtained partly from the roof of the demolished outhouse and made up with new tiles. These tiles were very conspicuous when the work was completed, but were treated by spraying them

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with the hot liquor obtained from the boiling of vegetables. This water contains a large percentage of vegetable matter, and speedily stimulated a growth on the surface of the tiles, which during the course of the first winter converted them into a perfect match with the old work.

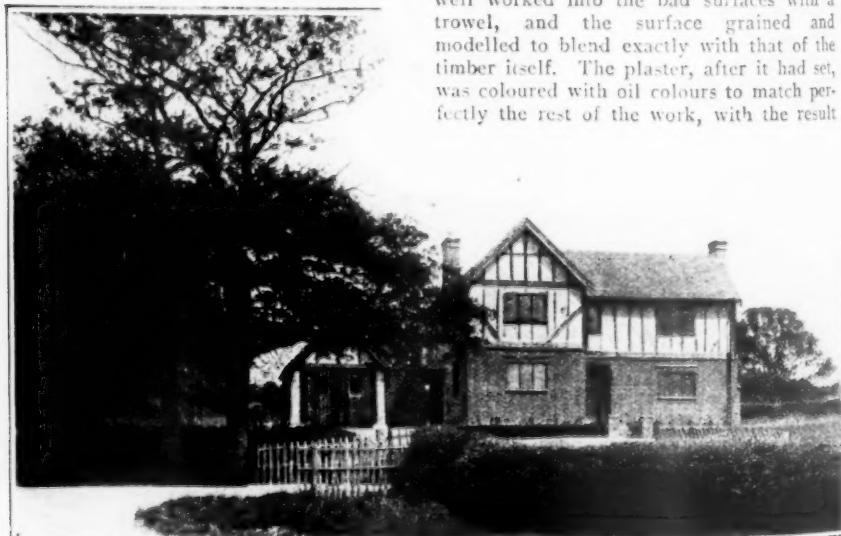
New windows were made, and glazed with stout sheet glass to simulate leaded-light work by the application of "Lanite" lead strips, these being preferred to the genuine leaded lights on account of the greater ease in cleaning and also on the score of economy.

The interior alterations consisted chiefly in making good the old oak floors by sacrificing the whole of the old oak from the floor of one of the rooms where the boards were rather badly worn, and using it to make good the floors of the other rooms. The beams were scraped, scrubbed with hot



The Lounge

soda water, brushed with Pintoff, and otherwise treated to remove every vestige of whitewash and paint, and finished by the application of boiled linseed oil. This when well rubbed into the oak turns it a delightful dark colour, to be obtained by no other process known to the writer. Any bad cracks or defects were made good with plaster-of-paris tinted with brown pigment, well worked into the bad surfaces with a trowel, and the surface grained and modelled to blend exactly with that of the timber itself. The plaster, after it had set, was coloured with oil colours to match perfectly the rest of the work, with the result



A view of The Howells as restored



The best
bedroom
(above)

Dining-room
(centre)

Spare room
(below)



Some glimpses of The Howells

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that it was almost impossible to detect where the bad places had been.

The house was completed by fitting a bathroom and other conveniences, as well as a new sanitary system and proper cesspool. The garage was constructed by filling in the open side of the cowshed, thoroughly cleansing the interior, laying a concrete floor, and providing suitable doors and so forth. The entrance road was made good with many tons of hard core and ashes, new gates provided at the front, hedges trimmed, grass cut and so on; and as a result of the first year's efforts we were more than satisfied with our home. It is needless to add that the interior furnishings were, so far as possible, arranged to harmonize with the general scheme of the home, the walls being treated with cream distemper, the furniture being dark oak or other dark-coloured woods relieved by bright cushions and gay chintz curtains. The general decoration of the principal rooms is well shown in the illustrations.

Some unusual features are to be observed in the lounge. Originally this had been two rooms, but was converted into one, the floor lowered, and rebuilt on proper concrete foundations. A fireplace was made up with genuine old dogs and a modern but roughly made fire basket, and completed by a rough iron hood. Oak settles, built in on each side and closed at the top with leaded-light work, provided us with delightfully cosy corner seats, warm and free from draughts even in the most inclement weather.

Owing to the construction of most half-timber buildings, and particularly in the present case, it was deemed inadvisable entirely to remove the old division wall of the lounge. To give the necessary support, about four feet of the wall was left standing

on the south side, while the other side was supported by a rough, old oak post. This served as an excellent centre around which to arrange easy-chairs and the like, and also to support an iron bracket for a lamp, which instead of being detrimental forms a most delightful feature.

The second year's work was devoted to the development of the grounds, which was simplified by the natural beauty of the surroundings. The old vegetable garden on the south was done away with, and made into two lawns at different levels, the upper lawn flanked with flower beds and the lower as a more formal garden, planted largely with rose bushes. A central feature is provided by a brick sundial, from which a brick path and steps lead to the upper lawn, and down a declivity by means of crazy stone steps to an old pool. This was drained, cleaned out, the bottom puddled with clay and then filled with clean water, supplies being maintained by a tiny spring turned up when cleaning out the pool.

Rough local stone was distributed around the banks of the pool, and built up steeply on the north side, where it formed part of a rock garden. Water obtained from a large water-butt was conveyed by iron pipes to supply a small waterfall and fountain.

Fruit beds were dug and planted on the south-east side of the house, the fruit flourishing well under these conditions, despite the presence of large quantities of clay in the soil.

I have no doubt there are many other old buildings which can be converted equally successfully, especially when the owner has a knowledge of practical handicraft and is willing to exert some amount of personal labour in the planning and making of a delightful home.

Unto the Hills

By
Sydney Snell

For this I pray—I have no other prayer—
That I may leave the sheltered road, and dare
The heights, the lowlands of the will supine
For hills of effort. Urgency divine,
Divine Compulsion! snatch me from my ease,
Transmute the coward soul's reluctancies,
Tear me from tranquil paths my feet have trod
Too long, and set them on the Hills of God.

What though the rocks may wound and brambles tear,
Though mists confound and great winds hurtle there—
Give me the force and fire, dear God! to climb
Thy difficult Hills to ultimate heights sublime.

DAFFODILS

by Annie S. Swan

HE said he would come back with the daffodils."

Enid Walton was not aware that she had spoken these words aloud, but it would not have disturbed or embarrassed her if she had realized it, as there was no one at hand to overhear. She stood on a wind-swept stretch of wildish ground, half common, half wood, near a bank where in spring there was always a blow of daffodils. She was looking for them now, stooping low so as not to miss one promising bud. But though the spikes were green and sturdy, there was neither bud nor bloom. That was a bewildering and disquieting fact which clouded her brows and brought a wistful questioning to her eyes.

It was a March afternoon, gusty and fresh, a wind blowing from the sea with a salt tang in its breath. Only in spring did one get that delicious freshness on the downs above Arundel. It was something different from any wind that blew throughout the year.

It had spring in its breath, the murmur of promise and undying hope. Three springs now had Enid Walton waited for the coming of the daffodils, and each time had been disappointed. But never quite as she was disappointed to-day. For they had always bloomed earlier than now. By the middle of March, surely, after a mild winter, the daffodils should be making their brave show everywhere. And above all on that sweet upland where three springs ago a faltering promise had been given, vows exchanged. The parting had been hard, but hope makes waiting easy, or at least tolerable.

But somehow of late Enid had found waiting intolerable, and now there was fear in her heart.

As she stood there, a slim, straight figure silhouetted against the cloudy skies of March, with the beat of spring in her ears and the full-throated twitter of nesting birds vibrating through the air, she seemed part

of life and spring. Unfulfilled spring, and her face was sad as she turned away. "If there are no daffodils after another week, I shall know that he will never come again," she said.

Then she gave a low, shrill whistle to Minty, the cocker spaniel, enjoying his spring among the yellowing gorse, and turned her face away from Edgely Down with a determined air. The days were lengthening, and everywhere the earth wakening to newness of life. It was a day to make pulses quicken and red blood flow faster in young veins, making them conscious of life's insistent call.

Enid Walton, soon to be twenty-five, was very conscious of it. Also of other forces trying to hem her in. She had tried to be true to an ideal which bade fail to become shadow, an ideal in which no one else believed or sympathized with. For when life has to be lived and the problem of mere existence has to be solved, ideals have perforce to go to the wall.

"The only real enemy a woman has," her mother was fond of saying, "is poverty. When she is poor she can't do justice to herself. She needs the right setting. To marry a poor man, then, is to court disaster. And that never cheats you. It lies in wait for every fool."

All this parabolic wisdom of the world was levelled at Enid; had encompassed and environed her for the three years since Jim Merrall had gone away. A soldier of fortune he was, in more senses than one, and the world of adventure seemed to have swallowed him. At least, Enid had never heard from him save once, just after he had landed in India and reported himself as going up country immediately on an important mission, the nature of which he was not at liberty to disclose.

Enid had been secretly proud of that mission, taking it as proof that her lover was coming to his own in that strange land of

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mystery and opportunity. But Mrs. Walton had merely sniffed unbelievingly, and said that things which couldn't be referred to openly were usually of a doubtful nature.

As Jim Merrall was not officially attached to the secret or Government service, any adventure he essayed was probably something in the nature of a quack adventure, of which the less said the better. Such was Mrs. Walton's point of view.

It is not very easy for a girl to preserve her faith in such circumstances, and if she is of a sensitive nature she is unconsciously affected by it.

The Waltons lived in a very picturesque cottage on the far edge of Edgely Common in a dip below the down, and within walking distance of Arundel. It was a very cheap house, because it was minus all modern conveniences. A house in which two gentlewomen could, and did, live with dignity on microscopic means. Enid did most of the work with the aid of a village girl, and by keeping a few fowls, growing vegetables, fruit and flowers managed to keep the wolf from the door. That work was continuous and rather arduous, for Mrs. Walton was incapable of exertion, and, like the lilies of the field, toiled not nor span. She could grumble, however, and did, with most vigorous effect, apparently indifferent to the fact that Enid was hard-working, patient and incredibly kind.

"Nothing more than her duty," the selfish woman would have said promptly, and if she were speaking confidentially, she might have added, "Darling Enid needn't do it, you know. Neither of us need live like this if only she would not be so tiresome, and would see where her best interests lie."

Her best interests, according to Mrs. Walton, lay in the direction of Edgely Old Manor, where abode the middle-aged suitor, Sir Rolfe Cholmoley, who was only too ready to transfer Enid from Edgely Common to the great house which overshadowed it.

She got back to find her mother entertaining Mrs. Desmond, the rector's wife, to tea.

"Ah, there is Enid!" cried Mrs. Walton, shaking a reproving finger at her truant daughter. "Where have you been, darling? Did you forget Mrs. Desmond was coming to tea?"

"I'm not so very late, am I, mother?" asked Enid, evading the question, for she really had forgotten. "Sorry, Mrs. Desmond. Lovely day, isn't it? Where have I

been? Oh, yes, at Edgely Down, looking for the daffodils. Aren't they very late there this year?"

"So I've heard, but I don't think there will be any there this year, dear. Haven't you heard the old legend about the daffies on Edgely Down? I thought everybody knew it."

"What is it?" asked Enid, and her voice was rather low and eager as she threw off her washleather gloves and sat down on the edge of the old settee.

"Oh, it's an old story. I don't know its origin. But in a cycle of years, I forget how many—Nancy could tell you, I dare say. She's fond of all that old stuff—"

"Yes, but in a cycle of years, what?" repeated Enid feverishly.

"Well, they just don't come, and it means disappointment to somebody in the neighbourhood, frustration of plans and hopes, as the fortune-telling books say. All nonsense, of course, but you know how these old stories live. Somebody dropped a casual curse on Edgely Down once, so the story goes, and the poor daffies absorbed it, and there you are! Have some tea, my dear, and take it strong; you look ever so tired. I'm afraid you work too hard; Nancy always says you do."

"I'll get some tea. No, thank you, mother, I'm not tired at all; but I think it is rather hot this afternoon."

"Hot with that wind blowing; no, no, my dear, pull yourself together," said the rector's wife kindly. "Well, as I was saying, dear Mrs. Walton, in our Indian mail this morning there was a very interesting item of information about Jim Merrall. Remember Jim? He was a great friend of Bill's, and he's been worried about him ever so long."

Enid grasped her cup and resolutely lifted it to her lips. Her face flushed, then whitened, and she turned it away from her mother's appraising eyes.

"Well, it seems Jim has been lost for months and months, and nobody seems to know where he has gone or what he was up to. It's extraordinary what can happen in India, and we can never be too thankful that dear Bill is attached to the Government staff. It keeps him safe, only he isn't an adventurous boy, thank God, for in India you never know. We don't begin to understand or grasp the East yet. Well, it seems that all this time Jim Merrall has been engaged on some secret mission, an independent one, which nobody official seemed in-



"As she stood there, silhouetted against the cloudy skies
of March, she seemed part of life and spring"—p. 441

Drawn by
Stanley Davis

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clined to undertake. Too risky a business, carrying your life in your hand, so to speak, penetrating into remote places far beyond the frontiers, where there is nothing but primitive savagery."

"How interesting," murmured Mrs. Walton when the narrator made a breathless pause. "But of value to the British rule, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; that's the way they find out things—get at the bottom of risings and rebellions and all that sort of thing. There are men cut out for it. But somehow one didn't associate it with Jim Merrall. Remember Merrall, don't you, Enid?" A superfluous question to the girl whose head had lain on Jim Merrall's breast, and who cherished his image in her secret soul.

She nodded, waiting tensely for Mrs. Desmond to proceed.

"Well, he was lost, it seems, for quite a while, and now he has turned up again covered with a kind of glory, after having discovered all sorts of wonderful things, and supplied the Government with information which will be of immense value to everybody concerned. He's at Simla now, being feted and made no end of. Of course, his fortune's made in more ways than one. Bill says he's just got engaged to Sir Neville Carteret's daughter, and that they're coming back to England for their honeymoon."

Enid laughed then, a queer, shrill, metallic laugh, which caused Mrs. Desmond to regard her attentively. For there was nothing in the story to cause a laugh, and somehow the sound was not natural.

"Some more tea, please, mother, and stronger this time," said Enid's voice evenly, as if some immense strain was being put on it to steady each note.

Mrs. Walton, without speaking, filled the cup and handed it over, and then volatile Mrs. Desmond passed on to something else. She did not stay very long after that, and when Mrs. Walton had seen her out to the garden gate she came back to find Enid staring in front of her, with a very odd, strained expression on her face. Wily as a diplomat, she decided to make no comment on the story they had just heard, and which she fervently hoped was true. Indeed, she had no reason to doubt it.

"I didn't particularly want Mrs. Desmond this afternoon, darling. She's such a talker. You need to be at your best to cope with her. And I wasn't at my best to-day. Kept that precious document; it came with the afternoon post."

Enid took the letter dully, not much interested. When you have received a partial death-blow, ordinary things seem to shrink and dwindle to nothingness. After steady concentration for a few moments Enid was able to grasp the contents. It was a threatening letter from a money-lender with whom Mrs. Walton had had recent dealings, the kind of letter an unscrupulous rascal and bully can write to a woman who does not understand business and is easily cowed.

"We shall have to pay this, mother," said Enid sharply. "We'll sell up here and go to London to live. I'll get something to do there, and we can live in rooms or in a boarding-house."

"A cheap boarding-house like Mrs. Beam's? Do you remember how awful we thought it when we saw it in the play? This is more dignified."

"Possibly, but it has become impossible for me, mother. I must get away from Edgely."

"Because of that story about Jim Merrall? Of course, I wasn't surprised. He was that kind of man; he just amused himself down here, and you were a silly little fool to be impressed by him. There is a better way of getting even with him than running away to London and committing social suicide, which it would amount to. All you have got to do is to step over to Edgely Manor, and there you are. But don't let me influence you. I know what girls are nowadays. They think only of themselves."

After tea Mrs. Walton wrote a little note, one of the diplomatic kind on which she prided herself, and sent it by hand to the old Manor of Edgely.

Next afternoon while she was in the village, and Enid was working in the garden, hard physical labour with a rake and a hoe, trying to dull the ache at her heart, the gate latch was lifted, and a tall, grave, well-set-up figure of a man came up the little path directly to the bed in which she was working. She looked up, and resting her hands on the rake, gave him a little smile.

"Sorry mother's not in, Sir Rolfe," she said politely. "I think she has gone down to the village, and won't be back for tea—"

"I came to see you," he answered quietly. "Won't you come in and let me talk to you?"

Enid hesitated. She gathered from his manner what was likely to be the subject of the talk, and was in no mood for it. Yet somehow, looking at his grave, kind face, thinking of the sordid penury of their live-

DAFFODILS

and her now hopeless future, she hesitated. It would be so easy to say "yes," and life with Rolfe Cholmoley could never be hard for any woman.

Seeing her hesitation, he took a step nearer, and she began pulling off her loose garden gloves, keeping her eyes down, her lips set rather firmly.

"You can guess what I've come for, Enid. I told you I wouldn't lose hope, and I haven't. I hear from your mother that you may be leaving Edgely. Don't do that. I need you over there in that big barrack of a house."

She lifted her eyes to his face, meeting his anxious gaze squarely.

"But, you see, I don't care like that, and it would not be fair to you," she said simply.

"I'll risk it. I believe I could make you care."

"Will you give me a little time to get used to the idea?" she said, with a kind of desperate note in her voice. "A few weeks? I promise to think over it seriously. You are so good, Sir Rolfe; you deserve better than I could give you."

"I'd be content with what you *could* give," he answered, and they parted on that. When her mother came back she told her what had happened, and said clearly and quietly:

"I don't want you to talk to me about it, mother; I've got to work out this thing for myself. I like Rolfe Cholmoley, and I'm sure he would be easy and kind to live with. But it's got to be my life for always, remember, and I don't want to do anything hastily, so I must be left alone to work it out."

Mrs. Walton, thankful for what she might have called "small mercies," promised reticence, and during the next week or two kept her word. Enid did not go near Edgely Down again, nor seek the copse where the daffodils ought to be blowing, until the afternoon of the day when she had decided to say "yes" to Rolfe Cholmoley. She did not know what drew her to the copse, unless a kind of sentimental desire to say "good-bye" there to her old life and the dream that had been shattered. It was April now, lovely soft and clear, real spring weather, with promise and fulfilment marching hand in hand. When she came to the edge of the slope and could look down on the sheltered copse she gave a little gasp, for there was a great flame of colour, not one daffodil, but battalions, as if they had been charmed into bloom in a single night.

She gave a little cry and ran down the slope, the rich perfume, subtle and sweet, meeting her in every wind-breath; and when she got there, with a little sob she knelt down and laid her face against the cool blooms, the tears raining down her cheeks.

She could not explain the extraordinary sense of relief and exultation which swept over her; it was as if some dark cloud had lifted and a promise had come from afar. And it came to pass that when she arose from her knees and saw Jim Merrall before her she was not in the least surprised.

No, nor when he took her in his arms, folding her close, as a man folds the treasure he prizes above all else, all she said was, "Oh, Jim! Oh, Jim!"

"My darling," he answered, and all the anguish, the heart-sickness of the waiting years was wiped out by that one golden ineffable moment.

But presently Enid was questioning.

"What does it all mean, Jim? Mrs. Desmond said you were getting married and coming to England for your honeymoon."

"She was right, darling; so I am."

"Oh, but marrying somebody out there, and bringing her home."

"Nothing doing. I had to come here to find her. I can tell you I felt a bit scared over it. Three years is a long time, Enid——"

"Oh, is it not?" she cried, with a pitiful break in her voice. "Centuries, nothing less."

"Well, it's all over now. How soon can we be married? I've arrived, Enid, and there's money to spare; and, hang it all, it was worth doing, though I never thought I'd pull it off."

"Oh, Jim, what did they do to you?" Enid asked pitifully.

"Some queer things, darling," he answered. "But it's all over, and I got what I set out to seek, and did what I wanted to do. So don't let's talk about it."

She moved away from his encircling arm and looked down at the blow of the daffodils.

"You said you'd come back when they were in bloom," she said brokenly. "And I was a faithless one, for I came here to-day to say 'good-bye.'"

There was more lovers' talk, and the daffodils seemed to be nodding in sympathetic approval.

But in the empty Manor of Edgely that night a lonely man received his dismissal. For him the daffodils had no message of hope or whisper of spring.

MAKING WOMEN INDEPENDENT

by *Marie Harrison*

WITH tears dropping slowly from tired eyes a woman of forty-five came to me a little while ago to implore me to find her work.

She had been employed in a large business house which, on account of severe trade depression, had been compelled to decrease its staff. The woman had lived frugally, and had taken out an insurance policy many years before which would mature at the age of fifty-five.

The Last Penny

But her savings were down almost to the last penny.

"I have tried everywhere to get work," she said, "but I am too old. My only possible chance is to sell my talents at much less than the market rate. Everywhere I find myself in competition with young men and young women. I speak and write French and German. I am an experienced shorthand-writer, and I have had a long business experience.

"But whenever I apply for a post I am told politely that there is no vacancy, or that an advertised vacancy has already been filled—or, less politely, that I am too old.

"I used to be happy in my independence. Now, in middle life, I know that I have lost it, and that to earn my living I must depend on favour or charity or a kind of modernized, glorified 'sweating.'"



A Common Tragedy

Such a tragedy is far from uncommon. Do those who are interested in the varied ways in which women earn their living ever ask themselves what happens to typists, shop assistants, clerks, secretaries, governesses, when old age is forced upon them in middle life?

A few celebrities in art, letters, or the stage, a few doctors who have had highly successful careers, and a few business women are able to save sufficient money on which to retire when they feel inclined to

give up professional work. But on salaries which begin perhaps round about two pounds a week, and which probably do not rise above five or six, how difficult it is for a woman to make such provision for her future that at fifty she can count on even an income of fifty pounds a year.

It is painfully evident to all who consider the matter seriously that the independence of women is fleeting and superficial. The unmarried woman who spends twenty-five years of her life in earning her living enjoys a certain degree of self-dependence during the period, only, at the end of it, to find herself the most dependent member of the community.

The Sex Question

I am not considering the ethics of the matter. Whether we like it or dislike it, the world as it is at present framed is governed by men. Economic conditions are determined by men. Men are the great employers of labour. In itself the value of a woman's work is often, possibly almost always, equal to the value of the work of the man who is her comrade. Economically, it is less valuable. Tradition, convention, prejudice, make it difficult for all but women of outstanding personality to secure administrative posts in business or in any profession or career where salaries are paid. There is always a tendency to put women's salaries on a lower scale than those paid to men, as, notably, in the teaching profession. That being so, I see one solution, and one solution only, of the problem, and that is to remove women from the ranks of salaried workers.

In these days all girls who will be compelled to earn their living are given, according to the means of their parents, some kind of training. The more fortunately placed girls are sent to a first-class public school and to Oxford or Cambridge, or to a local university. The least fortunate are given a quick and so-called intensive training at a commercial school so that they may be

MAKING WOMEN INDEPENDENT

come typists. Between these two extremes, of course, are very varied trainings, and in bulk a considerable sum of money is spent in England each year on equipping girls to be independent.

Now I should like to see a diversion of this money. I should like to see it utilized not in turning women into salaried workers, but in turning them into self-employed workers.

A Definite Example

Let me give a definite example of what I mean. Suppose that at the age of nineteen or twenty a father observes that his daughter has an interest, if not very definite, in old furniture. Suppose that Mary, as we may call her, has always had the "collecting" habit, that she likes looking into the windows of antique shops, that she has a sense of harmony in furnishing and an appreciation of colour.

The father probably thinks it rather nice for Mary to have a hobby, but sets to work to train her for teaching in a non-State school. At the age of forty-five or fifty Mary begins to find it difficult to get work. The high schools want young mistresses. She has no State pension to look forward to. She may have to end her days as a lady help in a home where her services can be bought cheaply.

Now see the other side of the picture. Knowing that his daughter has a hobby, Mary's father decides to spend money on making it a hobby that will provide her with an income for life. Mary is apprenticed to an antique dealer close by, where she learns the ins and outs of the business. When she has secured the necessary experience her father buys her a little business in which Mary can be her own mistress.

It may not bring her a fortune, but it will bring her a reasonable income, and Mary can sell old tea caddies, Lancashire settles, warming pans and Bristol china as easily at sixty as she can at thirty. She has an interesting life, she has her own business, she is her own mistress. She has security because she knows that nothing short of sheer bad luck or commercial conditions which she cannot control will ever make it impossible for her to earn her living.

I know, of course, that money has been lost in the antique dealing business, as in every other business, but mostly by people who had too little capital or who had undergone no apprenticeship.

Women who have had no experience in selling antiques often lose all their money because they suddenly decide, in middle life as a rule, to make it their career. But people who have an aptitude for any kind of business, who are trained in its technical side when young, who have the advice of business people when starting, and someone to help them to use their capital wisely, very rarely fail.

You may apply the example of Mary to any similar career. You may take poultry farming, or market gardening, or portrait photography, or the selling of hats and frocks; but whatever career you take which opens the door to self-employment you are not likely to see women making many mistakes provided they began at a sufficiently early age.

Frankly, I would rather see women the mistresses of their own little sweet-shops in a village street than fighting, in middle life, for jobs in a congested city where every condition of employment is pretty much against them.

Parents may object that it is impossible to tell, when a girl is in her late teens or early twenties, if she is fitted for this class of work. But is it not as difficult to tell if she is fitted for teaching, or nursing, or acting? Hundreds of girls are sent into teaching because their parents suggest it as the only possible career, and the girls make the best of it, or the worst of it, according to temperament. No worse results could accrue if they were sent into market gardening or poultry farming.

Working for Herself

Moreover, every imaginative girl likes the idea of working for herself rather than for others. We all know how difficult it is to take an enthusiastic interest in the garden of a hired furnished house, the tenancy of which expires in a few months. But if we are working on land that is actually our own or of which we shall have possession for several years the position assumes a new quality. We are then working for ourselves, for our own comfort and pleasure, creating and storing up delight for the future.

Women have the creative sense in a far greater degree than is generally allowed. Usually it is expressed in domestic work. It is, after all, but the instinct of a creative artist which makes a woman take pride and interest in making a dress or a cake or in so watching her children that they shall

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grow to be joyful, honourable, kind, the work of her years of care.

This creative instinct has no outlet in ordinary business work.

That, I think, is why so many business women suffer from nervous exhaustion, lack of energy, and a succession of little ailments. They suffer from continual repression. Working for other people, living in furnished lodgings in which they have to endure the family photographs of their landlady, with little time or money or energy to spend on a creative hobby, they become tired, they look tired, and when they reach the age of forty-five they look forty-five, perhaps a great deal more.

But if such women were self-employers, running their own little business, knowing that every ounce of energy put into it would bring its own reward, able to enjoy a little home, able to look forward to the time when their active interest might give way to a supervisory interest or to partial retirement, how different they would be in mind and in body!

Not Easy, but Interesting

Longer holidays would be possible. To be ill would cease to be an offence demanding medical certificates or explanations. I do not say that work such as I have indicated would be easy. No work that calls for adaptability, the power to make decisions, cheerfulness, common sense, long hours perhaps for the first ten or fifteen years, is easy. But if it is interesting, if it is work for oneself, if there is absent the tragic, terrific struggle to compete with others for positions, if there is a happy future ahead, it is hard only in the sense that any effort, if it be only the effort to play a game, is hard. No woman minds that kind of hardness.

A word to parents is necessary. To prepare a girl for such work may cost a little more than a father is readily prepared to spend. It will not cost more than sending a girl to Cambridge; it will cost a great deal more than sending her to a typewriting school.

If any interested parents should hap-

pen to read these words, they probably know that by putting aside a very moderate sum each year from the early years of a child's life to adolescence they can, by insurance, secure a sum which, when the child reaches the age of nineteen or twenty, would be ample for the purposes I have described.

And in other cases where parents are just beginning to think of what to do with their children, where the children are beginning to ask the same question themselves, some rearrangement of life would in many cases make it quite possible to give at least one daughter the chance to be a self-employed woman.

Perhaps the omission of a Continental holiday for a few years, the giving up of expensive entertaining, a little less spent on clothes, the diversion of some of the money intended for a son might make it possible to set up a daughter in poultry farming or in antique dealing.

The pity of it is that parents do not realize what may happen after they are dead. The rich man settles money on his daughter; the poor man, if he could but see the tragic position of the woman too old for work at forty-five, might make a valiant attempt to settle on her a self-dependent, self-employed livelihood.

A Sacrifice Worth Making

Most parents, I am sure, would think any sacrifice well worth while if they believed that it would secure for their daughters the only kind of independence worth having. But to equip a daughter for work that will be remunerative only so long as she is young, that will leave her defenceless, unhappy, at the mercy of all kinds of conditions at a time of life when she is least able to start afresh, is mis-taken kindness.

I should like to see all girls who will have to earn their own living given the chance to be independent of employers, so that when they come to middle life they will not have to face unemployment, despair, hunger, humiliation, but can continue as they would if they were married women in their own homes, happy workers until the sunset of their lives.



Her House in Order

Photographs by Technical Editorial Service, Limited

IT is a mistake to spring-clean too early. The ideal time, if our erratic weather conditions permit of such an interval, is between the leaving off of fires for the summer and the coming of weather hot enough to exhaust the cleaners. But, though a March house-cleaning is on the whole inadvisable, many of the preliminary preparations can be done before Easter to clear the way for the broom-and-scrubbing-brush brigade.

Getting Supplies Ready

Supplies of inexpensive materials can be collected for some time beforehand. Ample provision of old newspapers helps in a thousand ways; and the turning out of drawers will ensure that plenty of cleaning cloths and rags, cut from the best parts of worn-out underwear and other garments, are available at the season when they are most needed.

Not merely drawers, by the way, but all other storage places, such as cupboards and trunks, should be turned out, lined with fresh paper and put into apple-pie order before cleaning begins. It is a great hindrance to be forced to stop for these tedious tasks while a room is actually in disorder. If there is a box-room, clear it ruthlessly first of all; then it will be ready to receive, without overcrowding, the fresh "discards" which it is sure to receive as other parts of the house are cleaned.

As to the actual annual campaign

Hints for Spring-cleaning and the Decorating and Renovations which Accompany it
By Agnes M. Miall

against dirt, method is the housewife's chief ally. Now that houses are mostly small and have rooms few in number, and the housewife must often work single-handed, it is best to make the cleaning less intensive and spread over a longer period than in the old days. Three days of turning out a week give alternate days for other household tasks, of which there are many, and Sunday quite clear for rest.

Start at the Top

It goes without saying that work must start at the top of the house and proceed downwards, the hall and stairs being left to the last. Every housewife who can possibly do so should hire a small vacuum cleaner for a day or two, as in a few hours this will remove more dirt than many pairs of hands, and the cost of hiring is more than compensated for in the saving in paying and feeding a "char."

Before hiring, the cleaner should be seen and tested, as some require two pairs of hands if they are to be worked without



Fig. 1.—Dry-cleaning cretonne curtains with hot bran

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exhaustion, and in this case a helper must be arranged for.

A vacuum cleaner will make short work of soiled walls, draperies and carpets. Where one is not used these must, of course, receive thorough attention.

Just as the whole process of spring-cleaning may be lightened by disposing of certain accessory jobs beforehand, so the work of each actual day of turning out is made appreciably shorter and less tiring by preliminary preparations on the "spare" day previous. Such preparations are particularly advisable where cleaning is being done single-handed.

For example, the day before operations, pictures should be taken down, the glasses washed and polished and the frames cleaned, if necessary. If the carpet is to be beaten, it should be taken up in readiness. All books and ornaments can be removed, and the

latter well washed in soda water. Advice on the treatment of books is given on a later page in this article.

When the turn of the kitchen arrives, such preliminary preparations count for a great deal. The washing of all china not in regular use and stored in cupboards or pantry is a job that takes a considerable amount of time, and one is glad to reflect that it is already done when in the midst of flue cleaning, lime-washing and so forth.

It is well to remember to include a little disinfectant in all water used for scrubbing and cleaning purposes during the annual upheaval. In view of the approach of summer, with its attendant flies, this precaution helps to keep the house thoroughly hygienic. In fact, during the warm months, beginning with spring-cleaning, all scrubbing water is the better for a dash of disinfectant.



Fig. 2.—Washing a carpet in position



Fig. 3.—Wiping over woodwork of beds with disinfectant

HER HOUSE IN ORDER

Curtains must come down and be washed or dry-cleaned. In the case of cretonnes, a simple method of dry-cleaning at home is first to brush the draperies well with a stiff clothes brush, and then rub circularly with bran which has been heated in the oven, renewing the bran as it soils (Fig. 1). Furniture upholstered with cretonne can be cleaned in the same way.

Wallpaper should be well brushed down with a soft broom tied up in a spotlessly clean duster. Crumb from a new loaf is effective in removing marks and stains.

position, with very good results, in the following way :

Have ready plenty of hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of borax and a cake of carpet soap. Wet a small patch of the carpet with a clean cloth, lightly sprinkle it with powdered borax, and then scrub with a brush dipped first in warm water and then in the carpet soap (Fig. 2). Don't be afraid to scrub vigorously; the carpet will emerge infinitely cleaner and more colourful in consequence. Replace the water by fresh as it blackens. After scrubbing, wipe up the



Fig. 4.—Brushing dust out of a wire mattress



Fig. 5.—Porcelaining taps—a great labour-saver

Paintwork must never be directly touched with soap, which removes the surface as well as the dirt. Dissolve soap flakes completely in hot water before moistening a flannel in it to rub the paint. Rinse well, and repeat the soapy application if necessary. For very soiled paint, add a little whiting to the lather.

Carpets and rugs should be taken up, beaten and cleaned if necessary, washable rugs being washed. If paper is spread under the carpets (always a wise precaution), it must be taken up and burnt and fresh clean sheets laid before replacing the carpet.

If for any reason it is not convenient to beat or vacuum-clean the floor covering, a carpet may be washed in

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Fig. 5.—Porcelaining taps—a great labour-saver

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dirty lather, rinse the washed portion with a cloth wrung out of cold water, and rub as dry as possible with a dry cloth. Repeat the process in small patches all over the carpet, then dry it by opening the windows and lighting a fire in the room.

Beds require special care at spring-cleaning. Every overlay should be sent away to be re-made at least every two years. The framework should be wiped all over with diluted lysol to guard against insects during the summer (Fig. 3), and the wire mattress

and then thoroughly dried and polished with a chamois.

Books from various rooms should all be done at once; choose a fine but not too sunny day. Take the volumes down, pack in a clothes-basket and remove into the garden, where they should be carefully dusted and clapped to remove interior dirt. See that clapping is done with the openings downwards, or the dust will fly back. Before replacing the books, wash the book-cases with warm soapy water and polish them, including the shelves.

So much for the actual cleaning. But there are few housewives who don't take advantage of the annual upheaval to do a little amateur decorating now that the cost of professional renewals of this sort is so high. It is surprising how many such jobs can be managed efficiently at home at a very low price.

A Great Labour-saver

The polishing of taps makes constant work all the year round, unless they are the up-to-date porcelain ones, which only a few new houses boast. At spring-cleaning time it is abundantly worth while to treat both scullery and bathroom taps with one of the many preparations, costing a shilling or two, which give a hard, white and permanent porcelain finish.

All that has to be done is to see that the taps are perfectly clean and dry, and then paint them with liquid porcelain, using a soft brush (Fig. 5). A second coat should be added when the first is dry.

The remainder of the tin can profitably be used for towel rails and other fitments; the liquid is as efficacious used on wood as on metal. When the porcelain coat is dry it is so glossy and hard that it accumulates little dirt, and only needs rubbing gently over from time to time with pure soap dissolved in warm water. No more labour is wasted in incessant polishing.

Re-enamelling Hot-water Jugs

Mention of taps is a reminder that the enamelled hot-water jugs in the bathroom may be chipped and shabby. Don't discard them, for re-enamelling is well within the power of the home renovator.

Clean the jug very thoroughly, first with hot and then with cold water, then rub smooth with sandpaper. Give a first coat of dull-white undercoating paint (any paint shop will supply it) and stand aside to dry. This will take about two days, after which



Fig. 6.—The final stage of re-enamelling—“lining out” with a darker colour

brushed free of dust with a stiff brush (Fig. 4). Rust can be prevented or cured by painting the wire with aluminium paint.

Pictures must be taken down and thoroughly cleansed before they are replaced. Wooden frames should be polished, like wooden furniture, with a good cream; gilt ones brushed with a soft brush and wiped over with onion water to remove fixed dirt and discourage flies. Onion water is made by boiling two large onions in a pint of water for twenty minutes. Picture cords should be dusted and soaked in cold water, if necessary, to remove accumulated grime. Dull, dirty picture chains can be much freshened if washed in a warm soapy lather

HER HOUSE IN ORDER

a second coat must be given and allowed to dry. On no account must another layer be added while the under one remains in the least damp.

Cover the second undercoating with glossy white enamel, and leave it for several days to harden. A more professional finish can then be added, if desired, by "lining out" the finished article with a black or other coloured border, using a fine brush, which can usually be hired where the paint is bought (Fig. 6).

Exactly the same method of enamelling will renovate a discoloured bath. In this case stop the taps with corks, to prevent dripping, before starting to paint, as any dampness will spoil the work. When the bath is dry, fill it three times before using: first with cold, then with warm, then with hot water. Replace the metal plug with a rubber one, which will not chip the new enamel.

When the sunny days begin stained surrounds often look shabby and require redoing. One of the simplest and quickest drying stains is made by using Brunswick black, diluted with turpentine to whatever shade of brown may be required. Mix enough for the whole job, to avoid variations of colour.

To avoid stooping, the staining may be done with a pad fixed to a long-handled mop or duster (Fig. 7), though many housewives will prefer the greater facility gained by working on hands and knees. Stain the way of the grain and as quickly as possible, and refrain from going over any part twice. Begin along the wall, holding a piece of card-board between skirting and brush, otherwise splashes on the paintwork are inevitable.

A lighter border all round a few inches from the walls is effective. If this is wanted, before starting to

stain tack thin strips of wood to the floor where the border is to come; they will keep it from being encroached upon by the main stain. When the floor has dried, remove the strips, and paint the white line of board thus revealed any colour desired, using a brush the width of the border (Fig. 8).

Brunswick black is also a very useful stain for small cheap articles of furniture made of plain white deal, as it gives them



Fig. 7.—When staining a floor, a long-handled tool saves stooping

Fig. 8.—Painting a lighter-coloured border near the skirting



Fig. 10.—Washing gas bracket with soap and hot water

a smarter appearance and saves the labour of keeping them white by scrubbing. Medicine cupboard, light bookshelves, corner cupboards, lockers and so on are all worth treating with this inexpensive stain (Fig. 9). It dries in less than an hour after being applied.

Overhauling Gas Fittings

After the dark winter with its many hours of artificial light, spring-cleaning time usually finds gas globes and fittings in a dirty condition, which impoverishes the illumination of the rooms. Simple overhauling can be done at home without calling in a gas-fitter.

The first step preparatory to cleaning the fittings is to remove the globe. To do this, hold it in the left hand and with the right unfasten two of the screws which secure it. Then tip the globe to one side, releasing it from the screws, and put it to soak in warm water containing a little soda.

If the mantle is old and torn, remove it, and finish the cleaning before putting in a new one.

On the under part of the circular projection above the light proper are the vents which admit air to be burnt in conjunction with the gas. If they have become choked

with dirt, as is probable, the quality of the light is dimmed. Clean out these vents with a small stiff brush—a fairly rigid painting brush is suitable. Afterwards use an old toothbrush or a typewriter type brush to remove dust and dirt from the tube which supports the mantle and surrounding fittings.

Wash the bracket with hot soapy water (Fig. 10) and dry with a fresh cloth. While doing this hold it with the left hand, as shown in the photograph, so that it is not pulled or strained out of position.

Fit a new mantle, if required, or replace the old one. Take the globe out of soak, dry it very well and warm it slightly. Then put it back into place, being careful that it is not screwed up tightly, otherwise the expansion of the glass caused by the heat of the gas when this is alight will break the globe. The screws should not grip the globe, but only act as projections which will secure it from falling. If correctly adjusted it will be possible to tip the globe a good deal from side to side without its rim working loose from the screw.

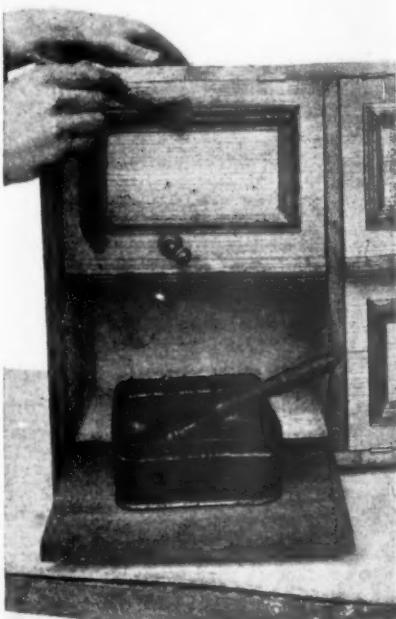


Fig. 9.—Cheap white wood articles are much improved by home staining

WORLDLY GOODS

By

Sophie Kerr

PART V

I CAN remember every word, every move, every look of that first meeting. He came forward, still hesitantly, as one not sure of his errand. "Mrs. Athelone?" he asked.

"Mrs. Athelone is in Boston for a few days, arranging a house there. I'm Mrs. Osborn, her assistant. Can I—take a message—or—" I waited.

His blue eyes had the look of being intensely amused at himself, his errand, the place he found himself in. "My name is Ewing—Lewis Ewing," he explained, and began to hunt for a card. "I—well—my friends have driven me to this—you see—" The look of amusement deepened, and a hint of colour rose behind his weather-beaten skin. "I've just located here in New York, and I've taken an apartment, and I want to get it furnished and fixed up, you know—everything. So here I am, with the deepest misgivings and doubts—you won't give me a pink silk bed-cover, will you?"

"We won't give you anything you don't like," I assured him. "Please come farther in and sit down and tell me about it a little more fully. I can see you're distrustful of decorators and all their work, but really, Mr. Ewing, you don't need to be. We're the painless sort."

Mr. Ewing twinkled at me. He was not a tall man nor a good-looking one. He was thin and brown and had a close-cropped little moustache. His clothes were careless, his manner simple, but it was not the simplicity of a simpleton—rather of a man who has no need to be anything but himself. At my reassurance he sat down.

"I want a comfortable place—nothing frilly or fancy, no baby-blues or pretty pretty pinks. If I kick over the chairs I want 'em not to break. I want tables that

will hold things without teetering, and a sofa big enough to stretch out on, and big chairs. My apartment has a fireplace."

"If you want references," he said, "there's my bank, The First National, and the firm of Townsend, Townsend and Maffett. How soon do you suppose the place can be ready for me?"

I couldn't help bantering him mildly. "Since you don't insist on pink silk bed-covers we ought to be able to get it through very soon. In the meantime, I'll go and see the apartment and get some idea—"

"Can you come now? My car's waiting."

The entrance of Emily Tewell, my assistant, smiling and triumphant from battling with the wholesalers, pleased me. Emily and the Buttercup together could be trusted to run the place for an hour or so, and the workroom's affairs I'd see to on the way back. So I proceeded to accompany the new client.

He had a beautiful, powerful motor and drove it himself exceedingly well. The latent power in the man seemed somehow to suit the controlled strong engine of the car. We talked as we went uptown. I discovered that he was a mining engineer, and that he owned mines of his own. He had been all over China, Siberia, South America, Australia, Alaska, South Africa, and . . . "Now I'm ready to establish headquarters here and have a good time for a while, see some of my old friends, and be civilized."

"What you mean," I divined, "is that you want to marry and have a real home. You're tired of rambling around unattached. I hope you get the right girl, for if you don't you're going to suffer."

I said nothing so personal. We went over his apartment, and I made my notes. I could be genuinely enthusiastic about the place.

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"It's superlative!" I told him. "Those baths—you'll be as luxurious as a Roman emperor."

"And much more sanitary," he replied, but I could see he was boyishly pleased with the prospect of living there. "It will be very comfortable, don't you think?" he asked me anxiously. "Did you notice the view out of the east windows? I can see the river and that big span of bridge; I'll enjoy that."

"You'll enjoy it all," I prophesied. Then a thought struck me. "Haven't you got any belongings to make a start with, to serve as a sort of motif? You surely must have picked up different things on your travels—rugs, pottery, pictures—*something*. Or perhaps you've some family heirlooms stored away somewhere."

"No, not a thing. I've collected nothing, and as for my family—my people were farmers, up-State, and they died when I was a kid. I've shifted for myself ever since I was ten. They didn't leave me anything—I haven't even a picture of my mother. My mother was wonderful—"

"Oh, so was mine—" I said involuntarily.

We stopped and looked at each other with intimate understanding. That little interchange of sympathy had brought us close together, cemented our liking for each other. I turned away and stared out of the window. My mother! I never said her name that I didn't see her, working among her flowers, or bending over her sewing, or laughing across the table to me at one of her fancies.

I turned back abruptly. "I think I can begin work very soon," I said. "I'll start the painters. . . . Wouldn't you like built-in bookshelves?"

We talked about bookshelves, lighting fixtures, but at the end, when I was ready to go, he asked, as hesitantly as that first entrance of his to the studio, "You must be going to lunch somewhere—would you—would you let me—"

"I'm so sorry," I interrupted. "I have an engagement to-day. But I thank you. Now, as soon as Mrs. Athelone returns, she'll come and see this place, and we'll hurry it through."

"Please," he begged, "don't turn me and my helpless apartment over to Mrs. Athelone. I like your taste, I like your ideas. They suit me exactly. I don't care how superior Mrs. Athelone may be, I know I can't be better satisfied than with what you

suggest. If you won't do it for me yourself, I'll get someone else."

"Oh, he's that sort of man is he?" I thought. I knew the variety. But no, he wasn't. He was honest and friendly and decent. It was impossible to think anything else of him. And no matter what he wanted I wasn't going to let this nice fat order slip away from me.

"I'm sure I can take charge of it," I said. "Of course, Mrs. Athelone's infinitely better than I am, but if you're satisfied—and in any case she'll go over the plans. No work is done in her studio without her approval—you understand that."

"Oh, yes. But you'll give it your own *personal* attention, won't you? I've been so doubtful about going to a decorator at all —" He hesitated again.

"Of course I'll give it my personal attention. And it will be a delightful piece of work, the rooms are so well-proportioned and big, no funny corners or shapes—and then it's always so pleasant to do a place completely, starting with the bare walls and working out everything."

"Well, then," he hesitated no longer. But he added as I left, "You won't mind if I'm a great bother? I'm awfully fussed about this place. If I insist on knowing what's being done, every step of the way, you won't construe it into any lack of confidence, will you?"

"Our motto is, 'The client be pleased,'" I said in my most professional voice. "The work must satisfy you and ourselves, too, and it's always better if we can work with the client, instead of merely for him."

We parted with mutual good will. I knew that his insistence on keeping in touch with the work was merely a ruse to see me oftener—yes, I'll admit that. It is surely no crime for a woman to know that she is attractive to men—the trouble is with most of them that they exaggerate their charms and make fools of themselves. And there was nothing unusual about a man client who employs a lady decorator becoming interested in her *beaux yeux*. Women in business have got to meet the problem of sex-attraction, along with the other problems. Some women use their femininity consciously to get privileges and favours—but to me that is disgusting. If any man of the right sort is met with ordinary reserve and simplicity and friendliness, he will answer it with respect and courtesy and fair treatment.

No, there was nothing unusual about Mr.

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Ewing's wanting to see me again. The unusual thing was—that I wanted to see him again. I liked him—very much, and he held my attention. I'd never gone in for men friends. My work absorbed me—and there was always Walter in the background. Perhaps, if Walter hadn't been so difficult that morning about moving, so peevish and small-minded, so unfair in his sudden gust of anger, Lewis Ewing might not have interested me at all. Maybe it was the reaction. I don't know. All I know is that I thought of him very often that day, and took quite unnecessary care to get things moving for his apartment.

There was something more. I had a cook who used to remark sapiently, "What you lookin' for, you gits." It is very nearly true. I was in the grip of one of my spells of restlessness, of discontent. I wanted something—I didn't know what—but it was something I hadn't got. As if in exact fated response Lewis Ewing came into my life, and in a guise that made it not only perfectly correct, but necessary for me to see him often. "What you lookin' for, you gits." Yes, you do. You can call it Fate, or Destiny, or Fore-ordination, or whatever you like, it's all the same.

It made no perceptible change in my outer life at first knowing Lewis Ewing. No, nor in my inner life. I was still extraordinarily busy with all that I had to do. Added to it was the task I had delegated to myself of finding a new apartment for Walter and me and getting moved into it, for I had disregarded Walter's protest about not moving.

Curiously enough, he kept on protesting. He didn't flash out any more about it, but he developed objections, even sentiments. "We moved here just when I began to get really on the up-grade," he said wistfully. "I always felt about this place that it meant that I'd made good—at last."

"Now, Walter, perhaps you're going to say that there's an old homestead feeling about never having enough hot water, and the phonograph that the people below play on Sunday mornings." I tried to tease him out of his mood.

"We may get into something worse," he protested doggedly. And then, "It's moving away from all our friends."

"Why, we're not. The Mayers are our nearest neighbours, and the farther away we move from them the better."

"I like them," he insisted. "They're always lively and good-natured. You

ought to like Mollie, she admires you—thinks you're marvellous."

"I suppose I am marvellous to a lazy little titterwit like she is," I said. "Mollie Mayer's the worst case of arrested development I've seen for many a long day. Mentally she's about twelve, and not a very bright twelve at that. She's got just one line—she puts a man on the arm and gives him a baby-hunting look and listens to him talk. Of course, that's fine for Holden, because he'd rather talk than eat. He's the typical Wise Boy, the Knowing One. All the gossip and the tattle in the city runs into his eyes and ears and out of his mouth, and it isn't impeded by his brain either, though I will admit that he has a highly facile intelligence—on some subjects."

"I think that's very unfair and malicious," said Walter. "I never heard you talk like that about anyone before, Effie. Holden and Mollie Mayer are both mighty good sorts, and I'm fond of them. They've been very nice to us, too."

There was nothing in the Mayers for me to be malicious or alarmed about. "I didn't mean to be a cat, Walter, I was just saying how they seemed to me," I said, and let it go at that. No use stirring up more trouble. Walter, with his feet set, contesting every inch of our proposed exodus, was tiresome enough. Still, I flattered myself that he'd come round in time. If he didn't choose to—why, I'd pay the rent myself for a few months and the other bills, too. My bank balance gave me an easy feeling of security and an assured whip in hand in this situation at least. Oh, I didn't put it to myself as crudely as all that, but it was in the back of my mind.

If it had not been for this moving and the necessary tearing up of our home, which prevented even the simplest entertaining, I would probably have invited Lewis Ewing to dinner, and he and Walter would have met early in my acquaintance with him. By the time I had made weary search through list after list supplied by agents, and found the new apartment *par excellence*—at nearly twice the rent we were then paying—by the time I had done it up according to my liking, had engaged the moving people and gone through the feverish last days of preparation for the debacle, as well as the debacle itself, and the subsequent lengthy, tedious rearrangement of our lares and penates, two months had gone by. By that time I had no inclination whatever to have the two men meet.



"I turned away and stared out
of the window"—p. 456

Drawn by
Elizabeth Eustis

Coincident with getting into my own new apartment was my work on Lewis Ewing's. I had seen him nearly every day, sometimes for a few minutes, sometimes for hours on end, while we shopped for furniture or discussed stufis. And always I liked him more and more; always I found in him something that I had missed, that I had wanted, and did not know it.

He didn't make love to me—not at all. We talked with a brutal friendly frankness. In a novel of Wells (Wells, the omniscient, who has said everything about the relations of man and woman, and said it better than anyone else can) I came across the sentence, "We brought all our impressions and all our ideas to each other to see them in

each other's light. It is hard to convey that quality of intellectual unison to anyone who has not experienced it." Intellectual unison—yes, we had that. What he thought about things mattered enormously to me. Just

as the conversations of Veevee and Louise and I used to come inevitably to the subject of love and marriage, so the talks Lewis Ewing and I had came back invariably to ourselves.

"You're a new type to me," he told me once. "I realized that the day I met you. You—and your kind—you've developed in amazing numbers since I left America. You're so coolly efficient—you're so lacking in self-consciousness—you're so impersonal—and a little hard. Business and women. The two things make a dangerous mixture—"

"But we're coming, more and more. And we're not just underlings, to carry out orders from the big chief—the man—who sits up aloft. We sit up aloft ourselves and give the orders. There are a lot of women executives now."

"But the business of being a woman suffers by it."

I smiled at him. "All men think so. Women don't."

"Are you a feminist?"

"What do you mean by feminist? It's such a general term and so misused."

"I mean the sort of woman that aggrandizes women doctors and not the general advance of medical science—who urges women to go into politics, whether they're fit or not, and wants them elected because they're women, not because they're the best candidate—who would make sweeping laws for mothers' control of children, regardless of the injustice this may wreak on an innocent youngster who has a depraved and degraded mother—who exalts women artists because they are women and not because their art is superior. Perhaps I also mean the woman who exults because women are executives and can give orders, not because the ethics of business is advanced generally by such women."

"No, I'm not that sort of woman," I said. "At least, I don't think so. All the same,

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we've been subordinates for a long time—you mustn't mind if we prance a little bit now we're on top. It's natural."

"Do you remember how one of the wealthiest and most prominent suffrage leaders was reported by the newspapers to have urged women to refuse to marry until the vote was won?"

"But perhaps that was satiety on her part, Mr. Ewing; she'd had two husbands, you know."

"You're dodging. You won't give me a straight answer. I wish—I wish I could ask you what I really want to."

"Why, you can."

"No, I can't. You'd never speak to me again, and that would be awkward, with the apartment still unfinished."

We left it there, but I wondered all day what it was he wanted to ask me, and I concluded that it was best I shouldn't know. He had raised too many questions in my own mind.

Never once had I seen him when it was not necessary for the work I was doing for him—I have no arranged or clandestine meetings on my conscience. But I thought about him continually. My days were crowded, jammed, every minute, between the studio duties and the exigencies of my own moving, but under all my activities I was unconsciously centred on Lewis Ewing. My restlessness, my discontent, was allayed when I was with him, and only then. Perhaps if I had not been so deep in this strange abstraction about him I might have thought more of Walter. All I noticed was that he had at last stopped objecting to our move and that he was out more than usual in the evening, without me. Of this I was very glad. When night came I was too tired to think about getting into an evening gown and looking for diversion. When we were all moved and settled it would be different, I assured myself—we'd go out as usual. Just now it was a relief not to have Walter about. Sometimes I'd eat dinner downtown alone, or with Zaidee, just because it saved making perfunctory conversation with Walter. He wasn't concerned whether or not I was a feminist. He didn't talk about the business of being a woman. He didn't talk about anything very much, except a little grist of office gossip. He wasn't in the least interested in my ideas. He didn't even know I had them. Poor old Walter, I sometimes rather pitied him—he'd been such a splendid, glowing, darling youth, and he'd gone stodgy and a little

heavy, the typical unenterprising man. In a groove, in a rut! The vivid, winning personality of his overlaid with triviality, with dullness, just as his fine lithe young body, his clear face, was overlaid with the faintest film of fat. Comparisons at such moments are inevitable. Lewis Ewing hadn't let himself get fat.

I have said that I never saw Lewis Ewing save in the way of our legitimate business. That was true until one day. Then it was chance.

It was a day when everything in the world went wrong, when every person who came into the studio had a complaint, when Zaidee was at her most exacting, and the Buttercup's rosy cheek was swelled with neuralgia, when Emily Tewell had stayed out at luncheon with her latest admirer for two hours, and been exceedingly independent when she wandered in again. The workroom was at sixes and sevens, a valuable piece of velvet seemingly lost or stolen. The dyer had sent home some fringe, coloured for a rush order, a hideous magenta instead of a bland mauve. Rent day for the new apartment was drawing near, and so far Walter had given no sign of being willing to pay any increase. My cook, who had been with me five years, had given notice. I needed a new dress badly and had rushed into Aimee's, confident that Veevee would find something for me, only to be told that she had sailed for Paris the day before, quite unexpectedly, and the young woman who showed me gowns was languid and indifferent. Oh, what a day!

Along about half-past four I stopped with a jerk. "I'm going to get out of this impossible atmosphere," I told Zaidee, "before I run amuck and smash the furniture."

"I'm going, too," she said wearily. "This day's a jinx. It's got on my nerves."

As I put on my hat I knew that I did not want to go home—too many things to do there. I might run downtown and have a cup of tea with Louise.

I walked over to Fifth Avenue and waited for the bus. The great sweep of the greatest street in the world, the blue sky above it, the air, cool and keen with the sea tang, lightened my mood. And as I waited a car drew up before me and Lewis Ewing spoke to me.

"Won't you let me take you wherever you are going?" he asked.

"Oh, but I'm going all the way down to Washington Square," I told him. "Isn't that out of your way?"

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"No, I'm loafing to-day. Look here, will you stop somewhere and have tea with me? I always feel such a fool asking anyone for tea, but you New York people do it, I observe."

I explained as I settled myself beside him. "I'm going to have tea with an old friend of mine—Mrs. Anderson, wife of the playwright—you know, the man who wrote *The Golden Clutch* and *Rolling Billy*." I hesitated a moment. But why not ask him? It was perfectly harmless, perfectly. Besides, it was so peaceful, so *contentable* to be with him. "Perhaps you'd like to come with me?"

He jumped at it. "I'd love to go. Will Anderson be there? I'd like to meet that chap—he's got ideas. I saw *Rolling Billy*, and it hit me very hard. I've been something of a *Rolling Billy* myself."

"He may be there, and he may not. He's rather eccentric. I think you'll find Louise as worth-while as Ned. She has rather a hard time, being married to a genius—at least it seems hard to me."

"But does she like it?"

"Apparently. But it's quite a task, nevertheless."

"Still, it must be always interesting—and that's the great test of marriage."

"Do you think so?"

"But don't you?"

"I don't know. . . . I hadn't thought of it that way. . . ."

"Perhaps you look on it as a matter of endurance. Or, at the other extreme, as a state of ideal, romantic love, devotion, absorption, and so on."

I felt that I must elude him. "I'm sure that Louise has just that last for Ned," I said. "And look, Mr. Ewing, we're there—turn right that street—it's the sixth house on the right. You don't mind climbing stairs?"

He followed me silently up the three dark flights, dark and not entirely clean. In the semi-gloom of the landing I rang a bell. There was a clatter and scuffle within, a baby's angry wail. Then the door was opened by a slovenly, smiling Italian maid, holding the crying child in her arms, and we entered a room which was obviously used for every purpose of living.

Louise, stoutish, as untidy as her servant, prematurely aged and grey, but smiling an unquestioning welcome, came to meet us. "Oh, Effie, is that you—how very nice! I can hardly see you—Neddy has broken my glasses. Do come in."

"I've brought an admirer of Ned's," I told her. "Mr. Ewing saw *Rolling Billy* and was crazy about it."

At that Louise beamed, as she always did when Ned was praised. "Throw the toys off that chair, please, Mr. Ewing. Effie, you'd better sit on the sofa—the other big chair is broken. Neddy, go kiss Aunt Effie. I'm so glad to have both of you, and Mariana of the Moated Grange may be persuaded to give us some tea or coffee if the baby will only hush. Hasn't he got lungs?"

She called directions to the Italian in the next room, and Mariana brought in the boy and laid him in her arms. He was a lovely, lusty child, restless and strong. Neddy, who had been clinging to his mother's skirt, came to me and climbed confidingly into my lap and put his dark head against my shoulder. He was an adorable four-year-old. "Got any secrets to-day?" he whispered righquishly. Neddy and I always had secrets together—it was an endless game which we had played ever since he could talk.

I whispered back to him, and he laughed. "Where's sister?" I asked. Sister was the oldest of Louise's trio.

"Gone to her dancing lesson. I think she's got a real talent. All my repressed dancing is coming out in her toes, I imagine."

The baby quieted, and in the kitchen beyond Mariana was clattering crockery. Ewing looked about him curiously, and Louise noticed it.

"My husband doesn't work in this mess," she told him, smiling, and neither abashed nor annoyed by the disorder. "He has a little room beyond, with bookshelves, a chair and a typewriter. I've tacked stuff against the walls to make it sound-proof. You said you saw *Rolling Billy*?"

"Yes, it was fine. He got right at the heart and soul stuff of all us vagabonds. Everything I've ever thought or felt was there."

Louise shrugged her shoulders, pushed stray wisps of hair. "I wish the dear public had been as enthusiastic. Ned's never had a real success, you know. The critics and the literary people praise him, and the play runs about a month—and then it's all to do over again."

"But this new one," I said encouragingly. "That's bound to get over."

"I think so, but they want him to change the last act and have a sweetly solemn ending, so that people will go away from the

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theatre with a good taste in their mouths—it makes me laugh. I urged him not to change it if he didn't think it was right. I don't care a hang what kind of taste people have in their mouths. And I don't care if we never have a lot of money—but I do care whether or not he's happy about his work and satisfied with it."

"He won't be if he goes against his sense of fitness," said Ewing.

Mariana stumped in with a great tray, a steaming pot of coffee, thick grocery store cookies, unmatched china cups. "See if Mr. Anderson will come in with us," said Louise. She put the baby on the couch and poured the coffee. To Mariana, returning, "Get the condensed milk, Mariana—there's no cream in the house, people."

"Mis Annerson, he come," announced Mariana, and her words were followed by Ned, dreamy and absent-minded as ever and as unkempt as the rest of his household. He sat down on the couch beside the baby and leaned his elbows on his knees after he'd spoken to us. His hair dropped down over his forehead in a long half-moon wisp with an amusing youthfulness, contrasting with the worn lines of his face.

"I've made up my mind, Lutie," he said presently. "I'm not going to change that last act. They can take it or leave it."

"What's the new play about," asked Ewing, "if it is permissible to tell?"

"Oh, yes—why, it's about growth. A wife outgrows her husband—he is aware of it, she is not. The tragedy is his, of course."

"D'you think such a thing possible?" asked Ewing, interested. "Wouldn't she know, even before he does?"

"It is not only possible, but it is true. I've seen it." He gave me a malicious, sidelong glance. I kept still. It didn't matter to me what Ned Anderson said.

"And you think a happy ending is impossible?" went on Ewing.

"Well—yes. Growth is inexorable—and unforgivable. The man comes to hate his wife because she is bigger than he, *in his field*. If she were bigger in her own province, you understand, he would not resent it. He would love her more for it. But she has invaded his field and beaten him. No man could forgive that."

"So, if Louise were to take to writing plays, and write better ones than yours, you would never forgive her—is that it?" I inquired sweetly.

Ned laughed a little dryly. "You've got me—I don't know. It doesn't seem to me

that anything Louise could do would change my feeling about her. Yet, I'm afraid I'd be jealous and sore. I know I'd quit trying to write and get a nice peaceful job as a ditch-digger or a stevedore."

"Well, don't worry," struck in Louise. "It isn't going to happen. I don't believe you'd be a good stevedore, Ned, so I promise to refrain from writing plays. Don't let young Neddy have another cookie, Effie—one's quite enough. Did you know Veevee had gone to Paris again? Have you met Veevee, Mr. Ewing? She's the third one of the trio that used to live together—Effie and I are the other two. All this was long ago when we were young and carefree."

"In other words, unmarried," said Anderson.

"And that reminds me, how is Walter?" asked Louise, turning to me.

I felt curiously embarrassed to have to speak of Walter before Ewing. "Oh, he's very well—he didn't want to move, but he's reconciled about it now. You must come and have dinner with us as soon as we're better regulated. Annie left me, so I'm in search of a proper successor, and I've so little time for proper housekeeping. That reminds me—I've just thought of something—I must go back to the studio to-night." I rose, still holding little Neddy. "Dear and love," I said to him, "Aunt Effie wants a big, big hug to cheer her on her way. Will you give it to her, please, sir?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, and put his arms fondly about my neck.

"I love to squeeze you," I cried. "You've got such a sturdy, hard little body. Not like some children—when you pick them up you're afraid they'll fall to pieces. There—and there."

"He's crazy about Effie," said Louise to Ewing. "When he's in a temper at bedtime she's the only person he'll pray for. Do come again, both of you. Don't be daunted by our disorder, and our Mariana and our coffee."

"I'll be more than glad to come, if I may," said Lewis Ewing.

Outside, in the car, he said to me tentatively, "You don't care for Anderson much, do you?"

"What makes you think that?"

"It was in the air somehow. Not that you said or even looked anything. But I guessed it."

Ned was a standing grievance with me and to-day had increased it. My tongue ran away with me. "Why should he take

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himself and his work so seriously? Acting as if worlds hung on whether he put a happy ending on one of his plays! Meanwhile, his wife and children live—as they do!"

"I suppose he has to be honest about his work."

"He might also be honest about his talent. And about supporting his family. He is no great genius to stand on his artistic ideals and defy the world. Oh, it makes me sick, these little tuppenny ha'penny folks who think they're giants. It's two-thirds conceit invariably."

"Good heavens, was all this seething inside you—no wonder I felt electricity in the air when he was talking. Mrs. Anderson agrees with his point of view, though."

"Oh, yes, she agrees. She sacrifices everything to him—even those adorable children."

"You're fond of those children." He had dropped his lighter tone and was eyeing me curiously.

"Oh, how can anyone help being fond of them. They're darlings. I don't suppose they get proper food. And little Neddy, in that faded, ragged outgrown pinafore—I could tar and feather Ned Anderson when I look at him. And Louise isn't much better—she upholds him in it——"

"You little *fool!*!" burst out Lewis Ewing ungovernedly. "Don't you see that they've got something that's worth all your success, all your good clothes, all your cleverness? Don't you see that? Here—forgive me—I'll stop the car and call you a taxi—I didn't mean—but to see you to-day with that child in your arms, Effie—Effie!—and knowing all the while—a man can't endure everything——"

I got out of the car dazedly. I did not look at him. While he was speaking I, too, had undergone revelation.

Lewis Ewing loved me—I knew that now. I seemed to have known it all the time. He had not made love to me, but that had nothing to do with it. He loved me, he was giving me something which he had not given before to any woman. He was, as I have said, a man of power and strength, both controlled. Power and strength . . . courage . . . energy . . . and infinite tenderness.

He was my sort of man. He was what I wanted.

There, I had owned it to myself. He was what I had always wanted—no use denying it. I had thought Walter was that sort—long ago, in those first days of marriage.

I walked blindly along the street, trying to think it out. I was not happy. I was not elated. But I had, deep within myself, a strange, unusual calm and a grave, proud lift of spirit. My restless heart had come home.

I could remember—and I did remember even at this moment—the halcyon days when I fell in love with Walter, and I could smile and shake my head and be a little sorry for that blind young creature who was so sure, then, that she had found the one man in the world. Perhaps she had—for her. But I was no longer that girl. There was not an idea, a taste, a characteristic of Effie Moore at nineteen that had not been altered and changed and metamorphosed into the woman I was to-day. I was another being. But Walter had not changed, no, not a bit. In all essentials he was the same as on the day we were married. Well, then . . .

Here we were tied together. But as to that . . . in a sort of panic I thrust away from me the thought of divorce. I had flattered myself that I was another being than my young girl self, but I found that the instinctive aversion and scorn of breaking a promise once given was still mine.

I was, and am, a fairly tolerant person. Divorce had seemed to me a desperate remedy for a desperate state in most cases. I had no condemnation for the unfortunate men and women who find themselves unhappy together and seek to dissolve their marriage. For the more nauseous cases—the quick-divorce-in-order-to-quickly-remarry—the frivolous Reno-voyagers, the blithe, shameless change-partners set—these had disgusted me, seemed to me fatally lax in moral fibre.

It is very easy to condemn, to be severely moralistic, to lift eyes and hands to heaven in a Puritanical spasm until you find yourself at the same cross-roads of doubt and desire.

By a supreme effort of resolution I put decision away from me. I would not try now to think this thing through. I would not look to see where I was going. I would wait—at least a little while—and see what came next. I would clear up my doubts, steady myself, be sure in which direction lay peace and safety before I made any decided move.

I smiled a little at myself when I recalled that Lewis Ewing had said nothing, not even that he loved me. Yet what he had not said in words he had said in the tone



"He was an adorable four-year-old. 'Got any secrets to-day?' he whispered roguishly"—p. 460

of his voice, his eyes and the rough break of his self-control. He would say all the rest of it, if I would let him. I knew that, but I knew, too, that if I let him say it I must be fairly sure what my response would be.

I walked home slowly to my new apartment, unaware of the distance or of any fatigue. It was nearly half-past seven when I came in and the second girl met me with a reproachful look.

"We didn't know what had become of you, Mrs. Osborn," she said. "Mr. Osborn telephoned he wouldn't be home, and as we didn't hear from you, we thought maybe you was with him. Cook says dinner's most dried up."

"It doesn't matter," I said. "Bring me a tray of something to my room." I was glad that Walter was not there and that we would not have to sit through the formality of a meal together. Yet so rooted in domestic habit was I that I thought mechanically, "Walter seems to be out very often lately."

I went on into my room and again gave myself up to introspection. Never before in my life had I spent so long a time thinking of myself and the shaping of my life. I had been too active, too engaged with my profession and the world around me.

Chance had shaped my existence, necessity had moulded it—nothing in it seemed to be there of my own volition, planned and ordered and arranged.

On my little desk, and just before my eyes, was a little picture of my father and mother on their wedding trip, sitting side by side, she with the fitted basque, pinched waist and bang that constituted high style at that day; my father brave in broadcloth and huge, stiff four-in-hand. I did not look at him—it was my mother I wanted to question. The picture was small, the fashion of her attire obscuring, but even so, the vivid light of her eyes, the eagerness and gaiety of her expression, could not be wholly hidden. I gazed at her for a long time. What would she do, were she in my place?

I could look back now and see a thousand ways in which my father's petty, stodgy soul must have irked her frightfully. There was no real understanding, no real companionship between them. She had made him marvellously comfortable, she had let him do as he liked. She had filled her own life with her flowers and her fancy-work and her love for me. But suppose—suppose someone had come by who would have answered to her stifled ambitions, would have appreciated her, given her affection and

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thoughtfulness, comradeship, real tenderness, understanding? Would she have let it all slip away from her because of that little plain gold ring on her left hand? Somehow I did not think she would, even with the conventions of her day and the bonds of her environment making a far higher hedge for her to break through than grew around me.

Well . . . this line of fancy got me nowhere. Again I told myself that I must wait, that I must defer, that I must be still for a time and see what next would come. I mustn't make any violent gesture that would wreck everything all the way round.

But all the time that feeling of happiness, rest, completeness persisted within me. Could I give it up?

Walter did not come in until very late. I was still awake, still lost in my labyrinth of thought, in which I could find no guiding thread. He did not come into my room—in this new apartment we had separate rooms—but I heard him fumbling about, and presently there was a smash of glass in the bathroom, and a subdued "Bother." After he had gone to bed I slipped in to see what he had broken. It was nothing but a medicine glass and of no consequence. But in the air there was the least faint trace of a penetrating perfume, a scent distinctive, and one that seemed vaguely familiar to me. It was unlikely that Walter had taken to using scent—and this was a feminine thing, the sort that is put up in vials designed by Lalique and sold for a thumping price in the shadowy, seductive beauty shops. Now, who did I know who used it? There was someone . . . I went off to sleep before I could remember.

Morning brought forgetfulness of everything but the wonder as to when I would see Lewis Ewing again and what he would say to me. Perhaps he would write—I looked eagerly at the morning's letters, but there was nothing from him. On reflection I felt sure that he would not write—he wasn't the sort who could tell what he felt in writing. But I knew that I would see him and soon.

Zaidee looked at me curiously that morning when she came into the studio. "You've recovered from yesterday," she said. "How did you do it?"

"Went home and had dinner alone and went to bed early. Rest was what I needed as much as anything."

"Well, I went to one of the dearest

parties on record. Had to. Effie, why don't we learn sense as we get older? Why doesn't age release us from some of our obligations? It ought to. I'm always promising myself that I will never again do anything I don't want to do, and—then I go right ahead and do it. I suppose I don't want to be left out of things, don't want to be a back number."

She drooped with unusual weariness at her desk. Poor Zaidee, her hair was more henna-ed than ever, and her figure, once so lithely slender, was now set in its lines with a stiffness that even her artful taste in dressing could not conceal. Her face had lines, too, deep ones about the mouth and chin, and her cherubic smile was mechanical. I looked at her as if I had never seen her before . . . yes, she was old, old and hard. Beyond her was a mirror, cunningly devised with a bit of gay chinoiserie at the top, and in the silvery depths I saw my own face. I wasn't like Zaidee, yet. But the years are inexorable . . . they would take me and mould me even as they had taken and moulded her, and I might not fare as well as she had. What was she getting out of life—money, yes, and success in her chosen field, and an apartment where every appointment was perfection—for years she had arranged and rearranged it, sifted out each belonging until her least bijou was worthy a museum. And for friends—why, Zaidee had no close friends. She knew everyone—but it was all surface stuff. She had not one real tie of love that demands and serves, no, not even one.

She looked up as if she divined my thought, and rose abruptly. "I'm going over to the workroom and raise the dickens," she said. "I'm in the mood for it. There are a lot of things over there that ought to be cleaned up, and I have to be in a bad temper to do it. To-day's the day, 'Bye!"

I looked at the door as it closed after her. The Buttercup, who was busy at the other side of the studio, said innocently, "I never saw Mrs. Athelone look so tired as she does this morning. Why, she looks downright *old*, Mrs. Osborn."

It would have stabbed Zaidee to have heard that voice, so young, so fresh, pronounce the curse of age on her. "I think she doesn't feel very well," I said and let the matter pass.

Yet I knew I had had my own warning—and then, with an instant uncontrollable

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throb of joy, I thought, "Lewis Ewing will save me from this."

I hardly know how I got through the next few days. They were like a dream, so intense was my preoccupation with my thoughts and feelings. I did my work, I suppose, but I doubt that I did it very well. I gave it no more than the most perfunctory thought. There were no wild enthusiasms—no rushing in to Zaidee with hurrahs of triumph because we'd got a house that three of our competitors had been hot after—no waving of banners because I'd found a particular bargain in old Spanish velvets—no impassioned diatribes against Angelo and Mike, who still worked for us in their dilatory fashion. The servant Buttercup, who had marked Zaidee's weariness, gave me a puzzled glance now and then, but asked no questions.

I had no word from Lewis Ewing, but I did not need one. He was going through the same process of waiting and wondering that I was, and when he saw his way he would come to me. I knew that as well as if he had written me a letter every day to say so, or placarded the street corners.

About Walter—well, I didn't think very much about Walter, only that he continued to be out a great deal in the evening, and I was glad of that. He made some muttered excuses about "business" when invitations came for us both, and I jumped at the chance to decline them. I did not want to see or talk to Walter. It made me feel small and mean in spite of myself. A woman must be more cold-blooded than I am before she can live on placidly with her husband while all her being is centred on another man.

It was a week later when, as I came out into the dusky street to go home, I saw Lewis Ewing in his car, waiting for me. "I've been here half an hour," he said. "I was so afraid I might miss you. Effie, you and I must talk."

"I suppose I can't ask you to my apartment," he went on. "It would be unconventional according to you queer people now that it's finished and I'm living in it, in spite of the hours we were there before it was done. And I won't go to yours. I don't want to be under your roof—"

I knew why. And I didn't want him there.

"We can find a quiet restaurant or inn somewhere out along the road," he went on. "Are you free for dinner?"

"Yes, only I must telephone." There

was no use to evade—and I had no wish to do so. We were adults, Lewis Ewing and I—there would be no pretensions or childish games with each other.

So I went back into the studio and telephoned. The maid answered me. "Yes'm, and could cook and me go to the pictures? Mr. Osborn, he just phoned he wouldn't be home to dinner neither."

I gave the required permission and hastened back to the car. Even at that moment, so strong is the domestic habit, again I mentally noted, with a faint note of surprise, "Walter *out again*. It's very odd." Then I forgot Walter and everything else in the joy of being with Lewis Ewing once more.

"It's a beautiful night—shall we go out on the island somewhere? I know a place, the cooking's good—and it's respectable."

I nodded, and we began slowly to push through the late uptown traffic towards the Williamsburg bridge. It was hard driving, and he had to concentrate on it. I sat turned a little towards him, so that I could see his intense frowning profile. He should have been pale and thin and wan, like a romantic lover in a poem, but truth urges me to say that he seemed extraordinarily well and ruddy.

Once he looked round at me and my heart turned over. And though we did not talk in words, there flowed from one to the other of us a living current of understanding and sympathy, of a communion of need and response, of a concord at once psychical and physical.

Across the long sweeping span of the bridge, the river an oily gleam below, through the tangle of ugly, unkempt buildings on the other side of it, and at last out into the open road, the cold spring air as yet free from the everlasting truck-farm smell that is Long Island's characteristic rural greeting, through little toy villages, softened into a sort of homely beauty by the falling night, past the more blatant road-houses, spilling jazz and glare across our path, and on, and on, and on, until we reached a side road and turned there, finding at the end of it a long, low, plain house, a look of quiet cheer about it with its neatly curtained windows and golden shaded candle-light.

The dining-room was surrounded with little cubicles, each containing a table and chairs, open across the front and partitioned up a short way above the diners' heads. "If we can only get one of those," said Lewis, as

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we came in. "We'll have semi-privacy at least."

There was no difficulty—the room was hardly half filled. Impatiently he gave the order for dinner, and then he turned squarely to me.

"What are we going to do, Effie?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"But you know how I feel—you know what I want?"

"Yes."

"My dear," he said triumphantly, "I knew you'd be like this. No beating about the bush, no sham coquetry. It's a queer thing—I came to New York—I'd made my pile—I was going to live civilized and see all that the town had to offer, and—"

"And you meant to get married," I added. "I practically knew that, the very first day I saw you."

"You did! Yes, that's true. I was tired of loneliness, and batting round, and coming into an empty house and sitting down to table alone, with only Kam to look after me. I wanted a wife, a woman who'd love me, and think of me—I haven't had a soul of my own or a close tie for so many years, Effie, not since my people died and I was a little boy. Oh, I had it all planned. I knew exactly the sort of woman I wanted—feminine, graceful, laughing, clinging, gentle, not at all worldly, and yet nobody's fool . . . I even hoped she'd have soft, shining hair and wear sort of traily lavender frocks—I like lavender." He looked across the table and smiled whimsically.

"I sound like a fool, don't I? But a man who lives alone a lot gets queer fancies. Anyway, I met you, and my lavender lady went west. You're not a lavender lady, Effie. I've never seen you except in these plain dark frocks like the one you've got on now. . . . And nobody could call you gentle and clinging. . . . D'you remember the day you went for the painters for not obeying orders? My dear, the tone of profanity was there, even if you didn't use a single bad word. No, you're hard, and you're worldly, and you're not feminine, and you don't laugh very much, and yet—and yet—you're my woman and I'm going to have you. Do you know that?"

A strange, rough courting, but I liked it. I'd never have been touched by sentimental phrases.

"You see, you got started all wrong—I've pieced that together out of scraps you've let fall, and I don't believe you can realize how

wrong it was. You're a good business woman, Effie, keen and capable, and you've got a talent for the sort of work you're doing. But what does it all amount to in the end? I don't know how you came to marry—I've an idea that you were tricked into it by young romantic notions you've long ago discarded—but you didn't really marry. You've lived with a man—heaven knows what sort he is, I can't imagine him, somehow—but you've known nothing about marriage or what it means. Yes, I'm a bachelor, but I know more than you do about marriage. There are a lot of women like you to-day in the big cities, women with brains, who get hooked up with a man who isn't strong enough or interesting enough to them to make a real marriage. I told you once that the real test of marriage was to keep each other's interest, and your surprise told me a lot about your husband. But when you held that little child of your friend's on your lap and he hugged you and turned to you naturally, I knew then that you weren't all just keen, calculating business woman. Effie, you never had any children, did you?"

I shook my head. "I haven't wanted them, except at first, and before I married," I told him.

"Now, that tells me something more about your husband. Effie, don't draw away. It's only natural that I should resent and dislike him, I can't help it. And we've got to talk about him. You must get free from him as soon as you can. And then you'll marry me."

I had said it to myself, but as he said it, bluntly, plainly, the statement came with a shock.

"Lewis," I said, "I'm not sure. I don't know. I don't believe this sort of thing makes anyone happier. I don't like it. I can't treat Walter like this. He hasn't changed since I married him and he can't help being what he is. He's kind to me, he's good, he's faithful. It's I who have changed and grown away from him."

He made a little impatient gesture. "Do you think it will hurt him, irreparably, if he loses you?" he asked. "Tell me the exact truth. This isn't the time for subterfuges. You know, Effie, this means everything to me."

A man and woman went past our cubicle, a faint, disturbing perfume came from her fluttering chiffons to me with the effect of an untraceable familiarity. It was—yes, it undoubtedly was the same scent that I had encountered in my own bathroom the night



"It was Walter. And they were so engrossed
in each other that they didn't look up"—p. 468

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earnshaw

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Walter came in so late and broke the glass. Walter. . . .

Lewis went on talking, leaning over to me, compelling me with his eyes. "I haven't asked you if you loved me, Effie. I don't know that I will. It's something deeper and better than love with us—it's belonging to each other. You knew it—you didn't know it as clearly as I did, but you knew it. And what comes in between, the breaking of your marriage and all that, that's nothing very serious. It can all be arranged with the minimum of bother to you."

Something within me rebelled. Marriage, even my sort of marriage, can't be flung aside like a contract for doing a house.

"You're too ruthless," I protested. "Marriage is different from any other tie. And I tell you honestly and truly, I don't know how much or how deeply Walter will be hurt. No, I don't know."

"Yes, marriage is different," he said, his voice shaking with bitterness. "Don't you think I know that? And when I think of you—and another man—Effie, it's beyond my power to bear. This week has been torture. You have no right to treat me like this."

"Now, you're unfair. I'm not torturing you—it is a condition that I cannot control."

"But you will control it. You will. Don't you see you must? Effie, say that you love me. Give me that at least."

"I do love you," I said, and with all my soul I meant it. "Yes, I know that I love you."

"Then I know that everything will be all right. I trust you absolutely. You would not say that unless you meant—all that I want."

I opened my lips to speak, but he put up a silencing hand and hurried on. "I won't hurry you. I won't distress you. Only—be as kind to me as you can, Effie. You know what I mean."

Yes, I knew what he meant, but even so it was not easy, I could not decide. If it should hurt Walter very much, if he should care . . .

Our queer dinner was over. . . . We rose to go, and as we went past the last small table near the door, that strangely familiar scent was evident again. Involuntarily I glanced back. Mollie Mayer, all pink chiffon, with a soft furry cloak dropping from her shoulders, was leaning across the table, her pink little plump hand outstretched for the man who was with her to clasp. He was making the most of his opportunity. It was Walter. And they were so engrossed in each other and their tender moment that they did not look up. There was about them the suggestion of long intimacy, of fondest intimacy.

I hurried on. Well—evidently I could absolve myself of any possible chance of hurting Walter.

(To be concluded)



THE SPELL OF SARNIA

By
Mrs. Baillie Reynolds

Readers everywhere were delighted with the serial which Mrs. Baillie Reynolds wrote for us a year ago. I have therefore the greatest pleasure in announcing that this famous author is now engaged upon another story, the first instalment of which will be published in my next issue.

"The Spell of Sarnia" is located in the Channel Isles. "Sarnia" is the old name for Guernsey, and readers will early recognize that not only has "Sarnia" a spell of its own, but that the characters themselves possess a fascination that will place the story in the front rank of present-day fiction.

FURNISHING DECORATING AND RUNNING THE SMALL HOME

By J.S. Bainbridge, B.Sc.

So many articles on home-making are written without much regard for cost that I feel that a series dealing with the furnishing and furnishing of the small home for people of strictly limited means will be of distinct value. This series is eminently practical for people who are anxious to make their homes beautiful at a minimum cost. Next month hints will be given on decorating the home.

Part I.—Furnishing the Small Home

AN article by the Editor in March QUIVER (1924) on "How I Built my Own House" must have caused many of its readers almost, if not quite, to break the Tenth Commandment, for most of us when we marry cannot afford either to build or to buy a house. The choice of the house, if, indeed, one is lucky enough to secure possession of a whole house, must usually depend on the profession of the breadwinner and be situated within a short distance of his place of business.

One remark which the Editor made is very true. Rents are still fixed at an exorbitant figure, and, in addition to this, the price of furniture has in many cases expanded to an unreasonable figure. These two very decisive factors mean that the majority of people, when they marry, must live in a small house (i.e. six to eight rooms), and are able to spend only a limited amount on the furnishing and equipment. Furnishing is not easy with these restrictions, if success is to be attained, so that a few general remarks on the subject, with the costs of a specific example, will be of interest, and my own experience may serve as some guide to those who are contemplating marriage, or to those who, having taken the decisive step, have not yet been able to secure hearth and home. In the three articles of which this is the first the furnishing, decorating and running of a small house will be described, the last including a plan both for the arrangement of the work and the distribution of the income.

A "Council of War"

Before I endowed the woman I married with all my worldly goods—not an extensive collection—we had a "council of war" as to ways and means. I had no hope of fitting up a house entirely with new furniture, nor, as a matter of fact, did the idea appeal to me; and useful though the system has been to many, both my wife-to-be and myself had very decided objections against buying furniture on the instalment plan. After all, it is rather a mistake completely to furnish a house before one settles down in it, a common programme due to a somewhat natural desire to invite one's friends in to show them how well things have been done. Precipitant purchasing may afterwards be regretted, and on a slender income it is better to exercise a little care, a little thought, and more than a little patience.

Two or three points I would emphasize: Let the house be an expression of yourself, and not one of the standard schemes turned out of Tottenham Court Road for the benefit of people with no ideas and no imagination. A ready-made furnishing scheme may be as uncomfortable (in parts) as are some ready-made suits.

Secondly, avoid having an appearance of over-crowding by having plain self-coloured walls in preference to full-patterned wallpapers, and by using the house as a home—the whole of it—not reserving one room entirely as a "holy of holies," to be used only in case of funerals and similar infrequent events. Living in

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every room gives an impression of unity. There is a feeling that one room simply overflows into the next, all being equally intimate and complete.

Again, with a small house, remember that the pictures must also be in proportion. They should be few in number, hung in an orderly manner at eye level, and well chosen. If necessary, keep those large and gloomy family portraits under lock and key, and substitute joyous coloured wood-cuts in narrow frames, or others equally unpretentious but equally effective.

A further point is illustrated from our own accounts following. The table must be used three or four times a day, and the crockery, etc., used must be washed up an equal number of times. Often in evidence, therefore, crockery, glassware and cutlery must be in harmony, pleasing to the eye, of a quality that means good service and, perhaps most important of all, in designs that are always replaceable, piece by piece. Many homes are full of derelict tea services, etc., never used because the tea-tray once went downstairs by itself and so "spoilt the set."

Furnished Rooms

In our case we could find no suitable house vacant, or, for that matter, even an unsuitable one, so that furnished rooms had perforce to be the order of the day. Furnished rooms are, of course, apt to be an

expensive mode of living, but it did give us time to have a good look round to frequent auction sales and to acquire good things when we saw them.

The Uses of Auction Sales

Where possible this procedure can be very strongly recommended. Looking through the pages of a current catalogue, I am convinced that many of our purchases (e.g. the dining-room table) were bargains, and I am certain that anyone could secure equally good, or better results, by care, patience and luck. In regard to auctions, before entering the bidding it is a wise plan to attend two or three sales as an onlooker, to become accustomed to the atmosphere and to get some idea of the prices which are ruling; and there is always one very real danger which must be guarded against. Lots are frequently knocked down at an absurdly low figure, a figure which may tempt one to secure the article in question whether it is needed or not, and after purchase the second condition is usually found to hold.

In the detailed lists which follow the items in *italics* represent furniture which had to be bought new. Comparison of these prices with those obtaining to-day will indicate the changes which have taken place since January-March, 1923. In a great many cases prices are down about 10 per cent. since our purchases were made.



A view of the
Living-room

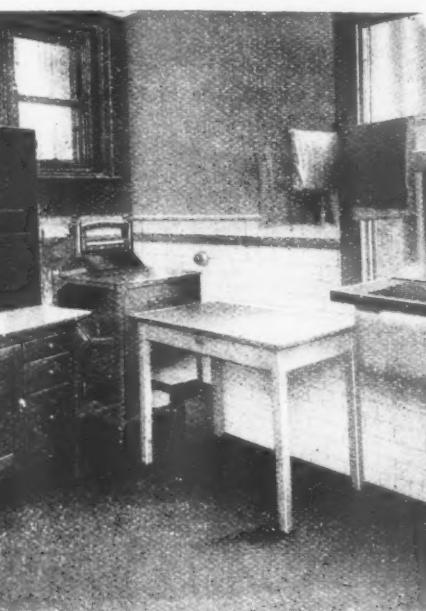
Photo :
Thomas

FURNISHING THE SMALL HOME

The House

The house we were ultimately able to secure consists of one large and three smaller bedrooms, bathroom, living-room, dining-room, kitchen and scullery, hall passage and the usual offices. The owner agreed to have the house renovated and decorated—a notable concession—and as both my wife and myself prefer distemper to wallpaper, we had all the old wall-papers stripped off and distemper in various shades of grey, orange and yellow substituted. Distempering, whitewashing, floor staining and painting, however, need not be discussed here, since they will be described in the second article of this series. Bedroom number three, by the way, is at present unfurnished and used as a boxroom. It will later be transformed into a bedroom for our little girl, who is at present only nine months old.

The final total may at first sight appear somewhat startling, since economy was in our minds all the time, and although in a few directions we were a little, but excusably, extravagant—as, for example, with the Community plate—it must not be forgotten that the expenditure was spread over a period of eighteen months, and that everything which may be needed for some time to come is included. There should be enough bed and table linen, glass, etc., to last at least five years, and a smaller total can be obtained by omitting certain less essential items and buying half in place of whole sets. The bookshelves in the dining-room, the gramophone record case, and several other fitments were made on the premises, and even more elaborate fittings are not outside the range of only a very amateur woodworker (see "The Housewife's Toolbox," *THE QUIVER*, March, 1924). All gas and blind fittings, the linoleum in the kitchen and so on were taken over from



The Kitchen, showing cabinet and washer, etc.

Photo:
Thomas

the previous tenant at a price fixed by an uninterested third party, a policy we shall ourselves adopt when we move elsewhere. Curtain poles and blinds, etc., rarely fit other than their original windows, and an incoming tenant is usually quite prepared to take them over, since their existence saves a good deal of work—and expense.

It would cover too many pages to describe each room in detail. The Editor could not find me the space, and it is, in any case, unnecessary, since the accompanying photographs speak for themselves. Note that any articles to be seen in the photographs which do not appear in the lists, and probably any apparently notable omissions, were wedding and other gifts. Everyone may at least count upon the beginnings of a home among his or her wedding presents, although, of course, these individual offerings will vary enormously, and it is a matter for congratulations that the practice of consulting the bride or bridegroom about their presents is becoming increasingly popular. In our case my father, being an artist in water-colours, was responsible for most of the pictures.

The total of £366 7s. 4½d. may be summarized as follows:



The Dining-room—
Study

Photo:
Thomas



Room for Utility

In the case of the writer it was necessary to combine a dining-room and a study. Accordingly the bookshelves find themselves where they will be useful, and the table is invaluable for laying out papers. The furniture in this room only cost £41.



The Living-room

The living-room is the second largest room in the house, and both this and the bedroom above it have a bay window commanding a beautiful view over Poole Harbour and the Purbeck Hills.

The question of the most suitable colour for walls depends to a great extent on the amount of sunlight a room receives, since

	£	s.	d.
1. Furniture, etc.	232	0	11
2. Linen	28	10	0
3. Glass and china	28	17	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
4. Cutlery	10	4	0
5. Kitchen utensils	10	2	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
6. Floor coverings	33	9	6
7. Curtains, blinds, poles, etc.	14	10	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
Total	<u>£</u>	<u>366</u>	<u>7</u> <u>4$\frac{1}{2}$</u>



Furnishing the Bedroom

The problem of the bedroom is — the bed! Not until you try furnishing do you realize what a cumbersome thing a bed is in a furnishing scheme. Here, however, room has been found not only for twin beds, but a baby's cot—and there is still plenty of room.



The Best
Bedroom

Photo:
Thomas

FURNISHING THE SMALL HOME

this room is full of sunlight (when there is any sun) from early morning until about 2 p.m., and the furniture is mahogany, the walls were distempered a soft lavender grey. Buff and a deep blue are the predominant colours in the carpet.

Some Details

Notice the fender curb with the box ends. These are ideal for toasting one's toes on winter nights, and as one box serves to hold coal, it is not necessary to invest in a coal scuttle.

The hearth companion set was cheap, but has an attractive unique brass finish. The mantelshelf is not used as a dumping ground for all oddments, and we both struck against the idea of an early Victorian overmantel. The bars of the firegrate were removed and an adjustable slow-combustion open grate—“Bewtyfire”—substituted.

Other oddments, of course, had to be added.

The cost of the furnishing of this room was as follows:

COST.

	£	s.	d.
Chesterfield suite, with four small chairs	14	0	0
Bureau	6	15	0
Gate-leg table	3	7	6
Gramophone, with stand and three books of records	15	0	0
Mirror	3	9	6
Carpet	9	5	0
Fender curb	2	10	6
“Bewtyfire”	18	6	
Bananas tray and stand	2	2	0
Wastepaper basket and oak rush stool	9	0	
Gas-fittings, blinds and poles	1	17	6
Curtains and pelmet	2	0	0
Silver tea-set (on table)	3	3	0
Silver tray (on table)	3	15	0
Sheepskin rug	2	5	0
Total	£69	6	6

Dining-room—Study

The bookshelves, which run round two sides of the room and fill the two recesses, were made from 9-in. by 1 1/4-in. ordinary white wood (at 2 1/4d. per foot), stained dark oak and polished. The anthracite stove was particularly useful last winter. It was only necessary to place a clothes-horse round

the stove at night, and next morning all baby's washing was dry—and the room was delightfully warm for breakfast. The sun does not reach this room until late afternoon, so the walls were distempered a pale warm yellow.



Another view of the Best Bedroom

Photo 1
Thomas

The dining-table being in this room, it is possible to spread out one's books and papers and write or study in comfort, and if necessary, for hospitality purposes, the table can be extended to twice the length shown in the photograph.

COST.

	£	s.	d.
Sideboard	8	19	6
Dining-table	2	12	6
Set of chairs (four small and two carvers)	8	18	6
Carpet	6	15	0
Table runner (sûde leather)	1	10	0
Anthracite stove	1	0	0
Copper curb	12	0	
Bookshelves (wood, stain, etc.)	1	4	6
Gas-fittings, blind and pole	18	0	
Wastepaper basket	3	6	
Silver rose bowl (on sideboard)	5	5	0
Silver muffin dish (on sideboard)	1	2	0
Decanter (on sideboard)	1	10	0
Curtains	12	0	
Total	£41	1	6

Kitchen and Scullery

Believing that kitchen cabinets and similar labour-saving devices have made cooking and other housework infinitely

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easier, we decided that the kitchen should be as "up-to-date" as possible. As will be seen, therefore (p. 471), a kitchen cabinet, drying rack, washing machine and glass-topped table (for pastry mixing, etc.) were installed. Believing further that English work is as good as American, if not better, and more to be encouraged, an English company ("Easiwork, Limited") is responsible for these fittings.

COST.

	£	s.	d.
<i>Easiwork kitchen cabinet</i>	18	18	0
<i>Table (vitreous top)</i>	5	5	0
<i>Barnet washing-machine with Accessories</i>	24	10	0
Plate rack and towel dryer	10	0	0
Linoleum	2	5	0
<i>Curtains</i>	15	0	0
Blind, gas-fittings, etc.	14	0	0
Kitchen chairs (three—one an arm-chair)	1	6	0
Total	£54	3	6

Large Bedroom

The colour scheme here is similar to that of the living-room. The furniture, however, is burr walnut. Twin beds with low ends were chosen in order to preserve the idea of size in the room; it is remarkable how much smaller a room apparently is when it contains a bed with high ends.

The floor was in excellent condition. It was therefore stained and waxed, and small reversible rugs used in preference to linoleum or a carpet. We were, by the way, offered £30 for the suite the day after we had bought it—another proof that auction sales may frequently be happy hunting grounds.

COST.

	£	s.	d.
<i>Suite in burr walnut</i>	17	10	0
<i>Chest-of-drawers (walnut)</i>	4	12	0
<i>Twin beds (walnut)</i>	21	0	0
<i>Spring mattresses (two)</i>	3	0	0
<i>Wool overlays (two)</i>	3	0	0
<i>Eiderdowns (two)</i>	2	8	0
<i>Pillows (two) and Bolsters (two)</i>	1	0	0
Blinds, gases and fittings	10	0	0
<i>Curtains and pelmets</i>	2	17	0
Cane pull-out chair	15	0	0
Cane table	5	0	0
<i>Reversible rugs (three)</i>	4	15	6
<i>Blue toilet set</i>	1	10	6
<i>Blue trinket set</i>	1	1	0
"Treasure" cot, complete	3	0	0
Baby basket	10	0	0
Total	£69	3	0

Spare Bedroom

Furnished in oak (Jacobean style), the pictures being coloured prints and magazine covers bound effectively with *passee-partout*.

COST.

	£	s.	d.
<i>Bedroom suite</i>	14	14	0
<i>Bedstead (wooden), 4 ft. 6 in.</i>	4	9	6
<i>Spring mattress, 4 ft. 6 in.</i>	2	9	6
Hair mattress, 4 ft. 6 in.	2	12	6
<i>Small bedside table</i>	5	0	0
<i>Glass and other materials for pictures</i>	5	0	0
Copper curb	6	0	0
<i>Reversible rugs (two)</i>	2	0	0
Toilet set	1	0	0
Trinket set	15	0	0
<i>Curtains</i>	12	0	0
Gas, blinds and other fittings	19	0	0
Total	£39	7	6

Servant's Bedroom

A curtained corner cupboard was fitted here with a shelf for hats.

COST.

	£	s.	d.
<i>Suite (enamelled white)</i>	2	10	0
<i>Bedstead (3 ft.) (enamelled white)</i>	17	6	0
Bolster and pillow	9	0	0
Mattress (3 ft.)	15	0	0
Carpet	1	5	0
Counterpane	10	11	0
Eiderdown	1	0	0
<i>Curtains and materials for corner cupboard</i>	13	2	1
Gas, blind and fittings	12	6	0
Total	£8	13	11

Staircase, etc.

	£	s.	d.
<i>Stair carpet</i>	4	10	0
<i>Oak stair rods and eyes</i>	16	3	0
<i>Hall table</i>	1	12	6
Hall gas	5	0	0
Door bell	5	0	0
Door mats	12	11	0
Medicine chest (bathroom)	12	0	0
Bath rack	2	11	0
Total	£8	17	1

Cutlery—All New

	£	s.	d.
Community plate—			
1 dozen dessert spoons			
1 dozen dessert forks			
1 dozen dinner forks			
1 dozen tablespoons			
Gravy ladle			
Carver and fork			
Sugar spoon			
Jam spoon			
1 dozen stainless table knives (ivory handles)	1	9	6

FURNISHING THE SMALL HOME

1 dozen stainless dessert knives (ivory handles)	1	5	6
½ dozen stainless dessert knives (aluminium handles)	10	0	
½ dozen stainless dinner knives (aluminium handles)	12	0	
Bread board and knife	6	3	
Potato knife (stainless)	2	0	
Total	£19	4	9

Glass and China—All New

COST.

	£	s.	d.
1 dozen tea service			
1 dozen dinner service	7	13	9
1 dozen breakfast service			
1 dozen tea service, better quality	6	6	0
1 dozen dinner service, better quality	11	10	0
Cheese dish	3	6	
1 dozen Georgian cut tumblers ...	1	5	0
Two cut-glass water jugs ...	10	10	
½ dozen ordinary tumblers ...	2	0	
One glass water jug ...	1	3	
1 dozen custard glasses ...	10	0	
Coffee pot	3	6	
Teapot	2	11	½
Total	£28	17	9½

Kitchen and Scullery Utensils, etc.

—All New

COST.

	£	s.	d.
brushes—			
1 Flue brush	6		
2 Small mops (long handles) ...	9		
1 Saucepan brush (long) ...	9	0	½
1 O'Cedar mop	4	9	
1 Do-all mop	2	9	
1 Do-all pail	4	6	
1 Lavatory brush	6		
3 Boot brushes	3	6	½
2 Nail brushes	1	2	
2 Stair brushes	4	7	½
1 Sink brush	6		
1 Scrubbing brush	6		
1 Soft broom	3	3	½
1 Hard broom	2	11	
1 Hearth brush	1	6	
1 Set of brushes	5	6	

(To be continued.)



We shall be glad to give advice to readers on the purchase of furniture and labour-saving devices for the home. Address, The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4

Pails, etc.—

1 Dustpan	1	9
1 Mincing machine	4	5
1 Tin-opener	6	
1 Galvanized washing-up basin	1	4½
1 Enamel washing-up basin	1	11½
1 Egg whisk	6	
1 Egg poacher	6	
2 Flat irons	5	0
24 Clothes pegs	10	
6 Mantles and mantle forks ...	3	4
1 Rolling pin	1	4½
1 Cork screw	6	
2 Iron buckets	3	4
1 Galvanized pail	1	0½
1 Enamel slop pail	1	6
1 Bread pan	6	0

Cooking Utensils—

1 Aluminium kettle	4	11
1 Iron kettle	4	6
7 Aluminium saucepans	17	6
2 Aluminium pudding moulds	2	3
3 Enamel pudding dishes ...	3	7
1 Double enamel saucepan ...	5	11
3 Aluminium dish covers ...	5	11
1 Enamel frying pan ...	2	0
1 Iron frying pan ...	2	11
1 Enamel baking dish ...	2	7½
1 Enamel colander ...	2	0
6 Basins	3	6
4 Basins (pudding)	1	10
2 Dripping tins	8	
1 Fish slice	6	
2 Hot-water bottles ...	5	7
6 Cork mats	3	4½
1 Sieve	3	6
1 Pastry board and flour bin	3	0
2 Cake tins	1	6
12 Patty pans	6	
1 Pair of scales	7	6

Sundries—

1 Pair of steps	5	11
1 Pincers, screwdriver, saw, hammer, axe, etc. ...	11	6
1 Knife box	2	0
2 Wooden spoons, vegetable presser, etc. ...	1	8
2 Door mats	5	1½

Total £10 2 8½

Linen, Blankets, etc.

Most of these we received as presents, but a reliable estimate for our requirements would be £28 10s.

DUMBEE

by
A. Stanley Blicq

I

THE weak afternoon sun cast a shaft of light into a remote corner of the small schoolroom, and the solitary boy occupant disinterestedly watched the dancing motes of dust reflected on the sunbeam. The fire in the grate had burned low . . . it was after four o'clock, and Dumbee alone of all the boys remained in the plainly furnished room. He had been there some minutes when Havers returned.

"Old Chips been yet?" he queried.

"No." Dumbee turned, hands in pocket, and added, resting his chin on a dishevelled pile of books, "Wish he would 'urry . . . hurry." He was making a great effort to apply his aspirates.

"Wot's it all about?"

"Dunno. Might be a job. How long'll you wait?"

"Ten minutes. Get a move on." He sauntered away, his heavy hob-nail boots clattering noisily on the worn wood floors. Dumbee watched the beam of light narrow and narrow until it faded away entirely. The grey shadows of the autumn evening were filling the sombre room when Mr. Christopher Woods entered. He brushed his heavy grey locks back from his forehead, beckoned the boy forward, and said heartily:

"Your chance has come, Dumbee. I have just seen the editor of the *Argus* about you. He will see you to-morrow, and if you satisfy him there will be an opening for you in the editorial offices. You are my best English scholar, Dumbee. I will be sorry to lose you, but it will mean that you have made the first step on the threshold of a great profession." Woods uttered the aged sentiment with all the spontaneous sincerity of a great vision. He smiled kindly on the boy, patted him on the back.

"But, sir," Dumbee stared up in awe, "do you mean that—that I won't come back

hany more?" Under stress of this new realization he tripped over his aitches. The old room seemed very homely; he felt his heart warming to the old deal desks.

"Any more, any more, Dumbee! No, you are about to enter the promised land of literature." Woods was not quite sure as to what he meant to convey. Dumbee mumbled his thanks. He didn't want to leave in mid-term, without seeing the "other chaps," without having some great last act that would make his name live as the perpetrator of some wonderful last-day deed. He shook hands with his headmaster, stood in the doorway twisting his rough tweed cap in his hands and turned to look back into the dim corners of the room. He forced down a lump in his throat.

Havers, faithful old Havers, had waited half an hour for him.

"What's the row, Dumbee?"

"Only—only that I—oh, that I'm leaving. And, hang, I don't want to go."

"Leavin'? Gee, that's fine. Wish I was going, too." They walked in excited conversation past the little jetty where the seas tossed restlessly, and then climbed up the narrow hill to the scattered, thatched-roofed cottages at the summit.

Outside the gap in a low wall they paused. Dumbee gazed with a newly born affection at the humble whitewashed cottage beyond. The soft, dull gleam of an oil lamp shone faintly on the tiny windows. He could see his mother moving heavily about inside.

"I won't stay out to-night," he said. "They'll"—he nodded at the home—"ave—have—a lot to say, I s'pose."



Dumbee senior was gratified. His meagre earnings from the arduous existence of a fisherman with but one small boat had been insufficient to permit of more than a somewhat rough-and-ready education for his

DUMBEE

boy. He was inordinately proud that the youngster should have progressed to an extent that awakened interest in the lethargic Mr. Woods; but although he welcomed this first step of the boy into a universe that held out more opportunities to an ambitious youth than the peaceful haven of Little Yawlsea, he had misgivings. Still, neither he nor his good wife raised any objections when the lad donned his best clothes in the morning. Dumbee, fired on by an ambition to get out into the world where he could progress without the handicapping fetters of Little Yawlsea, still felt some heartache at parting from the tiny port. He had been happy there. Everyone was healthy and strong, there were many long hours of leisure . . . at the last moment he almost wished his parents would raise some obstacle. His mother kissed him. The father patted him on the back.

"Good luck to you, me lad," he said. "You'll be a right big man yet, you mark your old dad's words." Dumbee nodded miserably.

The editor of the *Argus* was favourably impressed with Dumbee. He approved of the frank honesty in the boy's eyes, was amused at the youngster's varying periods of boyish enthusiasm and disinterested reticence. He sensed that this boy was taking the post against his own good judgment. Mr. C. H. S. Willis-Beam was no more interested in the welfare of the many boys who had passed beneath his editorial jurisdiction than the average editor of an indifferent daily newspaper in a remote country town; but he was taken out of himself momentarily in dealing with Dumbee, and was frank to a limit that caused him acute regret the moment the words were out of his lips.

"It's a rotten life, Dumbee," he said, leaning forward and tapping the boy significantly on the arm. "Poor wages, long hours. It's slavery—civilized slavery."

The advice had quite the reverse effect on Dumbee. He vaguely sensed that his great opportunity was slipping from him. His visions of literary triumphs were being shattered at the post.

"But—but, sir, some get on. Why," ingeniously, "look how *you* 'ave have got on!"

Willis-Beam smiled sourly. Three pounds a week on a paper that just paid its way—and that was all. The *Leotown Argus* had not returned a dividend in the forty years of its existence. Why it existed

was problematical. It had changed hands a dozen times in those forty years. And into the somnolent complacency of this obsolete journal, into the effete journalistic stagnation of this impotent daily rag, came Dumbee from the little village by the sea where had been born generations of hardy deep-sea fishermen.

He was found lodgings in the town. One small attic in the home of Jardley, a linotype operator on the *Argus*. Dumbee received the modest sum of five shillings a week. Jardley received three-and-six of it—one shilling was dispatched to the home folks at Little Yawlsea, and the odd six-pence Dumbee turned to his own use.

II

HERE was too much intrinsic merit in Dumbee to allow the boy to stagnate in the suffocating atmosphere of the editorial offices of the *Argus*; but even so he remained there five years before he shook off the fetters of Leotown and journeyed fifty miles inland to the smoky, hustling and pushful colliery town of Griston. He was on the threshold of nineteen when he joined the staff of the *Griston Journal*. He received twenty shillings a week—and he earned every penny of it. The owner of the newly established journal had created that paper for the sole purpose of turning it into concrete dividends. He had neither sympathy for nor interest in his staff. He was the self-appointed managing editor. His aim was to fill his paper with advertisements, and the onus of getting them was placed on the unhappy individual who succeeded in attaining the appointment of "reporter." That individual was Dumbee.

That the young reporter's copy was admirably composed and entirely void of the superfluous would have created no approval even if James Biggs had noticed it. He had insufficient literary ability to decide if the copy was teeming with "meat" or if it was as barren and fatuous as his own effusions. Copy went through almost unread. To Dumbee were delegated the tasks of looking after the sport in the town, the concerts, bazaars, labour meetings, the recitals, accidents, court proceedings and scandals. He had to provide a daily article on any topic under the sun; he was proof-reader, sub-editor, messenger—and advertisement canvasser.



"Good luck to you, me lad," he said. "You'll be a right big man yet"—p. 477

He worked from an early hour until long into the night. His shoulders at the end of a few years took on the stoop that was soon to become habitual and to be a source of amusement to everyone but himself. His work was so long and so irksome that he cared little for his personal appearance. He did not realize that he was losing an invaluable asset when he slowly and subconsciously abandoned one by one the habits of cleanliness and smartness that had been his a few years earlier.

He succeeded. Griston expanded with phenomenal rapidity. With all coal-mining districts the town partook in the prosperity of the 'nineties. The masses flocked to the town. There was ample employment, good wages, good times. New shops were erected of a gaudy and handsome appearance. A theatre was established. The tradespeople effected good business. . . . Dumbee got all the advertisements he wanted, and the *Journal* prospered. Biggs put it all down to his personal business acumen. He was grateful, in a rough and crude way, to Dumbee, and to show his gratification he increased Dumbee's salary to thirty shil-

lings a week. Dumbee was then thirty years old.

On the outskirts of Griston lived Mary Rose. She was the eldest of three daughters of a skilled miner, and to them all Dumbee had been a well-loved friend when even Mary Rose was in pigtails. As the girl put up her hair and took on the severe dignity of a fully grown maiden, Dumbee suffered in silence at what he had considered her aloofness. With the acute insight into the masculine nature that is a strange gift to the girl in the poorer classes, Mary had divined that his was a nature clean by instinct and upbringing. She did not quite approve of the placidity with which he treated her in the long evening walks together along lonely roads. She in her heart preferred a man with just a

little more devil in him. She was a strong girl, deep-chested, good-natured and pretty in a laughing, jolly way. Impulsive, emotional and somewhat easily led, her eye fell unfailingly with appreciation on a bonny lad. She had been held tightly in strong arms; she had had her escapades; she had been lucky. She was honest and kindly, easily moved to tears, and as the years rolled by her heart went out more and more to Dumbee.

Two years later his salary was raised to two pounds a week. This buoyed him up sufficiently to approach her, and with a humble modesty that brought tears to the girl's eyes he asked her to marry him. She did. They lived happily in a little four-roomed house in the smoky city—for Griston called itself "city" now.

The years rolled on. Dumbee found himself a slave to his paper. His efforts at a post elsewhere had been unavailing. He had lost the subtle art of the attractive pen that had been his when he had migrated from Leotown. It was lost in the impetu-

DUMBEE

ous rush to get through the multitudinous tasks that had been daily thrust upon him. His copy was slip-shod. Because anything passed the editorial eye his write-ups had been dashed off at a great speed. He wrote not to please and interest his public, but simply to fill up the space. He was enmeshed in the toils of his environment. He had applied for every progressive post that met his eager eye. He was never even requested to attend an appointment. His parents had long since passed into the Great Beyond, and for years Little Yawlsea never entered his head. He lived in the midst of the smoky precincts of Griston. He watched it develop and his paper prosper. In the end he felt that his life was associated with the colliery town for all time. Biggs held Dumbbee in great esteem. Dumbbee knew that the old man was about to retire—and that would mean a vacant editorial chair. Dumbbee's heart warmed at the thought.

Dumbbee was forty when Biggs went into retirement. With that strange indifference to loyal service that is so characteristic of the governing classes in this country, he passed his old confrère over and appointed a young journalist from the south. A snappy young man, smartly attired in light blue suits, bright-coloured ties, a bowler hat, with inches of visible shirt-cuffs. His speech was an elaborate imitation of a public school accent. He was a cocky person, good-tempered, supercilious. He was not unkind, but he took an utter dislike to Dumbbee. He upbraided him and he had every reason for so doing—every day about the poor quality of his copy. At the end of six months he wounded Dumbbee to a degree that shook the confidence of the reporter for all time. Dumbbee, white and nervous, hurried into the editorial sanctum at the violent ringing of a bell.

"You wang, Mr. Smith," he said. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Do, you ----. I've got half a dozen complaints here about the Trinity Hall meeting. You have got every ---- fact wrong. You have put a ---- wrong interpretation of every single point raised by the council."

"No, Mr. Smith, it can't be as bad as that. I 'ave have givea their views as I 'eard-heard them."

"Well, then, you're deaf. Here, get along to the superintendent and ask him to give you the *correct—correct*, do you hear?—version of what happened. Another thing, it ~~is~~ time we had a qualified journalist on the

staff and not a doddering old fool. Get out."

Dumbbee wrung his worn hands nervously. He "got out," trembling slightly, without a word.

Smith engaged a new reporter. To counterbalance the additional expenditure, Dumbbee's salary was reduced to thirty shillings. To him were relegated all the most arduous and less pleasant tasks in the reporting of the events in the rapidly spreading town.



He was forty-six when Mary was lost to him. She had been unfaithful to him before, but in the full measure of her tearful contrition he had forgiven her. She left him in the early days of spring. He was never sure which of her many admirers had carried her away. He did not turn his face to the wall and weep. He straightened his sadly bent shoulders and faced the world with a wonderful courage. He saved and scraped through the difficult years to provide his fourteen-year-old daughter with a modest education. He assisted her during what evenings he had free—one perhaps in two weeks. When the girl was fifteen she went into service, and Dumbbee was left alone in the house. He eked out a frugal existence. His meals were of the humblest. He cooked them himself over a little oil-stove. He worked in his garden, and he smiled on the world with a courage that won him many friends. He banked a little money.

He thought often of his young wife. He forgave her readily, and had she returned he would have taken her back. He felt that perhaps he was wrong in taking to the altar a butterfly so much younger than himself. Sometimes he cried quietly in his loneliness.

III

THE war created a crisis in the career of the *Griston Journal*. The advertisements fell away to nothing by 1915. The new reporter joined the army, but Smith stayed on, and was later granted exemption. Dumbbee was too old—and looked even older. Smith was always nervous that he might have to go, and was in a perpetual agony that old Biggs would close down the paper and remove from him his exemption rock of salvation. The paper gradually fell back into its old ways. The onus of all the work was thrown on Dumbbee. The bent old man, who was little over fifty but looked

THE QUIVER

eighty, resumed his old position. Griston in 1916 was grey and empty. The circulation of the paper fell away. Biggs refused to maintain an adequate telegraphic service. A further economy cut reduced Dumbee's salary to twenty-five shillings. His daughter succeeded admirably in her employment. Of her mother he never heard.



"Dumbee," Smith called him back from the doorway of the dusty, ill-lit reporter's room one wet autumn morning in 1916. "You know that wealthy Mrs. Fostyn?"

"Fostyn. Do you mean those people who 'ad that big house up Clifton way?"

"Yes. Fostyn gave a big grant towards the local hospital. Well, it appears young Mrs. Fostyn died yesterday. There's a letter from old Biggs in there. He writes that we must attend the funeral and give them a good story. See?"

"Yes. All right; where is it?"

"The funeral? At some ungodly place named Little Yawlsa."

"Got the tickets?" Dumbee held out his hand so eagerly that Smith stared. He threw a note on the table.

"No," he said; "that quid will cover a return and your expenses."



Dumbee penned a mushy story of the funeral in the train down. He had written scores of funerals in the same way before. Didn't matter much what went into the *Journal* now.

He attended the funeral. Then he wandered from the little village church to the school. The boys and girls were just trooping out. He walked diffidently into the boys' room. He bowed to a young teacher who stood in the doorway.

"May I go in?" he asked. "I used to be at school 'ere." He passed in.

In a corner he saw the sunlight faintly shining on the floor in the same form of the shaft of light that he had watched years before. His trembling fingers caressed the desks. He sought and found his initials cut into the back of a form. He found Havers', too. The sight of those forty-years-old carvings brought a lump to his throat. He remembered how Havers those many years ago had returned to him; how strangely loud his heavy hob-nailed boots had sounded on the floor of the deserted room.

Dumbee moved out slowly. He went

down to the little harbour, and his eyes roved delightedly over the bobbing fishing-boats. He laboriously climbed the hill to the scattered cottages at the summit. He had many a time romped up that hill forty year a-gone. The climb now tired him. He stood outside the cottage that had been his old home. It was unchanged. The thick, heavy match still hung low over the eaves in the same sheltering way as of yore. He guiltily brushed a tear from his white cheeks. He visioned the rough mounds of earth raised above his parents that he had seen in the little cemetery. He hurried away from the cottage—it unmanned him. Lower on the hill he requested guidance to the "... house of George Havers, if it so be that he still lives..." Directed to the house, he knocked with some trepidation on the door, gave his name to the buxom Mrs. Havers, and passed into the candle-lighted "front room" Havers came to him at once—the pals of a far, far-away boyhood gripped hands in a giant grip. They examined each other in this hour of the waning of their lives, sat, pipes a-going, one each side of a deal table, late into the night. Dumbee, white-haired, bent, conventional collar and tie, furrowed brow, and clad in a threadbare and carefully patched suit; Havers, straight, strong, tanned, rough blue jersey, serge trousers, no collar, heavy boots.

The good wife left them together. Each spoke frankly and without burden to the other. Dumbee was sadly reminiscent. "I made the *Journal*, but it broke me... Things might have been better if my wife had stayed... 'Ow—however—I'll struggle on to the end. That'll be soon, please God."

Havers spoke more of the future than of the past. His grip on life was stronger; he had more to live for. "Wot I want to do is to buy that little orchard and strip of farm land that ole Jevers owns. You mind ole Jevers? Yes, well, he's been dead and gorn these ten years. The wife is gettin' old, an' only a month ago she offered me the 'ole of the place for a 'undred and fifty quid. The most I can raise is eighty." He looked askance at Dumbee.

"But what's your idea, George?"

"Poultry. Market gardening. I've had my share of the sea. Then there's the fruit, too. There's a good living in that place for pardners, I tell you, Dum."

They pulled at their pipes in silence. Dumbee could hear the restless rustle of the waves on the beach, the low rumble of

the pebbles as the impetuous seas fell back. The sound had lulled him to sleep in the days when all his world was young. It stirred his pulses now. A great hope was born in his breast. He brought his drab little handbook to the table; took from it a much-handled bank-book.

"I always carry it with me," he said apologetically. "Now, here, George, come jot up these figures with me."

"Figers? Me? No, bless you, not me." He gave his help laboriously.

"Thirty years' savings," said Dumbee. The items were all small, but in the dim light Dumbee strained his eyes over his figures roughly scrawled with a blunt pencil on a wad of blotting-paper. His heart leaped wildly with hope when the accumulated figures stood before him. To attain those results it had taken half a dozen recounts. Dumbee laughed weakly.

"There is seventy-one pounds there," he said, "an' to that must be added the interest. I'll join you, George. Not that I'm much good for anything now. Just let me think it over until the morn."

At the breakfast-table he announced that he would enter the partnership.



Two weeks later Dumbee visited the *Journal's* offices in Griston to say farewell. He placed a new pipe, with a real silver band, on Smith's table as a parting gift. The editor did not examine it. He crashed a book down on his desk.



Drawn by
Stanley Lloyd

"Get out, get out," he shouted, "before I break your neck."

Dumbee smiled. "Good-bye, Mr. Smith," he said.



The cliffside farm prospered. Dumbee moved daily over soft grasses; he rested 'tween whiles by the side of the brook. The murmur of the tossing seas was always in his ears. Colour came to his cheeks, strength to his limbs. He handled the accounts and correspondence with meticulous care. His eyes regained their laughter. He wrote a few lines of a little story every night. When they chided him as to his care for the manuscript he smiled his kindly smile. When they asked him what he would call it he said gently:

"It is only a little story. An' I'm going to call it 'Dumbee.'"



THINGS THAT MATTER

By Rev Arthur Pringle

The Book We
Are Writing

In all of us, if we are really living, really awake, there is the ambition to produce something of our own, to make our mark in the world, to leave behind part of our very self. It is not only God Who feels the hunger to create, to reveal, to become incarnate; that yearning is His; but because it is divine it is also human, and when a man ceases to feel it, it is a sign that the fire of his life has died down. And, when that has happened, what is life but a living death, an existence which must somehow be maintained, but which has ceased to matter to ourselves or to anybody else?

No Opportunity for Self-expression

And there, of course, is the tragedy of so many lives. Most of us, from sheer material necessity, are "doing our work" and "earning our living"; but the work is often of such a character that, with all the will in the world, we cannot find in it much opportunity for the deeper and higher self-expression for which we long. We must face facts, and must frankly recognize that, taking the superficial and ordinary view, this applies to a great many lives and a great many different kinds of work.

Here, without a doubt, is one of the most potent causes of unrest and perplexity in regard to religion. With most people, far more practically important than the ordinary difficulties about the existence of God and other questions, is the difficulty of finding some sane and satisfying key to their own life. Why are we here? To what purpose were we born? What real difference would it make if our work suddenly stopped? These are questions that everyone has a right to ask; and at the root of them is the creative instinct which I have already referred to, the desire to express what is in us and to leave it as our legacy to the world.

Satisfying the Instinct

Now, if our religion is worth anything,

it will point the way to the satisfaction of this instinct; it will help us to rise above the "ordinary" view of life; it will give sight to our eyes and sensitiveness to our touch, so that we become conscious of far-reaching visions and subtle significances. This does not mean that religion will tell us to ignore things as they are and play the ostrich. It means, rather, looking at facts so steadily and penetratingly that at last we see their truer aspect.

There are several roads by which this goal can be reached; and there would be no difficulty in showing how the whole trend of Christ's teaching is to lend incalculable significance to each individual life, and to make every man feel that, whatever appearances may say, he counts tremendously. No one, however obscure and ordinary, can listen to Christ without feeling morally taller and stronger. On any reckoning, Christianity is the sworn enemy of that wretched sense of triviality and insignificance which takes the heart out of such numbers of people.

Leaving Our Mark on the World

But, at the moment, I am concerned with one line of approach to this subject that is not often travelled. In a profound and true sense, whether we like it or not, we are constantly expressing ourselves, creating influences and impressions, leaving our mark on the world. In one of the Psalms which, unfortunately, has come chiefly to be associated with funerals and other melancholy occasions, there is the reminder that "we spend our years as a tale that is being told." Like most words hackneyed by repetition, they are liable to be listened to perfunctorily, going in at one ear and out at the other; and perhaps the last thing we associate with them is stimulus and encouragement.

Yet, directly we reflect on it, we see how exactly such a simile fits the case and gives us just what our creative instinct is seeking. For, by the mere fact of living,

THINGS THAT MATTER

we are writing a book, our own book, our individual contribution to the literature of humanity which no one else could make. Our tale is being told, chapter by chapter, and is passing into the common stock of the thoughts and memories and possibilities of humanity at large. What we say and do, what we are and desire to be, is all finding expression in the autobiography that every man is compelled to write.

An Assured Circulation

Here, indeed, is something that ought to stir us and make the pulse beat faster. For who of us has not wanted to "write a book"? And who of us ever dreamt that not only the opportunity but the necessity would be thus thrust upon us? Moreover—and there is nothing fantastic or strained in saying this—our book is, beforehand, assured of big circulation and wide reading. It is not one that men may take or leave, as its merits deserve or as the whim strikes them. It thrusts itself into history, and goes to the making of forces and influences beyond calculation, putting us, at least in this sense, among the immortals. Whether in the good or the sinister sense, we are "living epistles, known and read of all men," and every detail of the epistle tells and endures.

Literally in some cases, spiritually in every case, the ink with which men write this life-story is their blood. Nor, in any event, without the mystic "shedding of blood" can any man rise to the height of this great challenge to tell the world what he knows, to give the world what he *is* and *has*. In other, and perhaps plainer, words, we cannot, except in the poorest sense, write our book unless we put our best into it, giving soul and sincerity to every page. If we give it no thought or pains, the book will still be written; but it will be nothing of which we can be proud or for which the world will have any call to be grateful.

Worth While Writing

One thing is clear: This reminder of the book we are writing will put heart into us and give a new interest to life. It will make us talk less of "useless drudgery" and "wasted possibilities," and will lead us to fasten our minds on life's deeper meanings and incentives. Let us, then, write our book as though it were worth writing. Let us throw ourselves into it, so that, as many of the masters have done,

we become fascinated by the story of which we ourselves are the heroes or heroines. Let us feel to the full the charm and surprise of it all, the romance and adventure, the sudden splendour, the shining skies; the turning over of each page, too, without knowing what we are about to write there!

Where else could we look for a stranger and more inextricable mingling of comedy and tragedy, victory and shame? There may be no clashing of swords, none of the accustomed apparatus of melodrama; but here, indeed, are thrills and mysteries and struggles beyond the conceiving of any professional inventor of sensation. And, all the while, we ourselves at the centre of it all—making it, receiving it, handing it on to the world! When next we are troubled by the question as to whether life is worth living, here is something that ought to be a big factor in the answer.

Useful Writing—and a Happy Ending

Looked at in this way, it is not merely a question of life being worth while; every day and hour gains a touch of romance and fascination. As each passes, it adds another instalment to the "tale that is being told," and events hitherto regarded as isolated or negligible become part and parcel of the whole and take on a new meaning. In whatever other ways our instincts are suppressed or outlets of self-expression denied, here, at all events, is big compensation. If circumstances prevent us from writing this or that which we would like to have written, we can at least write *something*, and into that something can go a large part of the best we have in us.

Having come so far, we need not hesitate to go a step farther. There is something more than mere sentimentalism in the instinct that demands a "happy ending" for novels and plays. Many clever pieces of work have missed their proper recognition through the mistake of a needlessly gloomy or morally disheartening climax. But, you will say, things often "end badly" in real life.

That depends on the point of view. Things often *go on* badly, are baffling and disappointing for the time being; but to the Christian mind, the discernment of faith, it is inconceivable that things can *end* badly. To all our struggle and sorrow and difficulty there ought to be, and will be, a consummation of blessedness, an unspeakably "happy ending."

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This is the Christian faith. It is also the one verdict that can give any sane meaning to the "tale" that is now "being told" by us men. It should, then, be our concern so to write our book that its "happy ending" be not only possible but inevitable. Chronologically, of course, the book of Revelation is not the climax of Scripture; spiritually and actually it is in its true place—last. For when the tale is ended, and the years at length are spent, there is but one satisfying vision—that of tearless eyes, a cloudless sky, and people who sing and sing again for very joy.

If any reader thinks the above passage too ecstatic and emotional, let him paraphrase it in his own way. Put it how you will, it means that sanity and not madness is on the throne of the world, and that life is not to be summed up as "a thing of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Although, it may be, through much wrestling and perplexity, the reason as well as the heart demands a worthy *dénouement* to the tale we human beings are enacting and writing. Instead of saying that such a consummation is too good to be true, we should rather argue, on any tolerable view of the world, that *because* it is good it is the more likely to be true.

What of the Style?

Pursuing this "book" analogy for a moment longer, what of the style in which we write our life-story? For just as the printed book has its individual style, so has the living epistle. With special point here we can say the style is the man. Our grace or our brusqueness, our kindness or our selfishness, our temper or our restraint, these make the language in which we write, these constitute the manner of our self-expression.

And in life as in literature, the formation of style turns on two main factors—cultivation of the best that is in ourselves, assimilation of the best that others can give us. In living as in writing, it is fatal to "ape" or imitate any other man in such a way as to hamper or even destroy our own individuality. On every hand, in all ages, there are masters from whom we can learn how to construct and present the story of our life. From the great Master downwards we can gather many secrets as to how to write the best and most momentous chapters. But, when all is said, our life is our own and its story must be set forth in our own way.

Here, to clinch the matter, are some words of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's on the art of writing, which suggest finely the way in which every man should construct the book of his life: "Essentially style resembles good manners. It comes of endeavouring to understand others, of thinking for them rather than for yourself—of thinking, that is, with the heart as well as with the head. It gives rather than receives; it is nobly careless of thanks or applause, not being fed by these, but rather sustained and continually refreshed by an inward loyalty to the best. Yet, like 'character,' it has its altar within; to that retires for counsel, from that fetches its illumination, to ray outwards."

An Ideal to Aim At

If it came to actual literary achievement, this, with all its beauty, would be a hard saying for most of us. But if it be a question of our manner of living and of the spirit in which we look at things—in short, of moral "style"—then it becomes an ideal we can at least aim at hopefully. In any case, our book should be the more worthily written because of such a reminder.



The Quotation

(Written concerning great authors, but also applicable to the influence of ordinary lives.)

If by means of words the secrets of the heart are brought to light, pain of soul is relieved, hidden grief is carried off, sympathy conveyed, experience recorded, and wisdom perpetuated . . . it will not answer to make light of literature or to neglect its study: rather we may be sure that, in proportion as we master it in whatever language, and imbibe its spirit, we shall ourselves become in our own measure the ministers of like benefits to others who are united to us by social ties, and are within the sphere of our personal influence.

J. H. NEWMAN.



THE PRAYER

FATHER of our spirits and source of all life, help us to feel that the book we are writing is part of the wonderful story of the world and of humanity. May this "tale that is being told" stir us to our best and bravest as we realize its far-reaching interest and meaning. On every page we would set some mark of courage and adventure which may give encouragement to others. Thus may our "living epistle" be worthy of the setting in which Thou hast placed it.

THREATENED ST. PAUL'S

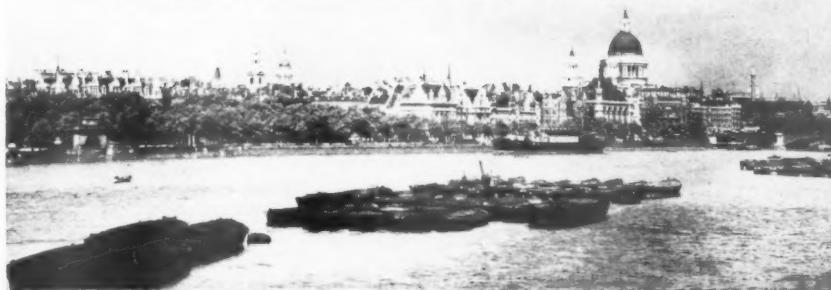


Photo: Photochrom Co., Ltd.

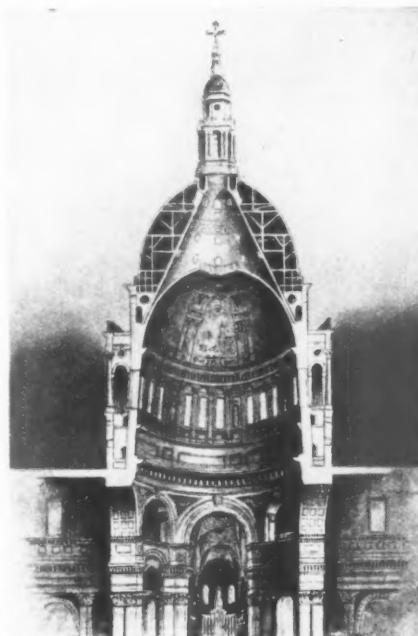
By Harold J. Shepstone

THE hint of a possible closing of St. Paul's Cathedral as a "dangerous structure" reawakens interest in the romantic history of this wonderful edifice. It is at once the most national cathedral church of the British Empire. Standing on Ludgate Hill, overlooking and dominating the City of London, it is the symbol of the great heart of a nation, from which the pulse of national life flows and to which it returns. Now the City surveyor, as well as a group of distinguished engineers, declare it to be unsafe. There is fear that its celebrated dome may fall on account of the subsidence of its piers.

It can be said of St. Paul's that it occupies holy ground, for its site has been marked by a sacred edifice for the past thirteen centuries. The first church to be erected here was that founded in 610 by King Ethelbert. It was destroyed by fire in 1087 shortly after the Norman Conquest. Then a second edifice arose, still referred to as Old St. Paul's. Colossal as is the present building, Old St. Paul's was even larger, having a length of 506 feet, while its spire towered 489 feet into space; some authorities say 534 feet, 169 feet higher than the present golden cross.

During its later days, however, it fell to somewhat base uses, the nave becoming a public promenade, while a theatre was actually erected against the outer walls. While the building was surrounded by scaffolding, undergoing repairs, came the Great Fire of 1666, and it was not long before "the structure was a sheet of flame. The stones flew like granados; the lead melted as if it had

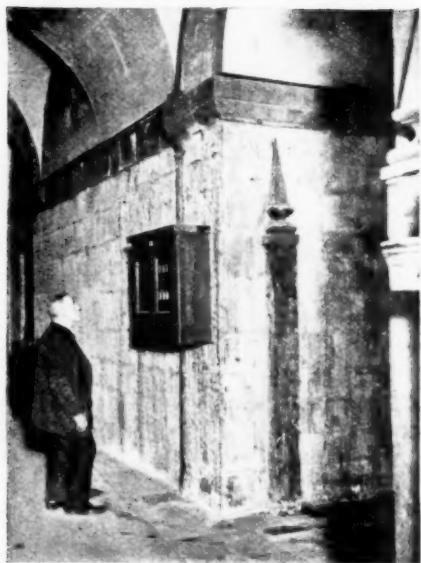
been snow in the sun. The molten metal of the ironwork, the bells, and the plate poured down the street; the pavements glowed with fiery redness. In the intolerable heat great flakes of stone peeled from the building."



How the Cross is supported

A sketch showing the inner and outer dome, with the ingenious device for supporting the tower and cross.

THE QUIVER



Base of one of the threatened towers

Photo: "The Times"

It being impossible to restore the old building, Sir Christopher Wren, the then Government surveyor and architect, was instructed to design a cathedral "in keeping with the dignity and might of the City of London and nation." It was Wren who really rebuilt London after the Great Fire. In addition to St. Paul's Cathedral, he erected some fifty churches in the Metropolis, as well as the Royal Exchange, the Custom House, Greenwich Hospital, the Monument, and many other public buildings. In a period of some twenty five years he is said to have taken out of the quarries in the West of England upwards of five million tons of stone, in blocks weighing from a hundredweight or so up to five tons, which were used in the various City churches and public buildings that sprang into existence at his bidding.

It was in the building of St. Paul's, however, that Wren displayed his greatest ingenuity, particularly in regard to the dome, of which more anon. Unfortunately he was greatly hampered in his task by petty interferences on the part of the authorities. In deed, he had to modify his original design considerably, and all along was subjected to unnecessary irritation. His fee as builder and architect was certainly not exorbitant, seeing it was £200 a year. The work occupied

him forty years, and thinking the time was excessive, and that he was purposely delaying the work for the sake of the salary, the Commissioners later on cut it down one-half until the task was finished. As a matter of fact, forty years was by no means an excessive time for such an undertaking. Some 145 years were spent in the erection of St. Peter's in Rome, and 80, 100 and 120 years were occupied in the building of many of Europe's great cathedrals.

Before the first stone could be laid, the old building had to be demolished and the site cleared. In his memoirs Wren tells how he invented a battering-ram for tearing down the massive walls that had withstood the fire, those that supported the spire being some 200 feet in height. At first he resorted to gunpowder, but an assistant, using a larger quantity than was necessary, damaged the surrounding property. The explosion was terrific, and a large stone was shot right across the churchyard into a room where some women were sitting at work. The authorities then intervened, and the further use of gunpowder was forbidden.

It took thirteen months to clear away the ruins, and then came the securing of the foundations. Wren could easily have



Renovating crumbling masonry

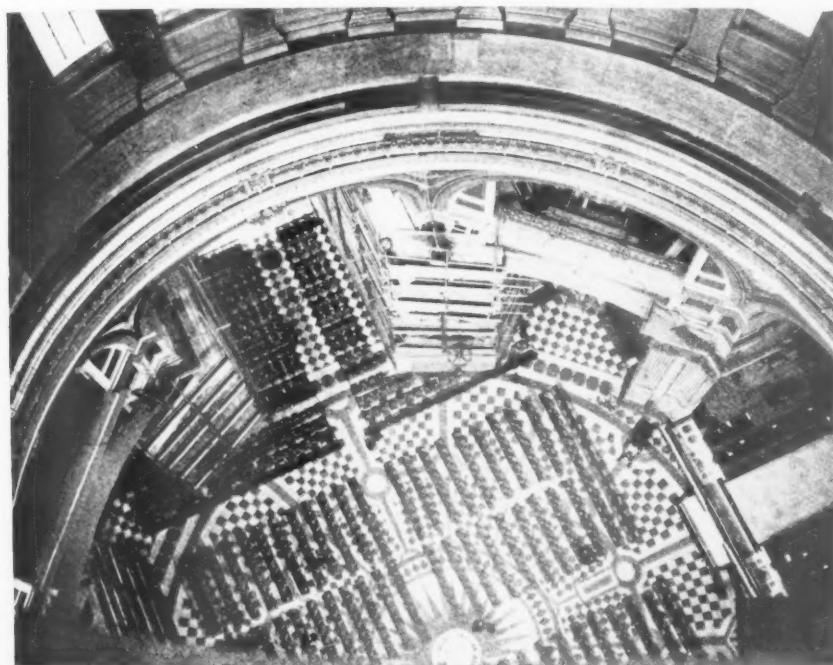
Photo: "The Times"

THREATENED ST. PAUL'S

erected his walls upon the foundations of the previous structure, but he preferred to make his own, and here he displayed great forethought. True, the foundations to-day are far from satisfactory, and costly underpinning work may even be found necessary. But the foundations would have been in a worse plight long ago had not Wren dug down as he did. The fact is, the ground on which the cathedral stands is none too solid for such a heavy structure,

singular that the cathedral should have been completed in the comparatively short space of forty years, under the superintendence of one architect (St. Peter's in Rome was built under twelve successive architects), under the direction of one master mason (Mr. Strong), and during the occupation of the See of one Bishop of London (Dr. Henry Compton).

The structure takes the form of a Latin cross, divided by two rows of pillars into



A curious view of the nave : looking downwards from the circular opening in the "false" dome

Photo :
"The Times"

Note the faulty piers surrounded by scaffolding.

while we must not forget that since Wren's days London has been honeycombed with sewers, gas mains and tubes, and these are to be found in the vicinity of the cathedral.

The first stone was laid on June 21st, 1675. Ten years later the walls of the choir and side aisles were finished, together with the north and south circular porticoes. In 1697, twenty-two years after the laying of the first stone, the building was open for divine service, though the dome was not actually finished till 1715, the last and highest stone, on the top of the lantern, being laid by the architect's son. It is

a nave and side aisles, according to the established mode of ecclesiastical architecture. It has an extreme length of just over 500 feet, a breadth from north to south through the transepts of 285 feet, and it covers a ground space of just over two acres. The towers on either side of the western façade are 221 feet high. Here are the bells, including Great Paul, the largest bell in this country, turning the scale at 17 tons. St. Paul's is second only to Westminster Abbey in the number of its monuments to the mighty dead. The organ, with 4,822 pipes and 102 stops, is one of the

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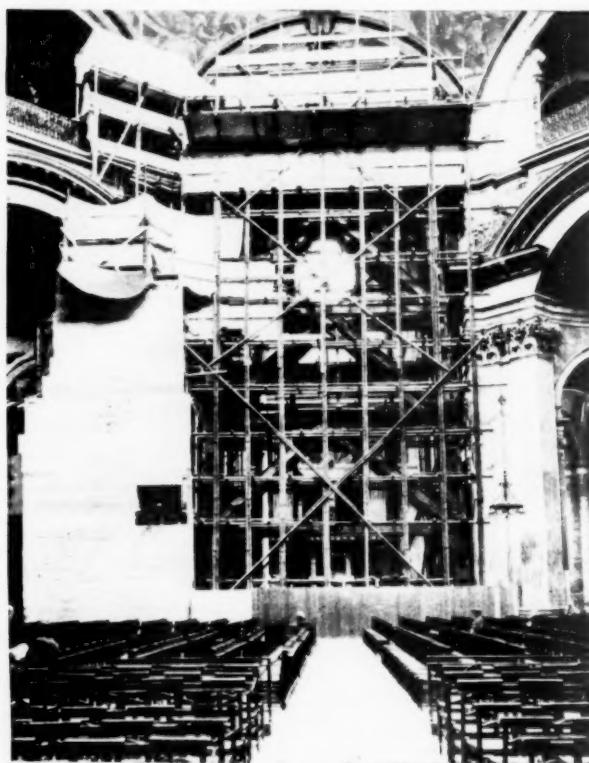
finest in the world. One of the attractions of the crypt, where lies the remains of those whose monuments appear in the cathedral above, is the great funeral car, cast from captured cannon, on which the remains of the Duke of Wellington were brought to the cathedral. A never-failing wonder is the whispering gallery. A slight whisper against the wall at one side is distinctly audible on the other, a distance in a straight line of more than 100 feet. The ball under the golden cross, the highest point to which one

here, closed, of course, to the general public, and pass along twisting corridors, up and down staircases, and in this way get virtually from any part of the great building to another without being seen or disturbing those who worship in the cathedral.

A door in the crypt, within a stone's throw of the illustrious dead, opens into a carpenter's shop. Here at the long benches four carpenters are kept employed all the year round. Beyond is the fitters' and electricians' shop, while the cathedral also

boasts of its smithy. There are also shops given over to the masons, glaziers, and painters who are kept constantly employed renovating and preserving the great fabric. In the basement there are innumerable storerooms for the wood, chairs and hassocks and the thousand and one other things needed directly or indirectly by the cathedral.

The great feature of St. Paul's is its dome, famous for its majestic beauty, artistic conception and immense size. It has a diameter of no less than 145 feet and a circumference of some 420 feet, and that portion seen from the pavement of the cathedral stands some 240 feet above one's head. Until the present trouble arose not one person in a thousand probably was aware that it was a dummy. When you glance upwards it is not the under-covering of the real dome that you see, but a separate structure altogether. Neither this false dome, nor the lead-covered one above it,



Scaffolding surrounding one of the piers which is receiving attention

Photo
"The Times"

can ascend, is six feet in diameter and holds about a dozen persons. The height from the pavement to the top of the cross is 365 feet.

Wren not only designed and erected a wonderful building, but he endeavoured to make it self-dependent and self-contained. No other similar structure boasts of such a number of intricate and endless passages, rooms and staircases. You can enter a door

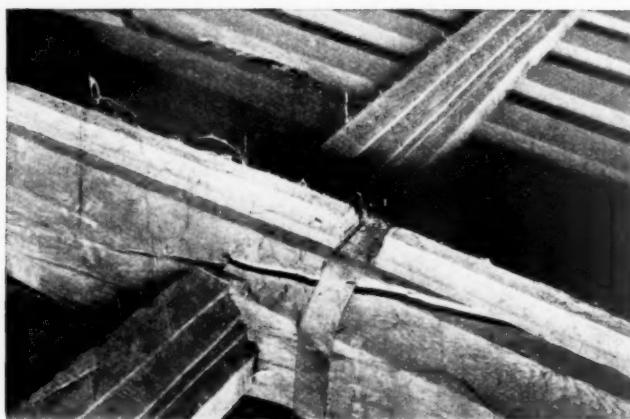
seen from the street outside, supports the impressive lantern, cupola and cross which alone represent a weight of 700 tons. They are held in place by an ingeniously concealed cone of brickwork, strengthened by iron channels and bars. It is between the outer dome and the cone that the staircase is situated that leads to the lantern and the ball above. The cone terminates in a small cupola, the top of which is pierced with an



A beautiful view of
the choir stalls and altar

Photo:
Photochrom Co.

THE QUIVER



A split timber beam that supports the outer dome

Photo: "The Times"

"eye," through which a tiny shaft of light is admitted into the great building. Our greatest engineers and architects have stated that the conception of these dummy domes—dummies in so far as they carry no weight—was a master-stroke of mechanical skill. But although not so solid as they appear, the whole superstructure—the two domes and their various galleries and the lantern, ball and cross—represents a total weight of some 60,000 tons.

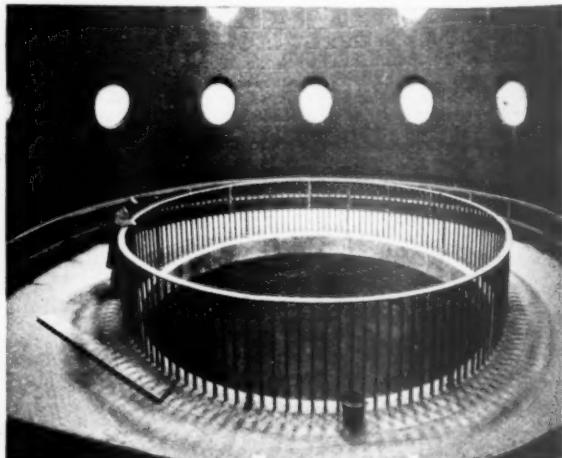
The inner dome is adorned with a series of paintings illustrating the life of St. Paul, the work of Sir James Thornhill. While painting these gigantic figures the artist nearly lost his life. Absorbed in his work, he stepped back to observe its effect, and his assistant, Bently French, was terrified to see that he had approached the very edge of the platform. French saved his master from a terrible fall into the nave by flinging a pot of paint on the picture, and so causing Thornhill to rush to its rescue. It will scarcely be believed that Sir James Thornhill's work in the dome was paid for literally by the square yard, the pay per square yard being forty shillings.

Suspending from the

galleries here is a chain that supports the great sounding board over the pulpit, and hereby hangs a tale as well as that heavy mass of wood. Every night the cathedral is given over to the charge of a night watchman, who parades the whole building during the hours of darkness bearing a "tell-tale," which he impresses on certain dials at different places as proof of his having properly performed his duties.

Some years ago the post was held by an old sailor, who in his solitary rambles would sometimes gratify that taste for exploration that was inherent in him. One night while up in one of the galleries he dropped his tell-tale, which, as luck would have it, fell on the sounding board and lay there.

To reach it from below was impossible, but recover it he must; so, cat-like, the old sailor climbed out on to the chain and let himself down from the top. Only, alas, to find himself in a worse predicament, for the sounding board, being



Inside the dome of St. Paul's, showing the railed circular opening

Photo: "The Times"

THREATENED ST. PAUL'S

suspended from the middle, tilted over him whenever he tried to escape from the edge. So there, in ignominious position, he had to stay till released next morning.

The Weight of the Domes

The enormous weight of the domes, some 60,000 tons, is carried on eight massive-looking piers. At the crypt level they measure 43 feet in length by 20 feet in width. But instead of being built up solid they have merely a thin veneer of portland stone, varying from 4 inches to 12 inches in thickness. Their interior consists of debris and rubble from the former building dumped in anyhow without any attempt to bed the material and so form a solid whole. Now the piers have sunk and are badly cracked. It is manifestly unfair to blame Wren for this, as he was merely following the system adopted by the builder of his day while all the time he was working under the Commissioners. Be that as it may, the whole of the eight piers have subsided, the degree of subsidence varying from 2 inches to 6½ inches. Then not only are they badly cracked, but the dome is cracked as well, and is 5¾ inches out of the perpendicular. It is gradually moving in a south-westerly direction.

This has thrown an undue strain upon the walls. These latter are another structural wonder of Wren's. They are by no means



The dome, from the roof
of the Cathedral

Photo :
"The Times"

thick, remembering the heavy weights they have to carry, and are not strengthened by buttresses, as so many of our cathedral and church walls are. They run up a considerable distance, and then comes a series of niches. Into these niches, or crevices, the great arches that span the nave, choir, and two transepts run, and to counterbalance their tremendous thrusts smaller arches are made to bulge against them, making a perfect balance of forces. As will be recognized too great a strain on any portion of such delicately balanced supports would soon prove a serious matter.

Making Good the Piers

What is very neces-



One of the many "offices" in
the Cathedral : the library

Photo :
Photochrom Co.

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sary is to make good the piers so that they can carry the weight of the dome and so relieve the strain upon the walls. Then the foundations need attention. Altogether this restoration work is expected to entail an expenditure of between £140,000 and £200,000 and occupy several years. It is sincerely to be hoped that the work can be carried out without entirely closing the cathedral.

What it Cost

Finally, it is interesting to note that the whole expense of erecting this wonderful edifice amounted to £1,564,874 14s. 6d., in addition to which the stone and iron railings that surround it cost another £11,202 0s. 6d., making a total of £1,576,076 15s. The greater proportion of this sum was raised by a small tax on coal imported into London. The balance came from the clergy, who were instructed by an

Order in Council that on the consecration of all bishops no entertainments or feasts were to be held, and in lieu thereof each lord bishop should pay a sum of fifty pounds towards the building fund. It is generally admitted that to erect a similar edifice today would demand an outlay of at least five million pounds sterling.

What the total cost will be of putting the cathedral in a safe position again no one can say exactly, but it is generally realized that it is far better to do the work thoroughly now than to "tinker about with the job" and so leave another generation to have to do the business again.

Readers of *THE QUIVER* will be glad to know that the appeal for funds for the renovation has already met with a generous response, the sum asked for being already raised, but, of course, still more may have to be done.



The Transept, with
the threatened piers

Photo :
Photachrom Co.



IN LEICESTER SQUARE

Homes of the Great

WONDERFUL London! However much you think you know London there always seems to be more to learn; in fact, after a lifetime you find you are only on the fringe of the subject.

I stood in Leicester Square the other day—that centre of theatre life and shop life the name of which is familiar the world over. The shops were announcing sales and the theatres the latest revue, but neither interested me. The square itself was dismal in the winter gloom, but I closed my eyes for a second and tried to picture the scene in olden days: over there was the home of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and old-time beauties must have been carried in their sedan chairs to the studio of the great painter to have their features rendered immortal. Close by lived Hogarth, the famous cartoonist and painter, and another great artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence.



Bad Temper Costs a Life

Not far away lived Sir James Thornhill, whose work you will see if you are fortunate to get into St. Paul's Cathedral before it closes and look upward. The authorities paid Sir James £2 a square yard for painting the beautiful pictures on the inner roof of the dome. But besides painters the doctors had their headquarters in Leicester Square—John Hunter, who knew that owing to the condition of his heart his life was endangered if he lost his temper. He was naturally hot-tempered, and, sure enough, dropped down dead at the climax of a quarrel at some hospital committee meeting! Sir Charles Bell, the anatomist, lived in Leicester Square too,

and his anatomical specimens formed the nucleus of the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons housed not far away. Perhaps that is why there are one or two hospitals in the square which otherwise might seem out of place. Though nothing is "out of place" in old London; the most incongruous elements merge into an harmonious whole in London town, or is it that we do not notice half the items in the general collection?



Tucked Away Modestly

That latter must be near the truth, for though I gazed long and interestedly at the house with the plate proclaiming the one-time residence of Sir Joshua Reynolds, I hardly noticed the little building two doors away devoted to St. John's Hospital. I could safely say that not one in a thousand knows the place, nor is aware to what branch of the healing art it is devoted. Why do some institutions at once strike the imagination of the public and some do not? If I mentioned St. Dunstan's every one of my readers would recognize that wonderful institution for the blind, and the sympathy of every one would be aroused. Yet when I mention "St. John's," every one of my readers will ask, "What is St. John's?" I mustn't blame you, for I was equally in ignorance till I wandered round Leicester Square and found it tucked away modestly among its neighbours.



How Unromantic!

The reason, I found, was just this: St. Dunstan's is concerned with those who suffer with eye trouble, whilst St. John's deals

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with skin diseases. Skin diseases! How unromantic! I said to myself, and prepared to pass on. Yet somehow I was impelled to enter, and there I learnt some of the pathos and romance of a hospital devoted just to diseases of the skin. Henceforth Leicester Square to me is not the notorious centre of amusement, nor the old-time abode of famous artists and doctors. It is the headquarters of an institution modestly and earnestly seeking to alleviate suffering, oblivious to the plaudits of the crowd, without the glamour of popular sentiment.



Wearing the Hair Shirt

Skin trouble!

Have you ever pictured to yourself what it means? You think of the poor man who has lost his eyesight, you think less often of the poor old lady who has lost her hearing (curiously enough, deafness never creates sympathy like blindness. Why is it?). But you do not think with sympathy of the poor harassed person on whom the affliction of skin disease descends.

Not so very long ago, when people's ideas on the subject of religion were apt to be perverted, some good folk thought to please God by wearing a hair shirt next their skin. Day after day they went about, first in discomfort and then, possibly, almost in agony from the intolerable irritation of that abominable garment. I have little patience with people who go out of their way to make trouble for themselves when the world is already full of trouble. But do you realize that there are people walking about beside you who, day after day, are suffering all the discomfort that a hair shirt could produce? Only it is not a hair shirt, but the irritation, pain, intensified until almost past endurance. A fell and mysterious disease has spread all over their skin, and to the physical agony is added the mental torture of not knowing what it is or the best way to set about its cure.



An Erroneous Impression

I am not drawing on my imagination, but on the actual experiences of people I have known. Unfortunately there is an idea abroad that skin trouble is just the fault of the patients themselves—"dirt and filth," as somebody pointedly put it. I asked the secretary of St. John's how far this was true, and he told me that it was an entirely

erroneous generalization. As a matter of fact, skin trouble is as much a plague of the middle and wealthy classes as of the very poor. Curiously enough, the last year or two large numbers of ladies have been plagued with it owing to the habit of wearing dyed furs round their necks!



Unnecessary Suffering

"It must be dreadfully infectious?" I asked the secretary.

"Nothing of the sort," he smilingly responded. "Here I have been dealing with patients, handling their money, their clothes, their medicine, and I've never caught anything!"

He spoke with deep feeling of the amount of unnecessary suffering that goes on among those who are afflicted in this way. People try first of all to cure themselves, then they have resort to patent medicines and well-advertised ointments, then perhaps they consult their own local doctor, who does his best—but mostly doesn't know what he is prescribing for, nor what to prescribe when it comes to the hundred and one obscure forms of skin trouble.

Often the affliction gets worse, and the horrible photos the secretary showed me (and which couldn't possibly be published) illustrate into what a sorry condition some people get before they recognize that hospital treatment is inevitable. One man was brought into the hospital on a stretcher—covered with bandages and dying. He would have died had he not been taken in. In three days he was sitting up and eating a hearty meal, and in a short time he was completely cured.



Where Cancer is Cured

It cannot be too widely known that both cancer and tuberculosis of the skin can be cured if treated properly—and they are being cured every day at the St. John's. If only for the work it is doing in combating the ravages of these two fell diseases this institution deserves the most generous support.

The secretary showed me the various departments of the hospital—the consulting rooms, the X-ray and sun-skin treatment, the laboratory where skilled men spend their days finding out all about the origin and cure of skin ailments. Then he whirled me away to the in-patients' depart-

BETWEEN OURSELVES

ment at Uxbridge Road—an efficient and well-kept hospital, but far too small. The matron showed me round the various wards and narrated case after case of affliction and cure. Finally we came to one room—empty. The secretary, the matron and I gazed round its desolate emptiness and out of the window into the murkiness of London's mid-winter.



The Empty Children's Ward

"What is this room?" I asked curiously. "This," said the matron sadly, "was the children's ward. We had to close it down owing to lack of funds. We have hundreds and hundreds of cases of children clamouring for admittance, but we have to turn them down. It is not that we haven't room; a children's ward means additional nurses and more expense. But it seems such a shame. One little girl we had in here used to cry at the thought of leaving the hospital. 'I don't want to go home,' she sobbed. 'Nobody likes me 'cause I've got spots!'"



A Human Tragedy

"Nobody likes me 'cause I've got spots!" What a human tragedy! I picture the mother trying her best for her little kiddie, buying a few pence of ointment and rubbing it on; the little one in pain and constant irritation—and her thoughtless companions jeering at her "cause she's got 'pots!" And the children's ward is closed now owing to want of money. All this because people do not think; they haven't imagination. They need to have trouble brought right home to them before they realize what it means.

"I am sending you twenty guineas," wrote a wealthy man to the secretary. "I have had my first, and, I hope, my last, attack of eczema."

The man could now realize the need of a skin hospital. He had suffered—and knew.

I am told that the hospital wants a new wing. If I were a wealthy man I would love to build a fine new hospital where sufferers could have the best of treatment. But meanwhile I don't like that part about the closing of the children's ward. I hate to think of any little child breaking her

heart for "nobody likes me 'cause I've spots!" I would just love to reopen that children's ward, and call it "THE QUIVER Ward for Children," wouldn't you? . . .



Night and the Lights

I came back to Leicester Square. Night had fallen; great hideous night-signs were twinkling away their myriad lights, advertising the latest "revue." I felt angry at the thousands of pounds thrown away every night in London town on amusements that do not amuse, on pleasures that pall. And it only needs a little imagination, a little knowledge, a little exercise of a kindly heart to bring lasting pleasure and real happiness to the poor little sufferers. I recalled the story of the little slave girl who couldn't endow a hospital, or open a children's ward, but whose heart was touched with pity because her lord and master suffered with skin disease. Her master, true enough, could afford the best medical skill and attention of the age. He was first in peace and war, first in the counsels of his king. "But Naaman was a leper." The little Hebrew servant girl wasn't a specialist in skin diseases, nor a hospital-opening philanthropist. But she had sympathy, imagination, understanding, love. . . . And she cured Naaman.



Too Busy to be Kind ?

That's just it. Most of us are too busy in this rushing business life of ours to think of other people's troubles, to realize their misfortunes, so a kind deed goes undone, a poor little sufferer weeps. But the little Hebrew maid still has her followers, and it is to them—though they otherwise be insignificant and ordinary—that the world looks for the kind thought and generous act that does so much to save mankind.

Next time you pass Leicester Square don't think of the thousands of pounds spent on pleasure; think of the good agencies there and elsewhere that are trying to make the world really brighter and happier.

The Editor



Problem Pages

My Thanks

I SHOULD like to thank most sincerely all those kind correspondents who have sent me their good wishes for the New Year. I often feel acutely conscious of the great responsibility which is mine in giving advice on all kinds of problems, and it is very comforting to know that in many cases I have been able to help my unknown friends. I hope that all my readers will have happiness, and find solutions of all their difficulties in 1925.

Lonely Man

"Lonely Man," in writing again to thank me for letters which have been forwarded to him, enclosed £1 "to cover expenses." Of course, there were no expenses, and the money he so very kindly sent has been passed on to our SOS Fund for some lonely person.

From Scotland

Here is a very delightful letter from Miss Catherine W. Struthers, Broomfield, Ashgill, Lanarkshire, which I give in full:

"DEAR BARBARA DANE,—I will introduce myself to you by telling you that my family have been readers of *THE QUIVER* ever since it started, and having seen some tremendously old numbers, I think it is more interesting now than ever it was.

"I have been brought up on a fairly large dairy and cropping farm, an only girl amongst seven brothers; and except for a portion of my school days I have spent practically the whole of my existence at home. I am now twenty-six years; the oldest of us is over thirty, and the youngest is fifteen. Needless to say, they are beginning to set out for themselves and scatter over the world; but they are all still unmarried. Cupid has not overlooked me, however, but for reasons of my own I do not intend to marry.

"I read most all kinds of literature, from the 'Boy's Cinema' to autobiographies of famous people; also I love making dainty lingerie of silk and all the other beautiful materials that one can buy.

Marrying Again—Shyness and Rudeness—Too Many Friends

By Barbara Dane

"On the other hand, I help mother darn and mend the boys' clothes, voluntarily assist with the milking of the cows; and through rearing a lot of chickens in the spring I derive not a little amount of pleasure and profit. So you see my tastes are on fairly broad lines.

"I have an uncle, a minister, who jokingly teases me about being a bit of a cynic; but for all that I have still a warm heart for those in real trouble, and if it would put a ray of sunshine into some lonely life were I to write to them, I should gladly do so.—Yours very sincerely,

"CATHERINE W. STRUTHERS."

Very many thanks for your enclosure of ten shillings, which I have passed on to the SOS Fund. I feel very sure that many lonely people would be as glad to have one of your cheery letters as I have been to receive this.

Going to New Zealand

A correspondent writes to ask me to give some advice to two young people who are about to get married and to settle in New Zealand. They are both about 28; the man is a clerk, with not much prospect of advancement in England. Their capital is about £150. I am asked if there is any society which would help them to find work in their own trades. I am afraid that the great demand for men in New Zealand is for agricultural workers, and for men in certain trades, such as building. New Zealand herself can supply all the clerks she needs. Assisted or free passages are given to women who are willing to engage in domestic work in New Zealand, but they must give an undertaking to remain in their domestic occupation for one year. I think the best thing that the young couple can do is to write, giving full particulars of their circumstances, to the High Commissioner for the Government of New Zealand, 415 Strand, W.C., who will, I am sure, have the latest information sent to them.

Marrying Again

I have a very human letter from a man who lost his wife about a year ago, and is

PROBLEM PAGES

now thinking of marrying again. He writes as follows :

"My dear wife's people are very much against the idea of my marrying again. They know that I was devoted to my wife. We had a marriage of unbroken happiness. They think that, for the children's sake, I ought not to re-marry, for they have a great prejudice against stepmothers. This, I think, is quite unwarranted, but I feel a little uneasy, and should like to have a woman's point of view on the subject. I shall always hold the memory of my wife in the sweetest and most honoured remembrance, but unfortunately my two little ones are hardly old enough to be able to remember her. I miss the companionship and help which only a woman can give a man in his home, and I think that for the sake of my little ones I ought to marry. I have met a woman who is devoted to children, and I believe that if I were to ask her to become my wife she would agree; but I do not want to do anything rash, or to take any action that would be against the interests of my children, who must come first."

Well, let me say at once that I think that the prejudice against stepmothers is one of the most stupid and ignorant of all prejudices. There are unkind stepmothers, but let us never forget that there are unkind mothers. Many a child brought up under the loving care and interest of a stepmother must bless the day on which the father married again. Any difficulties which arise in the case of a second marriage usually occur when the children are nearly grown up, where there is, for instance, a daughter old enough to keep house, and who may perhaps resent the coming of another woman to take her place. But where the children are little more than babies no such problem arises, and if a widower meets a woman whom he grows to love and respect, it is wise for him to marry her. It is not natural for a man to live alone, nor is any dis-honour paid to the first wife in a re-marriage which is entered into with thought and good intention. I advise my correspondent to make his views known as gently and as tactfully as possible to the relatives of his first wife, and in due course to marry the woman whom he respects and to whom he is attached. I hope he will be very happy, and make up his mind not to worry about the comments of other people.

A Question of Saving

Here is a letter from a young woman earn-

ing a fair salary, who has been advised by friends to put aside a sum each week against the rainy day of the future. She says: "I earn £5 a week, and I spend all of it. My friends criticize me very strongly, and say that I am foolish. But do you think I am? I enjoy life to the full, and am able to do things which other women cannot do because they put aside so much money that they have nothing left for out-of-door sports or pleasure or interesting holidays abroad. I have excellent health and very good qualifications. It does not seem, therefore, that I am likely either to be ill or to lose my job, and I cannot see any point in spoiling the present for the sake of the future. I know that I take an unusual view, but I should like to know if it has your support."

Now, how can I advise any woman to live up to the last penny of her income? It is all largely a matter of temperament, I know. One of the best things in this world is independence, and to my mind it is worth sacrificing a good deal in order to be sure that when a bad patch comes one will not be dependent on the help of others. Illness comes to those who have had long years of good health; even the competent find themselves out of work for a time. In such cases it is a great comfort to know that one has a few pounds behind one. Of course, I do not advise any girl who is earning her living to cut out all pleasures and relaxations in order to save. Pleasure is as necessary for efficiency as good food. The woman who lives a well-balanced life finds the happy medium between extreme recklessness and extreme thrift. Neither is good. I think, my dear girl, that you ought to save a little each week, and I should imagine that you are quite intelligent enough so to rearrange your life that the sacrifice will not be very great.

Shyness and Rudeness

"L. X." writes to me as follows :

"I was very surprised and unhappy a few days ago when a candid friend told me that I am often very rude in my manner to people whom I do not know well. The last thing I desire is to be rude to anyone! But I am very nervous and shy with strangers, and so I suppose I become abrupt and short in my manner, and give the impression that I am rude. I wish you could help me."

Only you can help yourself, my dear. If you meet some stranger do not relapse into silence, but try to say something nice, to make some attempt at conversation, even if

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it is only about trivial things. Once you have got over the first few moments you will find yourself more at ease, and will so become more natural. But if when you meet people for the first time you simply make the conventional greeting and say no more, you will inevitably give the impression that you are bored and uninterested. Every time you make the effort to be agreeable it will become easier. And remember that perhaps the very stranger to whom you are speaking may be just as shy as yourself. It is a mistake which a shy woman always makes to take it for granted that no other woman is shy. If you remember that shyness is a very common characteristic, just as likely to belong to the other woman as to yourself, I think you will feel a little more comfortable in your mind. And if other people do not appear to show their shyness, it is probably because they have learned to control their feelings. Well, you must set to work to do the same. It is mainly a matter of will power and perseverance.

A Boy's Love Affair

You will be doing, unwillingly, I know, a very cruel thing if you laugh at your son's love affair, "Mother." Child love, which seems so crude to those of us who have long passed our youth, is a very real and can be a very tragic, as well as a very beautiful thing. Your son may in years to come, as you suggest, be able to laugh at the first love of his young manhood, but you cannot expect him to look at it now with the greater wisdom of later years. If you are harsh and unsympathetic with him now you may lose his confidence for all time. Remember, he is probably suffering. He has to get through the experience as best he can, with rather stumbling steps. And you will not help by ill-considered remarks or unkind laughter, or even by talking about it lightly, but kindly. If I were you I should say nothing. Be very gentle. Show, as a mother can show, that you are there ready to help if help is wanted, ready to receive your boy's confidence with love and understanding, should he wish to make it. Even if he says

nothing he will be aware of your silent sympathy. He will not be likely to forget it. But if through impatience you drive him away from you, you may never recover his confidence. Unless there is some grave reason for interference, I am sure that it is better for parents to leave these little youthful adorations alone. They come to an end, and if they can come to an end without the humiliation of the boy in the eyes of his parents, so much the better for him and for them. I know it is difficult to do nothing but wait, but love so often consists in just waiting.

Too Many Friends

I think, "Louise," that you are suffering from a superfluity of friends. Real friendship is one of the best things in this world, but no woman who has a husband to care for, a house to run, and children to bring up should allow herself to be involved in too many time-exacting relationships with other women. No reasonable man objects to his wife's friendships, but I rather gather that your husband feels that his home is too often invaded by women acquaintances, that you are too fond of seeking their advice, and allowing them to influence you in making decisions which you should be independent enough to make alone. Probably he is right. Stick to your best friends. But the others, who are friends only in name, might well be left to take a secondary place in your life. In real trouble it is a great comfort to be able to open one's heart to an understanding and tactful friend; but it is hardly loyal of a wife to discuss her every-day domestic difficulties and her husband's little offences with all and sundry friends. Perhaps you have not quite got to that point, but you seem to me to be very likely to get near it unless you make a change in your way of life. The weaker you know yourself to be, the more earnestly should you try to depend on yourself rather than upon others. And the inconvenience of having his home inhabited so often by so many women must be an irritation to even the most good-tempered man.





(From Heal and Son, Ltd., Tottenham Court Road.)

A Den for the Young Folk

IN every home where there are children, sooner or later a stage is reached when the children are no longer content with the nursery and its toys. Yet they are not old enough to be allowed the run of the rooms set apart for the grown-ups. Probably the now disused nursery is promoted and transformed into a "schoolroom." Here the children, if they attend a day school, do their preparation. If they are taught by a visiting master or mistress the lessons take place in the schoolroom. Obviously, therefore, such a room must be kept at least reasonably tidy, and this leads to difficulty.

Young folks in their teens are not, as a rule, tidy. They have arrived at the creative and experimental stages when they want to make things for themselves. This process is often rather "messy." Fretwork, carving, poker work, photography, painting, etc., all these hobbies and occupations beloved by the young are absorbing in their interest, but they do not contribute to the general neatness of the room in which they are pursued.

Suggestions for Furnishing a "Snuggery"

By Selma Irvine

In many houses there is some unused room, be it attic or outhouse or even a barn, which with the expenditure of a little time and trouble could be converted into a delightful little den or snuggery for the young people of the family.

Rent is paid for the attic as well as for the rest of the house, and a better return is obtained for the money if the space is used as a comfortable den for the young folk instead of being used to harbour the rubbish that finds a haven in so many attics. Broken and useless furniture and odds and ends that have served a useful purpose in their day but are now but lumber, empty cabin trunks and boxes, all these are found in the attic, and might either be done away with altogether or be stored in some less valuable space.

The attic snuggery has much to recommend it. It is well away from the more important rooms of the house, so that the sounds of merriment that escape from the young folks' den do not invade the draw-

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ing-room, where mater familias is on social duties bent, or the library, where pater familias wants to read in peace and comfort. Then being well above the chimney-tops, the air that comes in through the attic windows is pure and fresh, and even if the windows are small, attic rooms are generally light.

The Use of a Loft

Sometimes when an attic is not available an unused outhouse, even a loft or barn, offers great possibilities. In the country many houses of moderate size are equipped with a number of rooms which in days gone by may have been used for baking, for laundry work or some other household need now met by outside work. There may be a disused gardener's cottage available. Where the horse-drawn carriage has been superseded by a motor-car, the old carriage-house, harness-room and stable will probably undergo some transformation to provide a garage, and during the process part of the buildings may be found available for a "snugger."

If all else fails and there is space in the garden but no available building, a one-roomed bungalow somewhat like a studio is not costly. The walls can be made of wood or of asbestos sheets and weather boards, and the roof of galvanized iron or, if preferred, of boards and bitumen. The addition of asbestos tiles greatly adds to the outside appearance of the den.

Considering next the furnishing and decoration of the "den," simplicity should be the keynote. When the floorboards are good they can be stained and polished, and the addition of a few rugs imparts an air of comfort. If the boards are rough and uneven they can be entirely covered with plain or parquetry-patterned linoleum or cork carpet or with matting.

The walls are best distempered or papered in a plain colour. If the room is dark, a yellow paper creates an artificial impression of sunlight, and a warm tone of cream is a good background for furniture and pictures.

A cheerful note of colour can be introduced in cushion covers and curtains. The former may well be of cretonne, gaily patterned, and obviously for use and comfort and not of the "touch-me-not" silken and ornate type. The curtains may be of the same fabric, or casement cloth and voile is a dainty and effective alternative. Care should be taken not to shroud the windows

unduly, and if these are small the curtains may be of casement form and carried beyond the window over the wall, leaving the largest possible window area clear to admit air and light.

Often the roof timbers will be exposed, especially if the "snugger" is a "sky parlour" nestling in the rafters of a big house, or if it is part of an old cottage or out-building in a country house. They should be left visible, and the plaster between whitewashed or distempered in a creamy white.

Furnished with Oddments

The furniture of a snugger may consist of oddments, discarded arm-chairs, book-cases, etc., considered unsuitable for other rooms, or perhaps eliminated as superfluous in these days when overcrowding is considered the worst of crimes in furnishing. Any new items that are added should be simple in form and in design. Plain oak, unpolished and washable, possesses great charm.

There should be easy-chairs, a large and really practical table, a few pictures and plenty of books. The rest of the furniture of the den must depend upon the idiosyncrasies of its inhabitants. If musically inclined, a piano will be a boon. It can be used for serious practice and for the cheerful strumming of jazz tunes and ragtimes. Being out of earshot or mellowed by distance, these sounds will not drive the rest of the family to despair.

A bureau or writing-table and the wherewithal to serve "a dish of tea" are also essentials. The problem of kettle boiling is solved by a gas-ring, and a cheerful gas fire will radiate its warmth in winter and eliminate the almost insuperable difficulty of carrying coals to the den.

Planned and furnished on these lines such a den or snugger will be a real boon. Girls and boys in their teens often possess treasures cherished by themselves but regarded as rubbish by a tidy housemaid or even mater familias. The latter may be quite sympathetic towards the stamp collection until she finds the dining-room table bestrewn with loose stamps at lunch time. The snugger puts an end to such contretemps, and provides a haven where the young folks are free to indulge hobbies and idiosyncrasies without interfering with the comfort and general order of the rest of the house.



Cladonia Pyxidata. Found
growing on ground among grass
(Partly fruticose and partly foliose type.)

Photo:
Mrs. Crawford

Plants That Lead Double Lives

IT is easy to believe that romance stirs within the souls of handsome men and lovely women, and brightens, beautifies, intensifies and dignifies their lives. Nor is it difficult to be persuaded that it may touch and transfigure people with unprepossessing exteriors, such as Mary Ann the tweeny maid or Bill the dustman. We can imagine that it enters into the simple lives of the nobler animals, or even of the flowers of the field. But to most of us it would seem impossible that it may lurk within the heart of a fungus. Yet the strange story of the lichens, those curious forms of vegetable life that clothe rocks, walls, tree trunks, fences and so on, would appear to suggest that it may. For these lowly plants are the great pioneers of life on dry land. They live in rocky mountain regions where other plants cannot follow

Romance of Low Life
By
Charles S. Bayne

them, and in the far north they occupy huge tracts of land beyond the uttermost limits of flower and bush and tree.

The most famous of them is the reindeer moss, which grows luxuriantly in northern countries which are otherwise barren, springing up like grass to a height of a foot or more, and so provides abundant food for the reindeer, which in winter scatter the snow with their horns and feet in order to reach it.

It is not necessary, however, to go so far to find examples of their pioneering. They are to be seen everywhere. The reindeer moss does grow in Great Britain, but it is rare and confined to certain scattered localities. But there are thousands of other species, and fresh opportunities are constantly being provided in every neighbourhood for the exercise of their colonizing

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proclivities. Man in his daily development of civilization spends much of his time in creating deserts in the shape of stone walls, wooden fences, and so on, which for many months are an eyesore to himself.

Before long, however, signs of life begin to appear on these unpromising sites. At first they are minute, and even after many

years they may seem to the casual observer nothing more than weather stains. As time goes on, however, they increase in size, expanding outward at the edges or circumference, and become beautiful wheels of orange, or

irregular patches of

Parmelia Physodes
Photo: Mrs. Crawford

Found on trees; this was on a birch tree. (Foliose type.)

bright red, or splashes of white with many little black markings on them like hieroglyphics. Meanwhile other species make their appearance in crevices, and so the desert is gradually clothed. Then, the way having been prepared for them by the lichens, other forms of life begin to appear. The spores of mosses alight and germinate here and there on the lichens, and as they spread and develop they create little beds in which various flowering plants can take root and flourish, and at last what a few short years ago was a glaring desert becomes a land of plenty.

There are three types of lichen. The minute forms already mentioned which encrust the raw surfaces of new walls and fences are invariably followed by papery rosettes in various shades of grey. These leafy species are what we all recognize as lichens. Their scalloped lobes are conspicuous enough to attract attention and are sufficiently leaf-like to be distinguished as vegetation by the average observer.

The third type is bushy. The various species have upright or dependent branching stems, and con-

sequently they are generally mistaken for some kind of moss. This error is well exemplified by the popular name reindeer moss. A common species of this type is the bearded lichen, which hangs in tufts on the trunks and larger branches of trees in many woods.

Whatever their form may be, however, the lichens are all alike in their choice of habitat. Some prefer rocks, others tree trunks, some choose to live by the seaside, others on the mountains. But wherever it may be, the situation will be exposed, and if you observe them carefully you will notice that they flourish best on the sunny side. They cannot endure shade, but revel in the full flood of the sun's rays.

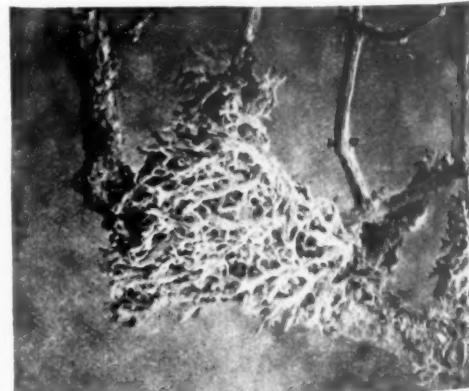
Sunlight is essential to all vegetable life, for it is only through its agency that plants are able to extract carbon from the atmosphere and convert it into starch and other substances necessary for the building up of their tissues. But it is not directly essential to the fungi, which are parasites and live by sucking the juices obtained and transformed by other plants in the usual way.

Fungi have consequently no need for, and are not provided with, the important leaf-green, or chlorophyll, as it is called, which is so characteristic a feature of most other plants, and they can therefore grow luxuriantly in the deep shade of the forest or even in the darkness of a cellar. They cannot, however, live an independent existence. They must have some other organic substance to provide them with ready-made food, either a living animal or plant or a



*Parmelia
Physodes*

Photo:
Mrs. Crawford



*Evernia
Prunastri*

Photo:
Mrs. Crawford

Growing on dead elder branch. (Fruticose type.)

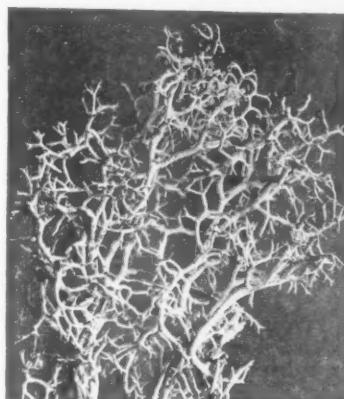
PLANTS THAT LEAD DOUBLE LIVES

decaying portion of an animal or vegetable body. In the former case it usually constitutes a disease which eventually kills its host, and in either case as a rule it gradually sucks all goodness from it—and so destroys its own livelihood.

That being so, we are faced by a mystery when we learn that the lichens, those humble pioneers which boldly push their way out into the barren spaces of the world and found flourishing colonies on the surface of rocks from which they can obtain no means of subsistence, are fungi, and the wonder is increased when we discover, by a simple calculation from the rate of growth of these plants, that the larger individuals of such colonies have lived for hundreds of years, which means that they are among the oldest inhabitants of the globe.

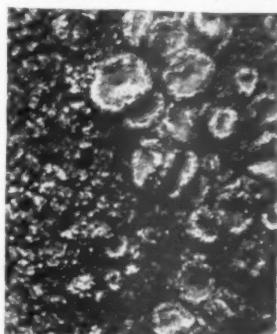
It is true that by means of acids which they exude they are able to dissolve certain salts which form important constituents of the rocks, and that they are able to absorb these together with moisture obtained from rain, mist or dew. But they cannot live upon these substances.

As everyone knows, the chief constituent of all vegetable growth is carbon, which is derived from the air, and as I have already said, fungi are incapable of obtaining that or of convert-



Cladonia
sylvatica

Photo :
Mrs. Crawford



Lecanora
varia

Photo :
Mrs. Crawford
(Greatly enlarged.) Grows on trees,
fences or other dead wood, and is
very common.

This is not the true Reindeer Moss, but it often goes by that name. It is less downy and smaller than *C. rangiferina*. The true Reindeer Moss is very rare in Britain; this species is very common.

ing it into sugar and starch. Even those species that habitually live upon bark do not draw sustenance from the tree. The trunk or branch is only a convenient resting place, raised well above the surrounding vegetation, on which they can sit and bask in the sun. If you tear a piece of lichen from a tree you will find that its under side is covered with fine, root-like

hairs. These, however, do not work their way into the sap, but only serve to attach the plant to the bark.

Sunlight, therefore, is essential to the existence of lichens, though the lichen fungus is unable to utilize it. So there must be something else in a lichen besides a fungus. The secret is revealed by the microscope. If a section of a lichen be cut and examined under a microscope, it will be seen that underneath the outer skin there is a layer of minute green bodies. These, on careful inspection, have been found to be some species of algae.

Now the algae are water plants. Roughly speaking, the seaweeds are algae, but the term also includes large numbers of minute vegetable forms, many of them invisible, which float about freely in the water every-



Cladonia Pyxidata
(Enlarged.)

Photo :
Mrs. Crawford

THE QUIVER

where, both fresh and salt. Many of them contain leaf greens and are dependent upon sunlight for their existence. The bright green film that forms on damp stones or wood consists of myriads of these tiny plants crowded together. Others seem to abound in the air in moist, shady situations. But wherever they are found there also will be an ample supply of water.

Two Plants in One

It follows, therefore, that the face of a rock which in summer may be scorched by the sun for weeks on end should be the last place in the world in which to look for algae, and yet there they are to be found in vast numbers and flourishing ex-



*Parmelia
perlata*

Photo:
Mrs. Crawford

ceedingly. They could not exist there, however, without the aid of the lichen fungus, and the lichen fungus would die if it were to part company with the sun-loving algae.

In short, a lichen is not a plant in the ordinary sense of the word, but a partnership of two plants of widely different families. Neither of them could live alone in those barren places where they are commonly found, but by combining forces they can not only thrive there for hundreds of years, but can also defy the extremes of climate—scorching heat of summer or bitter cold of winter, weeks of rain and mist, during which they are constantly soaked with water, or similar periods of drought when all around them is parched like the desert.

This wonderful result is achieved by division of labour. The fungus sucks up and

retains moisture, so that within its tough skin the algae have always a sufficient supply of their native element. On the other hand, the algae absorb the rays of the sun, and with their aid manufacture sugar and other important substances which are used in building and nourishing plants, and of these the fungus obtains its share.

The fungus is the predominant partner. Indeed, so far as the algae are concerned, the partnership is at first an unwilling one. They are independent plants capable of living a life of freedom when fortune carries them to situations that suit their habits. But when their spores are blown hither and thither by the wind many of them fall on rocks and tree trunks in the full glare of the sun, where in ordinary circumstances they would be scorched to death. But the same breeze has borne there also many fungus spores, and when these germinate they send out a number of fine hairs which seize the neighbouring algae and take them into bondage. The fungus remains a parasite. It can live only by stealing the juices of another plant, but unlike its better-known relatives, the toadstools, it has discovered that it is a stupid thing to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Instead, therefore, of sucking its victims to death and so destroying its own livelihood, it provides them, like a good slave-owner, with suitable quarters, and with whatever moisture and salts they may require. Thus, by keeping them alive and well, it is able to live upon them indefinitely.

How the Algae Increase

The algae wax strong under this treatment, but so long as they are in captivity they are unable to produce spores. Instead, they multiply by division as the fungus gradually expands. The fungus, on the other hand, develops fruits. These take the form of tiny cups, which are usually conspicuous, their colours being different from that of the remainder of the plant. Various shades of red and brown are common. From these fruits fertile spores are blown away by the wind or carried off by flies, but they are not lichen spores. When they germinate they will develop into fungi, which, if they are to live at all, must at once capture algae in the manner already described.



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Owning Your Own Roof-tree

Building Societies: What They Are and Do By

"A Man Who Has Made His Wife His Landlady"

ONE of the red-letter days—or hours, rather—in my own modest history was spent in a lawyer's chamber in Lincoln's Inn. At that time I was engaged in the delightful but tantalizing, and, incidentally, very expensive, occupation known as setting up house, and it had been represented to me that, while you were about it, to buy a house through the agency of a building society as well as to set it up was the prudent, the far-sighted, the sagacious thing to do.

"In the Wife's Name"

Indeed, the man from whom I was buying the house, "the person hereinafter called the vendor," initiated me further in worldly wisdom. He pointed out that there was some advantage in buying a house in the joint names of one's wife and oneself, as thereby the survivor would escape death duties. I am not sure whether this advice was legally sound; morally and patriotically, it seemed to me rather questionable, and I did not follow it. Instead, I went one better. I bought the house in my wife's name entirely. I made the memorandum of agreement do duty for a birthday present. I think she would have preferred a box of chocolates. It did not seem to her a sentimental gift at all. Yet it involved no small sacrifice for me. Fancy having to see the rate demand-notes come in addressed to your wife instead of to yourself, and to find your name omitted from the list of persons liable to serve on juries!

In this sanctum of the law such phrases as "the messuage and premises known as and situated at," "without prejudice to the vendor's rights under this agreement," "if notwithstanding the stipulations contained herein," and so forth, hurtled through the parchmented air. There were three parties to the transaction: the vendor, who received the money; the mortgagee, who received the deeds; and the mortgagor, myself, who received the house. It seemed to my non-legal mind that the mortgagee had made matters pretty safe for himself,

and that the mortgagor would have to walk along a path beset on all sides by possible breaches of his covenant, and consequent forfeiture of his property; but one of the legal gentlemen explained to me that these clauses stating what could, might, or would be done in certain contingencies were only put in to safeguard a too trusting mortgagee against an evilly disposed mortgagor, and could have no possible relevance, application or bearing in the present case.

I went out of Lincoln's Inn that day with my head two inches higher. I had become the owner of a house. Or rather—but it comes to the same thing—my wife had. Well, if not exactly owners, we were as good as owners. The house would be wholly ours in fifteen years' time, and meanwhile, having paid an initial sum of £100, I should have to pay, month by month, only a sum equal to what I should otherwise have been paying in rent, or even a trifle less than that, and all the time the house would gradually become ours—ours—ours. Gradually we should be able to look upon the pantry, the scullery, the kitchen, the third, second and first bedrooms, the lounge, the den, the garden back and front, as falling in, so to speak, until the last remains of that mortgage, before we were well in the saddle of middle age, would be swept out of the front gate.

"Occupier-Owner"

In a word, we had become—well, the bother is there is no word to describe a man who buys his house through a building society. An occupier-owner? No, he is not that, for the title deeds of the property will remain in the keeping of the building society until the last penny of the loan is repaid. They have been holding a competition in America for a name to describe the man who borrows from a building society. Fearful and wonderful are some of the efforts—"frugaltor" and "homerealtor" are among the most recognizable as English. In Germany it is worse still. There the man who buys through a building society

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is called, I believe, a *Baugenossenschaftsborger*. It is almost as long as the lease.

But I think that my chief satisfaction in this episode was that I should have nothing to do with landlords.

Every Man His Own Landlord

Some people are born unpopular, some achieve unpopularity, and others have unpopularity forced upon them. The landlord—or, to describe him more exactly, the house-lord—belongs to the first class, and he may by his subsequent acts or by reason of circumstances over which he has no control come to belong to the second and third classes as well.

Why the word "landlord" in connexion with a house—though not, be it noted, in connexion with an inn—should be a word of ill-omen it is difficult to say. There have been avaricious landlords and rapacious landlords and inexorable landlords, but there have been many more good, patient, and forgiving landlords. Something is to be said for the landlord. He has made a troublesome and even a risky investment. He might have put his money in Government securities, and his sleep would have been undisturbed by nightmares of tenants pulling down skirting-boards and stair-rails for firewood. But however many his virtues, or long his forbearance, or generous his concessions, his tenants will continue to view him in a grudging way as a sort of passive enemy, even though they do not go the length of what is reputed to be the practice in a sister country—

'Tis decreed that a man is a traitor and villain

Who pays or asks rent in the Emerald Isle.

People do not entertain the same hostile feelings towards the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, to whom they pay money. In those cases there is something handed over for the money paid—something to be consumed or enjoyed. But rent is in a different category. It is not payment for goods; it is interest on capital expended in building a house. It is really a payment for permission to remain standing, sitting, or lying down at a particular spot. Thus from the very days of primitive man, who had, no doubt, to pay tribute for his rock cave, his tree arbour, or his wattle and daub hut, there has been a wry face and an ungracious manner on the morning when the rent falls due.

If the rent made a smaller hole in the exchequer, or if there was any reasonable

prospect of its ultimate redemption, what wider margins would be available for amenities and comforts. The tenant also, because he is a tenant, has a feeling of insecurity. The Rent Acts of recent years have furnished some protection, but in general he is never sure that the roof above him or the walls around him may not cost him more or that he may not suffer eviction. And in any case, although he may go on paying rent for a lifetime, he gets no nearer to possession.

An Anonymous Genius

Then there arose a genius who hit upon the idea of replacing rent by a system of gradual purchase. We have erected monuments to men whose ideas have been of much less value to society than that. Of his name even we have not a notion. Someone has traced back the idea of building societies, in a rude form, to the Greeks in the days of the Republic. Someone else has discovered a building society among the South Sea islanders. Yet another has suggested that those keen financiers, the Jews, were the earliest in the field; witness three or four associations of this kind in Jerusalem to-day. The Americans claim that building societies—or building and loan associations, as they are called—were first organized in Philadelphia early in the nineteenth century. I should put in a word for the Midlands, for there seems to have been a building society in Birmingham before the eighteenth century was out.

But whoever the originator of building societies may have been, consider what he did. Talk of killing two birds with one stone! This man delivered mankind—or those who would or could avail themselves of his scheme—from the necessity of paying rent, and with the same stroke he made them compulsorily thrifty. He removed a burden from their backs and put a virtue in their hearts. He made it possible for people to become their own landlords, but only by way of a disciplinary process for themselves, whereby they would have to exercise prudence and self-sacrifice over a long spell of years. Building society business is not philanthropy; there is no question of out-relief in the form of bricks and mortar.

But he did more than that, this pioneer of the building society movement. In creating a body of people—not rich people, but people of quite narrow means—who were on their way to house-ownership, he

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did a good thing for society as a whole. The occupier-owner (or the occupier-borrower, if you like) has a stake in the country, and this means generally that he is a man of public spirit and has an intelligent outlook upon affairs, especially the affairs of his municipality. His house is his own, or to be his own, and therefore he does not grudge expenditure on repairs, additions, conversions, improvements. All this he can do without fear of future dispossession. Expenditure which would otherwise be chargeable to income he can rightly regard as chargeable to capital and fit to rank as an asset. His proud little home, even if it be not like George Macdonald's—

Its windows were oriel and latticed,

Lowly and wide and fair,

And its chimneys, like clustered pillars,

Stood up in the thin blue air—

even though it be only one of a hundred similar exteriors in the street—has, at any rate, a personality of its own and is a credit to the community. If the other homes in the neighbourhood are similarly owned or to be owned, a slum can hardly develop here.

Building Society Finance

A building society consists of a number of persons in similar circumstances who pool their savings and take out shares in a joint concern. From the common fund so created each of them may, as occasion requires, have an advance of capital to enable him to build his house or buy a house already built. This advance he returns by an easy method of repayment, spread over a number of years, and, should adversity come, an arrangement can generally be made with the society to suspend repayment for a time. Some of the original societies were what is known as "terminating." They consisted of a limited number of members, and came to an end as soon as every member had received the amount agreed upon as the value of his shares. The well-known Starr Bowkett societies belonged to this class, and granted advances to their members according to the fortune of a periodical ballot. Advances by ballot are no longer allowed, and the great societies to-day, assured of a continuous inflow of funds and a continuous means of profitable investment, embody the word "permanent" in their title. Large numbers of their members, of course, unlike the original founders, come into the society purely in order to obtain an immediate advance, and take out only a minimum

shareholding, perhaps of the value of five shillings, and cease their connexion with the society as soon as the mortgage is redeemed.

The word "mortgage" in many connexions has an unfortunate significance. It generally means that a man has parted from something under stern necessity, and that to "pay it off" will be a burden upon him for a long time to come. In the case of building societies, however, the significance is different. The borrower, it is true, has for the time being parted from something—namely, his house—but it is something which he never really or fully possessed. In this case a mortgage speaks, not of past failure or misfortune, but of future achievement. It is rather a stimulus than an impediment. With time, as the principal sum is repaid, along with interest, it grows gradually less. In this way a man can look forward to sitting under his own vine and fig tree while it is still early afternoon with him.

Building societies are really an outcome of that push towards co-operation and thrift which accompanied the industrial revolution of the early nineteenth century. They were part of the friendly society movement, and many of them were certified under the Friendly Societies Act of 1836. They have always had a strong element of good fellowship among their members, and often they have had a religious character. Many of the most important societies are to-day in association with religious bodies, and some of the men most distinguished in the building society world are earnest Christian laymen interested in social improvement and other good works. In a meeting of a building society or a group of societies the atmosphere, if not definitely religious, is certainly not definitely commercial.

Savings banks were born of the same spirit, and at about the same time. They, however, have had to face the rivalry of a Government department. Building societies have not had this rivalry, but they have had to endure a good deal of official discouragement. In Belgium, on the other hand, the Government makes advances to such societies to enable their members to become owners of dwelling houses, and this has had not a little to do with the fact that Belgium is the only country in Europe to have a settled and happy population on the land.

The course of building society history, like that of true love, has not always run

THE QUIVER

smooth. As was natural with associations of workpeople unlearned in the law, some of them framed rules which, as one Lord Chancellor said, although the work of simple men, were beyond the power of the wisest to understand. The societies were hit heavily by the "Liberator" crash in 1892. Although the Liberator Society, long before its inglorious end, had discontinued any legitimate building society business, its failure struck at the public confidence in the three or four thousand building societies which had been established up to that time. But an Act of Parliament regulating them and safeguarding the public was passed in 1894, and since then the societies have gone forward with considerable strides. A Building Societies Association is in being, and among those associated with it are Labour leaders like Mr. J. H. Thomas, patricians like Viscount Cecil, parliamentarians like Lord Emmott, and economists like Sir Josiah Stamp.

The Home the Best Investment

Nowadays it has become as much the fashion to join a building society as to join a tennis club. The movement for many years was strongest among the hard-headed folk of Lancashire and Yorkshire, but lately it has been extending in London and the south. During the last building society year, in the twenty largest London societies the amount advanced for houses showed an increase of 61 per cent. over the previous year; in the twenty largest northern societies an increase of over 58 per cent. In fact, the movement is enjoying unprecedented prosperity. The total assets of building societies amount to over £120,000,000—equal to about one-fifth of the pre-war national debt. They bounded up by £10,000,000 during the last financial year. And these huge sums are, practically entirely, not the money of the rich, but the savings of people of comparatively small means. The total number of members in these societies is fast approaching the million mark. The largest society in the kingdom—the Halifax Permanent, which was established more than seventy years ago—has 140,000 open accounts in its ledgers.

The building societies of this country are lending to borrowers each year a sum of about £30,000,000—a larger amount than that which the State spends on old age pensions. All this goes to the financing of prospective owners of small houses. There has never been a period during the last half

century when fewer than a quarter of a million houses have been in course of purchase through building societies, and the number to-day is greatly in excess of this minimum figure. During the last fifty years the number of houses built by means of advances from building societies is estimated at one and a half million.

These are big figures, but the societies have still a good way to go. There are ten million families in Great Britain, and it is safe to say that in only a small proportion of them is the head of the family the owner or prospective owner of his domicile. The number of members of almost a thousand building societies in England, Wales and Scotland is 895,000. America has outstripped us in this respect. There we see the building society movement in its vigour. The building and loan associations in the States—though it should be said that they are not wholly concerned with house-owning business, but serve more or less as people's banks—number ten thousand, with a membership—which has more than doubled during the last ten years—of seven millions. Their assets amount to £600,000,000. In Pennsylvania, where the American side of the movement originated, there are more than three thousand such associations, and although that State numbers only two million families, the members of these building and loan associations total to one and a quarter million.

I began this article with a personal experience, and it ought to end with a word of advice based on that experience, even though this may seem to cut across something that has been already said. If a borrower from a building society can wipe out his mortgage at any time before the period at which it would disappear in the ordinary process of repayment by regular instalments—that is to say, if when the period is half or three-quarters through he has saved enough to liquidate what remains of the loan—it is wholly to his advantage to do so. The system of repayment rather masks the actual interest which is paid, and the borrower is apt to feel that—well, any how, he is paying no more than he would pay in rent, and that he may as well let it run its full term. If he comes to look into the matter he will find that he is missing a considerable financial advantage.

To obtain a loan from a building society is a very wise and thrifty procedure.

It is equally wise and thrifty to get rid of it at the earliest possible opportunity.



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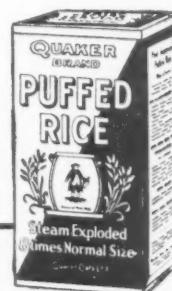
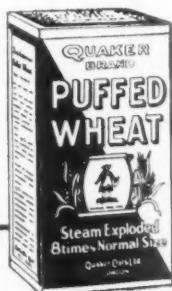
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Conducted by
Mrs. George Sturgeon



Contributions for funds should be sent to Miss Helen Greig Souter, *The Quiver Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4*, cheques made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Miss Souter for an address to which to send them.

kind QUIVER Helpers for their present, which was so kindly sent my sister and me. We are so truly grateful, as we both get rheumatism and suffer so much from the cold and damp."

A Mother's Thanks

"It is quite impossible for me to say how deeply thankful I am for the generous help at this time, and what an enormous load it has taken off my mind.

"May you and the dear Helpers feel the warmth and blessing in your hearts this Christmas that your kindness has brought to the lives of so many others. We shall all think of you with deep gratitude, and pray that God's richest blessings may be yours then and through the new year."

The typist on whose behalf an appeal was recently made wishes me to return her grateful thanks to the anonymous and other Helpers who have sent money for comforts to her invalid sister and for a new machine, which is a great boon to her and is working very well.

QUIVER Sunshine in the Black Country

As I mentioned last month, a cheque for £10 was sent at Mrs. Sturgeon's request to the Rev. F. A. Smith, West Bromwich, Staffs, and he very kindly wrote the following account of how the gifts of money were distributed. It will be read with interest by those who subscribed to our SOS Fund, and the thought of all those heroes and heroines of "unquenchable soul" are enduring may stimulate Helpers to further acts of benevolence.

"I think very few people realize what a struggle many of our less fortunate brethren have to get even the bare necessities of life. For nine years I have lived in this poor, slum parish in the heart of the Black Country and ministered to my 9,000 wretchedly housed people.

"Most of them live in what we call back-

Warm Acknowledgments

MY DEAR READERS,—How I wish that all the generous Helpers and readers who subscribed to the Fire Fund could have read the "warm" acknowledgments (no pun is intended, but the adjective seems the only fitting one) from the recipients! It would have added considerably to their own Christmas joys, as it certainly multiplied mine, for although I was only the almoner of your largess, yet the blessings called down fell on my own head and richly compensated me for all the work involved in the distribution.

Over fifty fires were either lit or kept burning cheerily in December, but I should very much like to stoke them well through the trying spring months, and shall be grateful for further donations. There was bound to be a strong family resemblance among the letters, so I shall only quote a few.

An Empty Grate

"Thank you so very much for £5s. received. I am so thankful to have it, as I had not a lump of coal; now I shall have a fire over Christmas, and it is such a help, as I feel the cold so much."

"You will know I am glad of the help, as two days last week I was without oil; the result—lumbago, which has kept me in my room for a week."

"No words can express how much I thank you and your Helpers for the cheque. It means coal for several weeks, so that I can put aside the money I must have spent on them for the object I am so anxious to attain."

"I am writing to thank you and the dear,

THE QUIVER

to-back houses. In the corner of the room you find a corkscrew staircase which leads up to a bedroom, divided in two by a curtain or wooden partition. In houses of this kind I frequently find ten people. The washing, cooking, reading, nursing, child-birth and death, all take place in this limited accommodation.

"An old woman has just died in a one-roomed house after being bedridden for eighteen years. A widowed daughter gave up a good situation on her father's death to minister to her mother, who only had the Old Age Pension. The Guardians added a few shillings a week, and out of this small amount everything had to be found. The daughter has often gone without food for a whole day in order that she might get some extra comfort for the poor invalid.

"For the past few years QUIVER Helpers have sent money for coals, and two days before Christmas it was my privilege to take from the same source a present of 15s. I wish the donors could have seen the tears of gratitude which streamed down the poor, dying woman's cheeks and heard her ask me to thank them all for what they had done for her.

A Life of Self-sacrifice

"I often meet an old woman who gets her living by washing coke. She is as black as a nigger coming home, tired and weary from her hard work, and I always want to take off my hat and 'order myself lowly and reverent before my betters,' as the Catechism teaches. Seven years ago I found her old father very ill and apparently dying, and looking as repulsive as it is possible for a human being to be, as he was suffering from a particularly bad type of cancer. He rallied and lived for four or five years, but his one dread was the workhouse, and to prevent his being taken there, his daughter, who was then over sixty, got this heavy work to do. She tended him lovingly, left his food, a bit of baccy and a match on a table by the bed when she went out in the morning, locking the door behind her, and returning home had to light the fire and dress his wounds. This continued until the Angel of Death came and released him from his sufferings. Can you imagine what a few extra shillings mean in homes and lives like these?"

Wants and Wishes

It takes such a very little to make some of our invalids and readers happy that I feel sure if their wants and wishes are only made known there will be a sympathetic response.

Miss M. W. and Miss C. F., both invalids and fond of reading, would be thankful for old books, magazines and light literature.

Several invalids would like THE QUIVER sent them regularly.

Miss J. K., who dresses dolls and makes pretty trifles for the Sunshine League of Sick and Crippled Children, would be thankful for suitable materials, as she has exhausted her own stock.

Miss G. P. appeals for pieces for patch-work, which she also makes up and gives to charities.

Mrs. A., a widow in very poor circumstances and suffering from heart trouble, could take another lodger if she had an extra bed or money for same.

Mrs. E., the widow of a minister, is in need of a warm dress or skirt. She is slim and of medium height.

Hand-made Lace

The Misses G., two sisters who are very lonely, would like an occasional friendly letter, also orders for their beautiful lace work, of which they have sent me samples. They make charming lengths of lace, 2 in wide, for vests and modesties for 4s. 6d., and lovely butterflies for 1s. 2d.

Orders for doll dressing, doll pincushions, egg cosies, etc., would be greatly appreciated by a widow in reduced circumstances.

Votes for Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney

These will be most gratefully received at the May election by a candidate for admission. She has been a pensioner since 1906, and now, owing to increased illness, needs such care and attention as she cannot afford. She has no relatives to assist her. This invalid is the writer of the booklet of messages "Joyful Rhymes," which has been ordered by many of our readers.

The Waifs and Strays Society

Doubtless many of my readers are only vaguely aware, as I was until the other week, when in the course of my professional work I called at the Old Town Hall, Kennington (where sympathizers and others interested are always welcome), of the splendid work of the above society. It was a matter of surprise to me and may be to others that the Waifs and Strays Society at the present time is responsible for no fewer than 4,360 children in its homes, now numbering 106, scattered all over the country and including two in Canada.

The majority of the buildings are small in order to give the children the sense of home life. The average size of a "family" is thirty, and this number allows of individual care and attention.

One of the forward schemes of the society is the erection of the new receiving home of St. Peter and St. Paul at Clapham Park, which it is hoped will be dedicated and opened in March by the Bishop of South-

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St. Margaret JERSEYS

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HERE are no other Jerseys that will fit and wear so well as St. Margaret, and your dealer will be able to show you a selection in all styles, qualities and prices.

Made in one of the largest Knitted Goods Factories in the world, with over 120 years' experience, they always give perfect satisfaction. You cannot buy a better Jersey, and once you have bought a St. Margaret, you will not attempt to do so.

Ask also to see St. Margaret Children's Socks and Stockings.

Write to N. Corah and Sons, Ltd., St. Margaret Works, Leicester, for Booklet No. 60 with full particulars of Jerseys, and name of nearest retailer.



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them myself
—so I know!"

No substitutes and fancy flours for me—the results are so disappointing. There is nothing to compare with

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

which has never disappointed me—and never will.

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SEVEN PRIZE
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These Series of
Pens Write as
Smoothly as a
Lead Pencil—
Neither Scratch
nor Spurt, the
points being rounded
by a Special Process.

Assorted Sample Boxes 9d., to
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to the Works, Birmingham.

The tea with

4lb sent FREE

Send 6d. in stamps for postage and packing and we promptly send you 2 oz. of each of 2/- and 4/- qualities—making in all a free ½ lb. of finest China Tea, with name of nearest agent.

least Tannin

There is also a super quality at 4/-, a 2-oz. sample of which will be sent on receipt of an additional 6d. In Doctor's China Tea you have a superb blend of the finest China leaf and all free tannin eliminated. Thus this is not only a fine tea of delicate flavour—but it is invaluable for Dyspeptics and Invalids.

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especially Nurses and Mothers
must wear "healthy" Corsets, and
the "Natural Ease" Corset is the
most healthy of all. Every wearer
says so. While moulding the figure
to the most delicate lines of feminine
grace, they vastly improve the health.

The CORSET of HEALTH
The Natural Ease Corset, Style 2.

**7/11 pair POST
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Complete with Special
Detachable Suspenders.

Stocked is all sizes
from 20 to 30. Made
in finest quality dril.

Outsizes, 31 in. to 35 in., 1/6 extra.
SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or drag.

No lacing at the back.

It is made of a soft
quality with special suspenders, detachable for washing at front
breathing.

It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps.

It is a short cut, base to front which ensures a perfect shape.

& is fastened at the top & bottom with non rusting Hoot's Eye.

It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

These "Health" Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who
enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, &c., as there is nothing to hurt or
irritate. Actresses, and find wonderful advantage in the
enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially
housewives and those employed in occupations demanding constant
movement appreciate the "Corset of Health". They yield freely to
every movement of the body and whilst giving a beauty of figure are
the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

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HEALTH CORSET COMPANY

THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

wark. It is planned on strictly scientific lines, and consists of twin wing blocks, one on either side of the centre block, which will contain the administrative buildings. Each of the wing blocks has been designed to accommodate twenty children, new members of the society's family. It is intended that one block only shall be used at a time.

By this means it is hoped to avoid the delay in the reception of children that sometimes arises and enable the officials to carry on the work of admitting new-comers, so that the society will have an ever-open door for urgent cases.

The House of Smiles

Such is the charming name under which the Babies' Homes are known. There are three of these, where infants from a day old to five years of age are received. The original one is the Edward Nicholl Home at Cardiff, the second is the Victoria Gibbs' Home at Bristol, and the third is the Babies' Home, Plymouth. These accommodate fifty, thirty-five and forty infants respectively in the happiest, healthiest and most hygienic surroundings. The tinies fall under three classes: The babies—tiny morsels of humanity, who sleep most of the time in dainty cots on sunny balconies when the weather permits; babies who are just able to sit up; and toddlers, beginning to find their feet and up to all sorts of mischief. Babyhood past, the little ones are either transferred to other homes or are boarded-out with foster mothers in country homes under careful supervision.

A special interest naturally attaches to St. Nicholas' Home and Special School at Pyrford, near Woking. A beautiful house, with an ideal environment, it accommodates 150 children—boys from six upwards and girls of fifteen. It is equipped in the most up-to-date manner for orthopaedic and curative treatment, and benefits largely from the personal interest and advice of eminent men, such as Mr. W. Rowley Bristow, F.R.C.S., and Sir Robert Jones, the distinguished surgeon.

The age of miracles is not yet past, and some of the cures effected here are truly marvellous. One child of five, strapped to a board and suffering intensely, was taken to the home by a parish worker. She remained there for nine years, and now she is a well-set-up girl earning her living as a domestic servant. Many of the patients of sixteen years and upwards had never had any treatment or stood upright in their lives

until they were treated in the Home. Now all of them can stand straight and walk about, some with crutches, but all unaided. The joy of such a deliverance can better be imagined than described, and has changed them from dull invalids to bright, active young people.

The older cripple boys are housed at St. Martin's, the foundation stone of which was laid by Countess Roberts, and there they receive a training in tailoring and shoemaking, by means of which they are enabled to earn their living later on. A similar service is rendered the girls thus handicapped at St. Agnes' Home and Hostel, Croydon. Twenty-four cripples live there, along with six strong girls, who undertake all the work of the house and the laundry. The invalids are taught to do fine needlework, embroidery and basket-making, and the Matron is always pleased to receive orders for trousseaux, etc., and give estimates for same.

The Practical Results

So much for the sowing time, but what about results, someone may be tempted to inquire, as I did at headquarters, and was informed that the majority of the children, rescued from drunken and dissolute parents under conditions which did not give them a dog's chance, equally with those of respectable widowed fathers or mothers whom ill-health or misfortune had overtaken, turned out very well indeed, and are a credit to themselves and to the excellent methods of the society. The committee still hear from the first boy rescued forty-three years ago. He was a little crippled crossing sweeper when taken by the society, and eventually left its care to be trained as a printer. Now married and with children of his own, he remembers with gratitude what he owes to the society in the years that have gone, and sends regular contributions.

Of its other "old boys," two at least have been ordained, one is a music master at a college in Devonshire, and another is organist at a Lincolnshire church. One is now in the Chinese Customs Service, and was a short while ago decorated with a gold medal by the Chinese Government, as when officer-in-charge of a Customs launch he was instrumental in saving the lives of 317 Chinese troops.

During the war the old boys did splendidly. Seven won commissions on the field, and many became non-commissioned

THE QUIVER

officers, which is a very good tribute to their early training. Another out in Egypt now has been called upon to take over the duties of educational instructor and librarian to his battalion.

In one of the society's London homes there was recently a poor girl of fifteen years of age, a very fine character, who had been losing her sight gradually. She has now become quite blind, but, thanks to the grant of a scholarship and the co-operation of the London County Council, the society has been able to obtain admission for her into the Royal Normal College for the Blind for a course of special training.

The work of salving and saving human lives is one of the best and worthiest in the world, but it cannot be carried on without money, and I shall be delighted to receive donations for the society, which has rendered a most valuable service to the State. Humanly speaking, but for its beneficent ministry hundreds of those young people, instead of being good citizens, holding out in many instances a helping hand to others, might have been filling our prisons or slums and exerting a bad influence on countless lives.

Lady Beatrix Wilkinson, who has been associated with the work of the society since its early days—it was founded forty-three years ago—is the originator and president of the Children's Union, which boasts 930 branches and 28,000 members, who last year raised the magnificent sum of £19,000 for the crippled children in the various homes.

It only costs £36 a year for the maintenance of a normal child, £75 for a cripple, and for the sum of £25 a boy or girl can be fitted out for Canada and given an excellent start in the Colonies.

Acknowledgments

S.O.S. Fund.—Miss K. E. Taylor, £1 10s.; Mrs. Higson, £2; Mrs. Richardson, Mass., 5s. 6d.; T. G., £2; Miss Coley, £1; Miss

Greenwood, 2s. 6d.; Miss M. E. Procter, 7s.; M. J. C. S., 10s.; Miss A. Peters, 5s.; Miss Bleachley, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Guthrie, £2; Holly, £2; Mrs. Gough, £5; Miss Quincey, £2 2s.; H. A., £1; Miss Watkins, £1; Miss Husbands, 5s.; G. W., 5s.; S. M. D., £1; A. E., 5s.; Miss Kyle, £3; Miss Dobson, £3; Miss Fawkes, 3s.; Mrs. Bayne, 12s. 6d.; Mrs. Hill, £1; Mrs. Hamilton, £5; H., £1; Miss Brown, £1; Holly, £2; A Worker, 2s. 6d.; A. E. H., 5s.; Anon., Dulwich, £1; M. C. D., 10s.; Mrs. Crow, 10s.; Mrs. Wordley, 10s.; Miss Adie, £1; "Douglas," Scotland, £5; Miss Parson, £1; Mrs. and Miss Offord, 2s.; Miss Muir, £1; Miss Darby, 5s.; Miss Cot, 5s.; Anon., 5s.; Miss Andrewes, 2s. 6d.; Miss Stinson, 5s.; Anon., 5s.; V. M. McR., 10s.; Bournemouth, 15s.; Interested Reader, £1; Mrs. Johnston, £1; Mrs. and Miss Coupe, 5s.; Mrs. Collins, £1 3s.; C. E. W., £1; Loving Heart, 10s.; H. S. C., 5s.; G. Williams, 10s.; Anon., Stirlingshire, 4s.; Anon., Lerwick, 15s.; Mrs. Drewitt, £4; Mrs. Foster, 10s.; Mrs. Pike, 10s.; Miss Struthers, 10s.; Miss Elsworth, 2s. 6d.; "Petite," Devon, £2; Miss Robinson, £1; Mr. Braysaw, £1; Mrs. Drewitt, £1; Miss K. Richardson, 8s. 8d.; S. W., £5; Miss Howes, 2s.; A. A. P., 15s.

Not Forgotten Ones.—Mrs. Cowdry, £1; *Blind Babies*.—Mrs. Gough, £2 2s.; Mrs. Heslop, £1; Mrs. Welch, 5s.; V. M. McR., 10s.; Mrs. F. Harvey, 3s.; Mrs. Wallace, 2s. 6d.

Home for Incurables

—P. S. H., £2.

Children's Holiday Fund.—H. S. C., 5s.

St. Dunstan's.—S. H., Glasgow, £1; Mrs. and Miss Offord, £1.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes.—Miss Vernall, 10s.; Misses Scott, £2; Mrs. and Miss Offord, 10s.; S. H., Glasgow, £1.

Letters, Gifts and Christmas

Greetings

Will the under-mentioned accept my best thanks for the above?

Mrs. Brewer, Miss Garsed, Miss Coley, Miss Ellis, Miss Bleasance, Mrs. Nayne, Miss Stephen, Mrs. Browne, Mrs. Mellor, Mrs. Pfaff, Mrs. Carsons, Miss Hammonde, Mrs. Welch, Miss Conway, Miss Breson, Mr. F. How, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Ashton, Miss Stott, Miss Griffin, Mrs. W. G., Miss Baker, etc.

Yours sincerely,
HELEN GREIG SOUTER.

Result of the December Voting Competition

THERE was an enthusiastic response to the Voting Competition announced in our December number in which readers were asked to say which three stories and which three articles they liked best in that number. The items that received the greatest number of votes were the following: *Stories*—"Lucie of Lota," "Worldly Goods," and "The Ghost at Inveraam." *Articles*—"The Gift of

Song," "Things That Matter," and "The Art of Living with People."

No reader succeeded, however, in giving the elected six, so the two prizes, amounting to £2 12s. 6d., are being divided equally between Mrs. Knights, of Uppingham, Rutland, and Miss M. Williams, of Sefton Park, Liverpool, who included five of the above items on their lists.



Here is the finest "hard centre" chocolate ever made

Just think of it! A splendid coating of the very finest chocolate, with a delicious "centre" of Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe. The Toffee de Luxe centre, whilst technically "hard," is really neither too hard nor too soft, but of just the right consistency, with that smooth-eating quality you know so well. And it retains all its goodness and its own distinctive flavour, but there is the added delight of the superfine chocolate covering.

Ask your Confectioner to-day for

Mackintosh's CHOCOLATE Toffee de Luxe

PLAIN—ASSORTED—OR ALMOND.

You should particularly try ALMOND Chocolate Toffee de Luxe — a delightful combination of Chocolate, Toffee, and the finest Jordan Almonds.



10d. per Quarter-Pound.

—the very best Chocolate value on
the market!

Made by JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS,
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You can learn to speak

**FRENCH, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, GERMAN,**

at home by ear by means of

LINGUAPHONE LANGUAGE RECORDS

and any make of Gramophone

The Linguaphone Language Records are easily the finest system ever evolved of teaching Foreign Languages.

Why?

- 1 Because they lead you DIRECT to the result that you wish to attain. The FIRST result you obtain from the Linguaphone is that you UNDERSTAND the foreign language instantly whenever you hear it spoken, and you yourself are able to speak it readily and with perfect native accent.
- 2 There is little or no mental effort required with the Linguaphone way of Language teaching.
- 3 The lessons are comprehensive. They cover all social requirements and give you a vocabulary of about 2,500 words.
- 4 The cost is very moderate, and you, your friends, and every member of your family can learn at the same time without further outlay.
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- 6 The lessons are spoken by cultured native elocutionists—you know that your master has a pure native accent. These are a few of the reasons why you should learn Languages the Linguaphone Way.

Find out all about this NOW. A postcard will bring you our 24-page booklet, full of interesting facts about the Linguaphone and particulars of our 7 days' Trial offer. Or, better still, call at the Linguaphone Institute for a Demonstration.

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EXTRA

100,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY

Remarkable Testimonials:

64th Avenue, Garden Village, Levenshulme, May 11

Mr. W. L. Stanton writes:

"Send me one of your Prudential Rugs. I am very interested to see that one of your customers stated she had a carpet from you 10 years ago that was not worn out. You can also state that I have now in my bedroom one in fairly good condition which I had at your place well over 20 years ago."



12/6

POST FREE.

middle profits. Over 400,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match.

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm.

GALAXY ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN CATALOGUE of carpets, Heartrugs, Embroidered Linen and Cotton Bedspreads, Quilts, Table Linen, Bedsteads, Linoleum, Blankets, Curtains, Copper Kettles, Fine Brasses, Cutlery, Tapestry Covers, etc., Post Free. If, when writing, you mention *The Quiver*, March, 1925. Established over half-a-century.

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12/6

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Gold (as
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£4 . 10s.

Gold Watches on Moiré Silk Band, from £3 . 10s.

WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.



Diamonds £6 . 6s.



Sapphire or
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and Diamonds.
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Special list of inexpensive Rings post free.

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Mention *THE QUIVER*.

62 & 64 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4.

Lady Pamela's Letter

EAR COUSIN DELIA,—As the days lengthen and the spring sunshine begins to peer into the odd corners of our homes, the housewife realizes that her house needs a little more furnishing up and freshening, and that this is an excellent time for the annual "turn-out." The strong human instinct to hoard leads us to accumulate all sorts of rubbish, in the vain idea that some day or other it may "come in handy." Most of us are acquisitive, so we annex sale catalogues and theatre programmes, and keep them long after their usefulness has vanished.

In the same way most of us collect old letters, old photographs, old newspapers and magazines, odds and ends of ribbon and finery, discarded gloves and garments. Most of these things have served a useful purpose in their day, but that day is now done and the rubbish now only occupies space that is badly needed for other purposes, and this makes the task of keeping the house clean and orderly more difficult.

Once a year it is a capital idea to have a grand turn out of drawers and cupboards, and no time is more opportune than just before the domestic upheaval known as spring cleaning. It is really a mistake to hoard old letters, however tender the association, and the thought that the turn of Fortune's wheel may fling these letters before curious eyes or into unsympathetic hands should deter us from hoarding them.

Old newspapers come under another category. If they are very numerous they may be sold as waste paper, and thus turned into an honest penny with which new mental pabulum may be bought. In a home there are uses for a certain amount of old newspapers, for fire-lighting, keeping shelves and the kitchen table clean, etc., and an old magazine is not misplaced on a kitchen table during culinary operations. It serves as a convenient resting-place for hot dishes and pots and pans that are probably dirty at the bottom. Then the top page may be torn off the magazine and a fresh surface appears ready for renewed use.

There is also every excuse for hoarding cardboard boxes, corrugated and brown paper and string, for except in the home of the tidy housewife whose foresight has collected a supply of such material, the packing of a parcel often entails a weary hunt for the wherewithal for the task.

Thus there is justification for intelligent hoarding, and the annual problem reappears of deciding what must and shall be thrown away as useless rubbish and what shall be hoarded for future use!

Ever yours, PAMELA.

Answers to Correspondents.

Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.

OF GENERAL INTEREST. Elspeth (Rochdale).—You would be well advised to mark all your linen with John Bond's "Crystal Palace" Marking Ink. It is so annoying when one's most treasured possessions are lost during a visit to the laundry, but this trouble is obviated when every article sent is clearly marked with this reliable marking ink. You will be interested to hear that recently some excitement was created in a London household because a fine lace handkerchief, an heirloom over 100 years old, was accidentally sent to the laundry. Fortunately, however, it came back safely with the original mark unfaded in jet black marking ink—John Bond's "Crystal Palace" undoubtedly, as this ink was advertised in the *Times* as early as 1817, and is still used by the family owning the handkerchief.

AN AWKWARD PROBLEM. Eighteen (Cheshire).—I have read your letter with interest. When a horse has been for some time used exclusively for driving, it may take time to become a satisfactory mount. I am inclined to think you would get over the difficulty quickest by asking some experienced friend to ride your horse regularly for a week or two. Possibly in your nearest town there may be a riding-master who would undertake this for you. I am inclined to think the suggestions you make would not improve matters. From your letter I gather that you have not been riding for long, and it is quite possible that you would benefit greatly by taking a few riding lessons.

A BREAKFAST SUGGESTION. Idaho (Leamington).—I agree with you that it is not easy to offer much variety at breakfast, but really, especially as you include several children in the household, I do not think variety matters as much as quality. You say you offer first a cereal and that the other dishes which grace most English breakfast tables—bacon, eggs, ham, etc.—are not viewed with much favour. I suggest that you provide a choice of white and brown bread, hot rolls, oat cakes, etc., and last but by no means least in importance, Chivers' delicious Olde English Marmalade. This has stood the test of time, and its high quality and delicious flavour have secured for it a deserved popularity. It is prepared by a special process which preserves the valuable tonic properties and full natural flavour of the Seville oranges of which it is made.

THE QUIVER

TWO BEAUTY PROBLEMS. Honey Bee (Hastings).—I hope by the time summer comes that your elbows will have improved in appearance. You must try to avoid resting your elbows on the table: this very often accounts for redness and angularity. Then at bedtime will you cut a lemon in half and use it to rub the tip of your elbow, cupping the point of the elbow in the lemon pulp? Then bathe your elbow in warm water, and dry it thoroughly. Pour a few drops of pure olive oil into the palm of one hand and use this to massage the other elbow tip. This treatment will, I hope, soon bring about improvement. In reply to your second question, will you try using a little pure cold cream as a basis for the powder. Rub a little of the cream in thoroughly, then lightly wipe over the face with a soft handkerchief, and apply the powder. This will enable it to adhere properly.

REFURNISHING. Matron (Ealing).—The difficulties you are experiencing are not new. It is perplexing to decide just exactly what to do with the windows to create the effect you desire, but your problems would be solved by a brief study of the suggestions made by Messrs. Williamson & Cole, Ltd., of High Street, Clapham, S.W.4, who specialize in this connexion with their "Ealan" window treatment. This firm make a speciality of "Sunpruf" unsadable fabrics and "Sun-Lead" casement cloths which are particularly suitable for the purpose. In cretonnes and upholstered furniture, they offer really wonderful value, and their premises are by no means inaccessible. Why not write for their catalogue? You will find it of immense

"I cannot refrain from mentioning the splendid memorial to the late John Mackintosh. The John Mackintosh Memorial Homes were formally opened by the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Rt. Hon. J. H. Whitley, M.P. for Halifax, on New Year's Day. These homes have been erected and endowed by the Mackintosh family as a memorial to John Mackintosh, and to those who knew him and his selfless capacity for public service, there is something peculiarly fitting in the idea underlying this memorial. Here in one of the pleasantest parts of this Yorkshire town has been built a small colony of twelve cottages and an Assembly Room surrounded by lawns and gardens, where old folks who are not too well endowed with the world's goods may spend the sunset of their lives in quietness and freedom from all cares and worries. Everything which can contribute to their comfort is to be found. Electric light is fitted throughout, and central heating and a central hot-water supply is installed, and cupboards and wardrobes are there in plenty. A wireless set even has been placed in the Assembly Room so that the old people can keep well in touch with the news of the day. The house-lighting, fuel, medical attention, bedroom furniture are all provided free. Indeed, no effort has been spared to make the Homes worthy of the object for which they were erected.

help to you, and further, it will provide you with a number of items of interest in your refurnishing scheme.

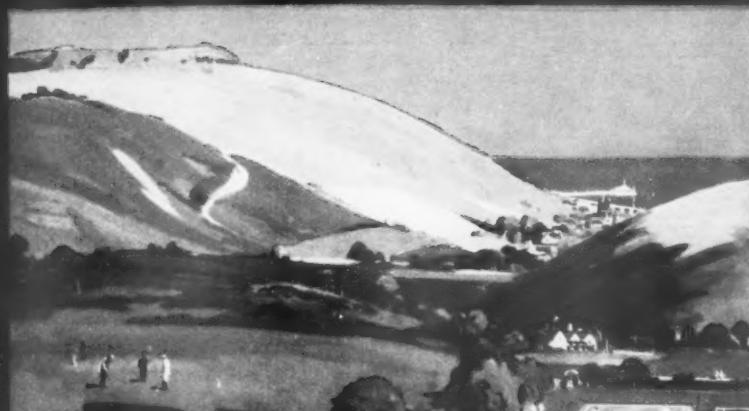
A USEFUL RECIPE. Miranda (Durham).—It is quite easy to make a supply of browning for gravies, etc., and keep it bottled and ready for use. Take an old saucepan and grease it with a little butter. In it put $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of loaf sugar and a few drops of water and heat it until it takes a deep brown colour. Then remove from the gas and add the rest of a pint of water. Stir gently until all the burnt sugar has dissolved in the water. Strain and then bottle for use as required. A few drops added to a light-coloured gravy gives the darker tint that is so much more tempting.

A PROBLEM SOLVED. Robin Hood (Staines).—You are certainly not the only housewife who has to plan carefully and try to arrange at times a particularly labour-saving meal. There is no doubt that a cold sweet is convenient and at the same time very appetizing after a hot meat course. Here is a recipe for a sweet which I am sure you will find much enjoyed by every member of the family. Take a packet of Green's Chocolate Mould and prepare it some hours before you need it, setting it aside to set and cool thoroughly. Then at supper time serve it with either a tinned fruit such as pine-apple, pears, peaches or apricots, or with any stewed fruit which you have on hand, such as stewed prunes, stewed figs or any fruit in season. This combination of Green's Chocolate Mould with some kind of fruit provides a most delicious and wholesome sweet.

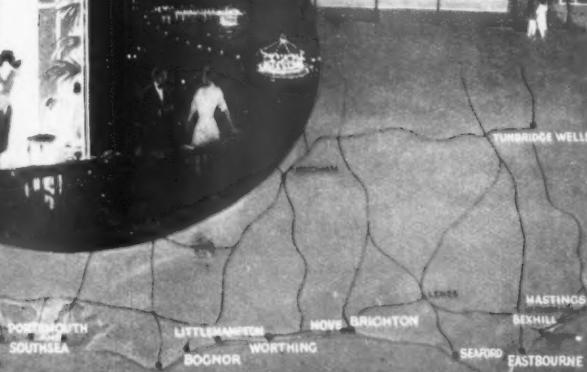


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